

APRIL  
1928

# The SHRINE

## MAGAZINE

25  
CENTS



# HOW DO YOU DO ?

By WALLACE IRWIN

Also SAMUEL MERWIN • NORMAN HAPGOOD  
PAUL ANNIXTER • JAMES CHARLTON and OTHERS





# LOST: \$35,000

THE OTHER DAY a representative of the Alexander Hamilton Institute walked into a business man's office in answer to a telephone call.

"I have sent for you because I am in serious trouble," said the man. "I am on the verge of bankruptcy."

"Fifteen years ago I had an opportunity to enrol with the Institute," he went on. "But I was just out of college, making a good salary, and I expected to get my experience out of my work. I did pretty well. I accumulated a small fortune."

He hesitated. "It's gone now," he said. "In the last two months I have lost \$35,000 in my business, and all because there are certain fundamental principles of business I thought I knew and didn't."

"But it's not too late," he concluded. "I can get back that \$35,000, and this time I won't lose it. I want to enrol for your reading course before another sun sets."

## Procrastination is the thief of cold hard cash

It is the business of the Alexander Hamilton Institute to prevent just such tragedies as this. How? By providing a means whereby a man

may become familiar with all the underlying principles of business.

The young man of twenty with no responsibilities to anyone but himself can perhaps afford to take a chance.

But these are serious days, these days after thirty! The earning of money, once taken more or less lightly, has become vital. You want your wife to have every comfort this world offers. You want your children to have as good a chance as you had—a better chance.

It is to mature men—men who not only want to succeed but must succeed—that the Institute appeals most strongly.

For more than nineteen years it has been the privilege of the Institute to help men shorten the path to success; to increase their earning power, to make them masters of the larger opportunities in business. More than 300,000 men have profited by its training.

Its Advisory Council consists of these prominent men:

General T. Coleman duPont, the well-known business executive; Percy H. Johnston, President of the great Chemical National Bank of New York; Dexter S. Kimball, Dean of the College of Engineering, Cornell

University; John Hays Hammond, the eminent Consulting Engineer; Frederick H. Hurdman, Certified Public Accountant and Business Advisor; and Jeremiah W. Jenks, the internationally known statistician and economist

## The typical Institute man is—You

You are probably over 30. The average age of Institute subscribers is 37.

You have a wife; perhaps children. A majority of Institute subscribers are married.

In other words, this training is especially designed for you. Will you let us tell you about it?

## Send for this valuable book

Out of our experience we have prepared a book called "Forging Ahead in Business." We should like to send you this book—free by mail, and without obligation.

It is a cheerful, helpful book. It proves conclusively that a man's responsibilities and income can be increased by a definite addition to his business knowledge; and it points the way. The coupon brings it to you.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON INSTITUTE  
548 Astor Place New York City

Send me at once the new revised edition of "Forging Ahead in Business," which I may keep without charge.

Signature.....  
Please write plainly  
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## Alexander Hamilton Institute Executive Training for Business Men

IN CANADA, address the Alexander Hamilton Institute, Limited, C. P. R. Bldg., Toronto



IN ENGLAND, 67 Great Russell St., London  
IN AUSTRALIA, 11c Castlereagh St., Sydney

# Again ACACIA Forges Ahead

## Summary of Annual Report as of December 31, 1927

Assets	
First mortgage loans on improved real estate	\$12,916,965.69
Real estate	1,376,733.55
Bonds	1,607,400.00
Cash in banks and in office	360,409.85
Loans on Association's Policies	4,072,233.14
Collateral Loans	70,000.00
Net Premiums in process of collection	2,523,070.60
All other assets	442,575.04
<b>TOTAL ASSETS</b>	<b>\$23,369,387.87</b>

Liabilities	
Policyholders' dividends not yet due	\$436,486.74
Reserve for taxes accrued	160,000.00
Premiums and interest paid in advance	149,297.87
Miscellaneous	145,055.67
	<b>\$890,840.28</b>

Balance to Protect Policy Contracts	
Legal reserve requirement—American Experience Table of Mortality and 3½% interest on all policies	\$21,149,345.05
Surplus	1,329,202.54
	<b>\$22,478,547.59</b>

## Another Year of Great Progress

New insurance paid for	\$55,057,500.00
Gain in insurance in force	37,981,370.00
Insurance in force December 31, 1927	264,258,116.00
Dividends paid or credited to members	1,183,988.27
Assets	23,369,387.87
Increase in assets	4,119,502.94
Increase in reserve	4,019,931.82

The first and only mutual old line company to reduce its premium rates so that its policyholders get the advantage of the low initial rates of the stock company combined with the dividends of the mutual company.

## Progress During the Past Ten Years

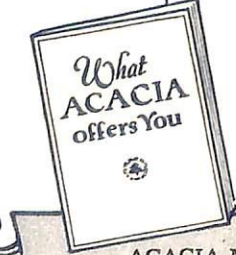
Year	Assets	Surplus	Insurance in force end of year
1917	\$1,359,858	\$68,566	\$19,809,512
1919	2,220,990	70,013	37,657,924
1921	4,613,495	316,961	101,222,295
1923	9,417,807	971,438	152,190,700
1925	15,695,944	1,306,269	196,145,636
1927	23,369,387	1,329,202	264,258,116

## WATCH US GROW

This record is all the more remarkable when it is remembered that ACACIA does not accept brokerage business, reinsurance business, group insurance or other wholesale insurance. All its insurance is written directly on selected risks.

# ACACIA

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Washington, D. C.

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Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....Age.....



## My Heart and Yours *by Frank Parker Stockbridge*

**T**HE AUTHOR of this article, speaking from his own experience, says that an unsound heart in a man of fifty isn't half as bad as we think. "The doctors have not deprived me of a single pleasure of life. They have merely taught me the meaning of the word 'moderation' and the futility of worry." Read "My Heart and Yours" by Frank Parker Stockbridge in the May issue.

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*(Cover design by C. B. Falls*

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THE CUNED PRESS, INC., CHICAGO

APRIL, 1928

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# How I Made a Fortune With a "Fool" Idea

**Learn my money-making secret—Be a Real Estate Specialist—Start at home, in your spare time—Use my successful System—Free book shows how.**

"I T'S a fool idea!"

That's what my friends said, when I told them about my idea for starting a real estate business "on the side."

But with that "fool" idea I made more than one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

No matter who you are, where you are, or what your sex or present occupation, if you want to do what I did—if you want to get out of the \$25-a-week crowd and build up a high-class, money-making business of your own—right at home—in your spare time—send at once for my free book which opens wide the door of the biggest and best money-making business opportunity you ever heard of in your whole life.

## Use My Successful System

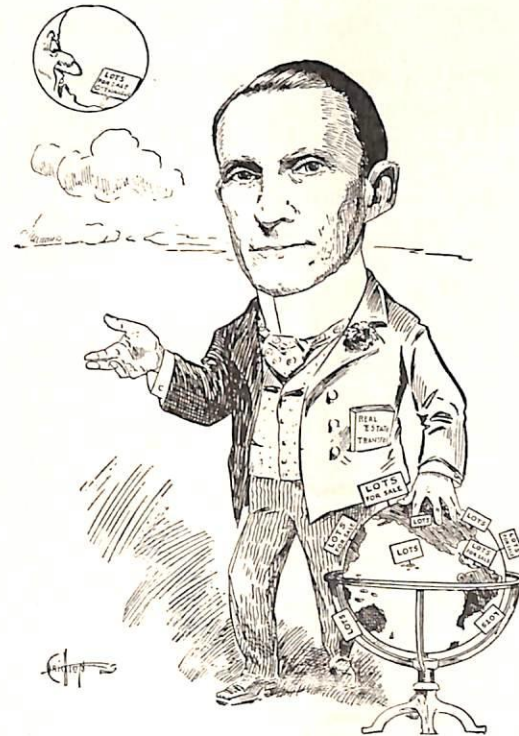
When I started in real estate, I tossed overboard all the hit-or-miss, haphazard, rule-of-thumb methods of the past, and put into operation a system of my own which is as superior to the old way as the modern Mazda lamp is superior to the tallow candle of our forefathers.

With little education—no experience—no influence—and less than five dollars capital—I started in my spare time and met with instant success.

If you want to follow in my footsteps—if you want to use my amazingly successful system—send for my free book now. It tells how I succeeded—how I have helped other men and women win big success—how you, too, can succeed—how you can have a splendid business of your own and make more money than you ever made before.

## A Wonderful Business

Real estate—conducted my way—is a great business. It is as permanent as the earth itself. It is getting bigger and bigger



A well-known cartoonist's conception of my idea

as the country grows. It doesn't require years of study to learn like most other businesses and professions. It offers enormous earnings to ambitious men and women. Users of my system are making \$1,000—\$5,000—\$10,000—on single deals—as much as the average man gets for months and years of hard work. And the business is practically unlimited. Ten million properties are now on the market for rent, sale or exchange. And you can start with little or no capital—right at home—in your spare time. I did. So did others. So can you. My free book tells you how.

## Read These Records

Here are just a few brief extracts from the many letters received from happy users of my money-making real estate system:

"Made \$5,500 on first deal after getting your system."—Mrs. Evalynn Balster, Chicago. (Former School Teacher.) "Sold a lot by your methods in less than one hour and my commission was \$800."—J. A. Fergusson, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. (Former Dry Cleaner.) "Sold over \$100,000 worth of property my first year with your methods."—H. D. Van Houten, Passaic, N. J. (Former Grocery Clerk.) "Have sold thousands of dollars worth of property your way. Have deals that will go beyond the \$300,000 mark."—Carrie Marshall, Ocean Springs, Miss. (Former Housekeeper.) "My first day's work in real estate netted me \$435. I recommend your system to anyone wishing to get into a pleasant and profitable business."—F. B. Bennett, San Diego, Cal. (Former Planing Mill Man.) "Have sold one \$5,000 lot and 3 houses so far, with your system."—Mrs. B. H. Morehouse, Brooklyn, N. Y. (Former Housewife.)

These are just a few samples of success that you will read about in my free book. Get it. Read it. Follow its instructions. Make big money my way.

## Get Free Book Now

My big, new, illustrated book is filled with fascinating facts about my kind of a real estate business—what I did—what others are doing—what you can do.

Mail coupon right now and get this valuable, money-making information free. It doesn't cost you a nickel to find out what this book can do for you. So, act at once. You will never forgive yourself if you turn your back on this unusual chance to win big, business success. Address PRESIDENT, American Business Builders, Inc., Dept. 52-4, 18 East 18 Street, New York.

**\$1,000 Reward**  
 I will pay one thousand dollars in gold to anyone furnishing proof of the existence of any course in business training which has helped as MANY men and women make as MUCH money in as SHORT a time as my system for becoming a real estate specialist.

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 American Business Builders, Inc.  
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 Mail me your free book telling how you made \$100,000 in a new kind of real estate business—how others are making big money—and how I can do the same.  
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 City ..... State .....



## IS YOUR OLD TEMPLE GOOD ENOUGH?

NO doubt there are a great many cities and towns in the United States where new Masonic or Shrine Temples are badly needed. Most of them would build new ones if they only knew how to raise the money.

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NEW Temples costing from One Hundred Thousand to Four Million Dollars have, with our help, recently been made possible in Scranton, Pa.; Rochester, Albany and Troy, New York; Cincinnati, Dayton and Toledo, Ohio; Providence, Rhode Island; Niagara Falls, Canada; Pine Bluff, Arkansas, and elsewhere.

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**A Brief History of Guaranteed Bonds**—Clearly describing the development and value of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds as an investment.

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**Fidelity Bonds are First Mortgages**—Establishing the investment position of First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds.

**Fidelity Service and the Morning Mail**—Letters from people in all walks of life telling of their experiences with Fidelity Bonds.

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Edward A. Wilson

## FOR INVESTORS

By Jonathan C. Royle

THIS is going to be a bad year—for bad investors. But it is going to be a most prosperous period for those who invest wisely, logically and opportunely. The market for securities of all sorts is not in a shape today where all that is necessary for an investor is to "get on the band wagon" and ride with it. Never has the line been more clearly drawn between the stocks and bonds of those concerns which enjoy profits and prospects and those which lack the one, the other, or both.

The price in the shares in the profit makers will bounce back even after a severe market depression while the stocks and bonds in the other class will go down and stay down. It stands investors in good stead, therefore, to know all there is to know about the securities they buy. Too frequently investment steps are taken on the scantiest information and the most illusive of tips. Some, indeed, do not even take the trouble to find out the line of endeavor in which a corporation is engaged.

"I am going to buy a hundred shares or so of Transue and Williams," said an investor recently to the writer. "What business are they in?"

This man was prepared to dump several thousand dollars into the stock without even knowing that Transue and Williams made steel forgings, sheet metal stampings and special tools. He was ignorant as to whether the company was operating at a profit or a deficit.

Hundreds of investors are looking for what they call "cheap" stocks. What they are finding is a list of stocks which are selling at a low sum per share in dollars and cents. Because a stock is selling at a few dollars a share, that is no indication it is cheap. One security may be really cheap at \$300 a share while others may be expensive at \$3 or 30 cents. The Ford Motor Company has 172,645 shares of the par value of \$100 each outstanding, all of which are owned by the Ford family. The stock is not listed or traded in but an offer of \$1,000,000,000 was made for the Ford holdings or at the rate of nearly \$6,000 a share. The motor industry in general agreed that the shares were cheap at that price. On the other hand, there are a number of motor stocks selling today at less than \$50 a share which are high priced in view of earnings and prospects.

Far too many investors are attracted to stocks which are quoted at low figures or have recently suffered declines without knowing what has sent them down or what is keeping them down. There are scores of investors who do not keep in close enough touch with affairs of corporations in which they are interested to know even that a dividend has been reduced or omitted.

So basic a piece of information as the capitalization of a corporation sometimes is ignored by an investor. A stock quoted at

\$15 a share may be selling at three times its par value. Another at \$90 a share may be \$10 under par. If the latter stock were as dear as the former it would be selling at approximately \$270 a share. Yet some buyers would consider the \$15 stock cheap and the \$90 stock dear.

Some stocks are low because they are under-financed and others because they are over-financed. Two of the greatest corporations in America in the same line of business have sales somewhat closely approximating each other. But one is doing business on considerably less capital than the other. Consequently the position and price of the stock of the first are the stronger.

Undigested earning statements may be most confusing and misleading to inexperienced investors. It sounds very impressive to hear a statement that a railroad, a chain store system, an automobile producer or other corporation has had gross sales of a large number of million dollars. But these figures do not necessarily mean the company is making profits.

Even the net income figures may not tell a true story on their face since it may be that preferred stock provisions or sinking fund requirements leave but a meager amount applicable to the common shares. It is the amount earned per share which tells the real story. There is one great western railroad which had gross revenues in 1927 just about as high as in 1926. But net operating income was only half as much in the latter year as in the former.

Earnings indicate whether a company not paying dividends may be able to pay them shortly. They show whether an increase in the rate of a concern already in the dividend column, is warranted. But even after a close scrutiny of earnings, a purchase of the shares may yield no profit since the improvement already may have been discounted in the price paid.

The good news, in fact, may have been over-discounted. There is a perfectly sound and prosperous company in one of the transportation lines, the stock of which has been selling at so high a price that it would have to treble its dividend rate to warrant the quotations. The statement is frequently heard in brokerage circles that "the stock dropped on the good news." That simply means that the good news had been thoroughly discounted and when the stock no longer had anything to look forward to, it slumped off.

The position of the competitors of a concern in which investment is contemplated should receive sharp attention. In one new line of business, one concern galloped off with between 60 and 80 percent of the business of the entire country. A dozen other companies dashed into the new field which seemed so profitable. Investors in the stocks of the latter sometimes wondered why re-

[Continued from page 4]

turns were not larger yet a study of the competitive field would have shown that, with only a forlorn chance of capturing more than 20 percent of the business, there was not enough demand to go far among a dozen rivals.

Buyers of securities are coming to realize that the condition and position of the markets for basic commodities have a definite bearing on the rise and fall of stocks and bonds. A hasty glimpse of the stock market quotations in the morning paper is no longer sufficient to indicate safety or danger. No pool, no matter how powerful, can minimize continuously the influence of the commodity markets.

The price of wool and cotton, silk and rayon, let us say, must inevitably alter the position of the entire textile industry. Those prices must be read aright. When the price of a basic commodity drops, the inference is that the position of the manufacturers using that commodity should benefit. Frequently exactly the opposite is the case.

The spring drop in raw cotton and crude rubber did not bring relief to textile manufacturers. Instead, to a terrific degree, it resulted in a depreciation in goods in hands of producers and distributors which had been made from higher priced raw materials and which had not yet passed into hands of ultimate consumers at prices commensurate with previous costs. This made necessary heavy inventory writeoffs and caused a depression in the tire and textile trades with buyers waiting for further price reductions. It was followed by a curtailment in production, a slackening of employment and a decrease in buying power which affected not only the securities of individual companies but the business situation as a whole.

Lack of information, such as is cited above, leads inevitably to mistakes and now is not the time for mistakes in stocks. They have the same effect on the bank account as the mistakes of the Chicago banker had on his golf game.

His associates knew this financier was a great banker. He thought he was a fair golfer. At Pinehurst last winter his cards had nothing but big figures on them. He did everything wrong. His stance was wrong; his grip was wrong; his swing was hurried; he lifted his head, dropped his shoulder, hooked, sliced and—swore.

During the banker's worst performances, Joe, his diplomatic young colored caddie, never cracked a smile, made a disturbing move or lost a ball. Consequently he was generously rewarded. One day the banker, in disgust, threw his putter violently on the ground and asked:

"Joe, do you suppose I'll ever make a golfer?"

Joe, determined to do nothing to jeopardize continued profitable employment, replied:

"Deed yes, suh. Dey all makes mistakes. You know I'se done caddied for Mr. Bobby Jones several times. You make just de same mistakes Mr. Bobby Jones does—ONLY OFTENER."

All investors are likely to make mistakes but none can afford to make them "oftener."

### Service for Investors

Accurate, reliable, unprejudiced information is the basis of all successful investment. The Shrine Magazine is prepared to furnish its readers with information of that sort on investment securities. Send your inquiries WITH SELF-ADDRESSED, STAMPED ENVELOPE to Jonathan C. Royle, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

## Would you turn down an added \$5,000 a year? —just because you're afraid to make the move that spells SUCCESS?



Of course you'd take it—that \$5,000 check! . . . And if—then—your employer said to you, "All I ask in return is that you devote a few spare hours each week, at home, to training for the 'job ahead'"—why, you'd jump at the chance.

But—that's not the question—The point is—have you the vision to start right now to get the training, knowing that the "raise" and the bigger job will almost inevitably follow?

Dryden rose from \$150 a Month to \$11,000 a Year

E. J. Dryden, of Laredo, Texas, was earning \$150 a month when he started training with LaSalle.

After his first lesson in the Sales Section of Business Management, he tried out his newly acquired knowledge. In six weeks he made \$750 in commissions working after hours.

He has since followed with other courses, and for two years past his earnings have been better than \$11,000 a year.

At 47 Whitney was Clerk—4 Years Later, Treasurer of Big Corporation

For twenty years, lack of training had kept R. M. Whitney from climbing higher than a clerkship. He was 47 when he enrolled for home-study training in Higher Accountancy.

Less than three years later, the Davenport Machine Tool Company of Rochester, N. Y.—the very company he had worked for as a clerk—invited him to come back. He returned as Auditor, at a salary increase of better than 300 per cent. He has since been made Treasurer.

Pentland was Earning \$100 a Month—Training Increased His Income Ten Fold

Robert Pentland, Jr., of Miami, Florida, was quick to perceive the shorter route to success. In 1919 Pentland was a clerk, at \$100 a month. Today, thanks to his LaSalle training, he is partner in the largest firm of Certified Public Accountants in the State of Florida. His income is ten times as large as when he started—and he is still in his thirties!

### How You Can Win That Extra \$5,000 a Year

"Exceptional cases," you say—that of Dryden, and Whitney and Pentland—

But—don't you think an extra \$5,000 a year looked just as impossible to them when they started, as it does right now, perhaps, to you?

Of course it did!

These men, however, recognized their chance—they got the training!

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Will you be one of them?

Only you can decide—

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Present Position

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# The Greatest Masonic National Memorial Temple in Masonry

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The \$2,500,000 Completion Program

*"What Masons Promise They Perform"*

The time has now come when those members of the craft who are able to do so, should contribute in large individual gifts the balance now needed for the completion and endowment of the George Washington Masonic National Memorial Temple in process of erection at Alexandria, Virginia.

## OPPORTUNITIES FOR INDIVIDUAL MEMORIALS

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Perpetuate your own name or the name of your Lodge in connection with the George Washington Masonic National Memorial Temple.

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The Bronze Gates (2).....	each 5,000	The Tower Beacon Light.....	15,000
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Amphitheatre Windows (7).....	each 1,500	Museum Windows (2).....	each 1,000

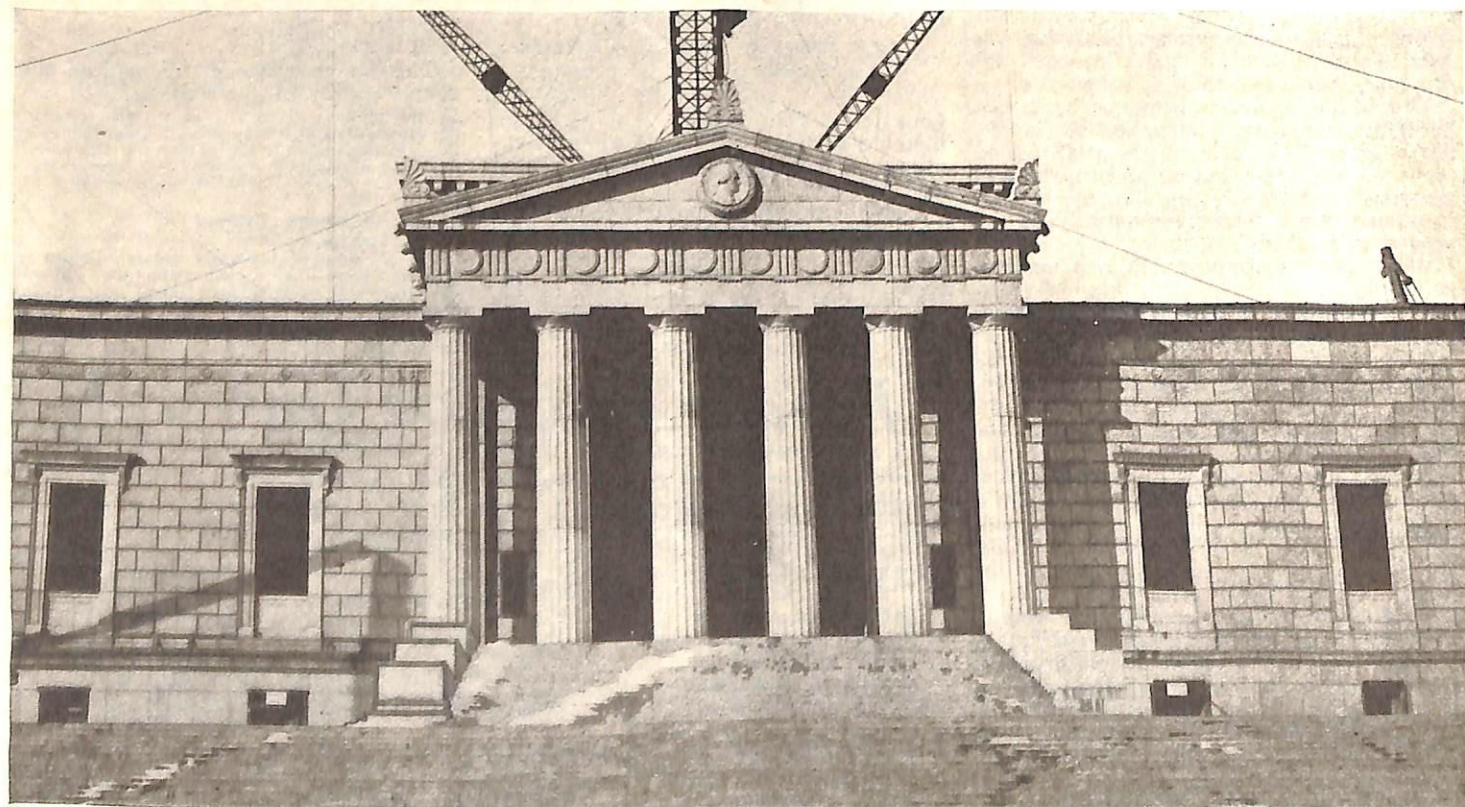
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THE INCOMPLETE TEMPLE

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The Temple as it will appear when completed

## THE SHRINE MAGAZINE

APRIL, 1928

### The IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S MESSAGE

What a revival meeting is to a village church an Imperial Council session is to that Temple the units of which attend. Here will be found a renewal of the enthusiasm which carries a Temple along like a cork on a swift stream.

It is only a short time now until the session of the Imperial Council in Miami. The nobility of Mahi Temple has been working day and night to make this, the first time the Imperial Council has met in Florida, the greatest success in the history of the Shrine. There will be ample hotel accommodations and enough sea water so every man can have his salt water dip.

I want to make a personal appeal to every Noble in North America to attend this wonderful session in this wonderful state. There is no need to tell you that a Shrine welcome will await you. At this season of the year Florida is at its best and there will be no heat to contend with.

You can't do it? That's what they told Columbus, Pershing, Byrd, Lindy and others. But they did it because they had exactly what it takes to make the ocean behave along the shores of Florida—SAND!

There was never a good act or a good time planned that some fellow, leaning against his favorite post, did not say it could not be done and then blame everything that went wrong on some other fellow.

Sure you can do it. Shriners can do anything they really try to do! If it is the right thing to do, no matter if it is a hospital to build, or a mountain to move, I would rather trust the job to a Shriner than to anyone else in the world, and you, Noble, can make this trip if you try.

Your passenger agent can give you a marvelous number of choices of scenic routes to this convention which will be a surprise to you if you will consult him. The way the ladies of Miami are working to make this trip pleasant for the wives and daughters is most encouraging.

No Noble ever attended an Imperial Council session who did not come back to his own Temple a better and more enthusiastic Shriner. He comes home with his Shrine youth renewed and enters with greater joy into the work of the local Temple.

To see the type of men who are leaders in the councils of the Shrine, to make new friends and renew old friendships, all goes to the closer welding of the far flung units of Shrinedom.

Were it possible I would like to take the hand of every Noble in North America and say, "Meet me in Miami," for that is the big thought in my mind as I sit here in Providence and dictate this message. Just pack the suitcase and come along.

As the happiest year of my life draws to its close I must say a word of thanks to the thousands of Nobles all over the country who have done so much to make it so. My pilgrimages have been over a large part of the territory covered by the Shrine. The hospitality, the helpful friendships of the Nobles everywhere have been a never failing source of joy and wonder to me. To each of you with whom I have come in contact I extend the Shriners greeting and my own sincere thanks for the many kindnesses extended to me and to those who have accompanied me.

Yours in the Faith,

*Es Selamu Aleikum*

*Clarence W. Duntan*  
IMPERIAL POTENTATE



# How

*(A lovely little culprit of Cupid for an*

FOR those who hold to the opinion that the unseen character in a story deserves at least the respect that Hamlet gave his father's ghost, here's a brief description of Mrs. C. M. Granning—generally called Florence—grass widow at large in the prosperous town of Vestibula, Ohio. Spiritually disillusioned, hence provocative, she was physically equipped with a lissome figure, turning a little to bone. She possessed a white skin and a graceful neck, the latter distinguished from other graceful necks by a small mole, somewhat under the left ear; it was regarded more as an ornament than a blemish. Her eyes were greenish Slavie and her blonde, short hair was frothily tinged with pink. Jack Slattery, who made business an excuse for sudden exile in New York, associated her in his mind's eye with a certain vermilion Chinese coat she was wearing on the night she turned her back on him, after saying something about young boys who fall in love with older women. That red coat, right between its irritating shoulders, showed a queer, circular bird, all wound up in its wings and toes.

So much for Mrs. Granning, otherwise Florence, who gave this young lawyer Slattery an excuse to travel. He came to New York under instructions from the firm of cousins, monotonously labeled Slattery, Slattery and Slattery, to establish the patent rights on an agricultural machine which had got itself involved in the estate of an old gentleman who willed his fortune to an insane asylum, a defiance to his lawful heirs. There was a great deal more to that suit than is herein stated; the whole ramified entanglement has no more to do with our story than Mrs. Granning has. The lady sent him in a jealous froth to Manhattan, the harvester patent kept him in the big town longer than any young lawyer should remain, marking time on the whim of a very great corporation attorney to whom the affairs of Vestibula were of remarkable unimportance.

The adventure had a social side to it which smote Jack Slattery with freshman fears. Charlemagne Jelicoe, eminent barrister, had married a second cousin to the Slatterys of Vestibula. The relationship gave Jack a certain claim upon their hospitality, even though it got him nowhere professionally. He wanted to see Mr. Jelicoe in his office, not Mrs. Jelicoe in her drawing-room. A raw-boned lad of farming stock, Jack had thrown hammers and put shot for the State University; he had done his best to cultivate the dignified legal front which actually covered a great deal of shyness.

Mr. Jelicoe was evasively cordial when Jack saw him in his office; he seemed far more inclined to chat of Ohio memories than of business at hand. A secretarial interruption brought the interview to an end. The great man was absent-minded and his caller went away consoling himself with the reminder that the law is never in a hurry. Then, to his surprise, he was invited to dine at the Jelicoes' enormous, brocade-padded house; Mrs. Jelicoe and a fat lady quarreled over bridge-theories; Mr. Jelicoe and a fat gentleman quarreled over golf-theories; Miss Jelicoe, a pretty young thing, soon to step into the full light of society, talked to Jack as an inmate of

# DO YOU DO!

*who mistook the wings avenging angel*

By Wallace IRWIN

Illustrations by J. W. Schlaikjer

the Vestibula jail. After that they played bridge and Jack, happy as an escaped bird, flew back to his lodgings. He had the feeling of a country boy in town; the knowledge of being over-dressed. They had treated him like a lad of twelve. The next time he sought out Mr. Charlemagne Jelicoe that important person was as hard to find as the Czar of Russia, in his day, or any theatrical manager in ours.

Two weeks of this and Jack Slattery was eye-weary from looking at motion pictures, leg-weary from threading the teeming pavements of Fifth avenue. Occasionally he would pause, resting one tired foot, to gaze into gloriously expensive shop windows. Evening wraps. Red ones. Chinese ones. He thought of green eyes and funny, fascinating hair with pink shadows in it.

Returning to his room one night, he found, among the few letters on his bureau, a formal invitation from the Jelicoes. Actually. Just as he had dreaded, he was scoring a social rather than a professional success. From the prettily engraved lines he learned that Miss Irma Jelicoe's parents were giving her a debutante dance at New York's most formidable hotel—the St. Swithin. He was expected at nine-thirty.

Rather clammily at first Jack Slattery read this card. Un-armored, he was mounting a white charger to joust with romance. How, he did not know. He had wandered through the city, a very lonesome boy, uneasy because the myriad human shapes around him seemed unreal, intangible.

On the night of the party he dressed with elaborate care. The weather was threatening. He considered overshoes and instinctively rejected them; an umbrella however he did take and skipped the little ponds of a recent shower as he made his way toward the Fifth avenue bus. His coat-collar up, he stepped on to the first of the heaving monsters that paused at a Park side corner in the upper nineties.

The sudden dampish turn of the weather affected his spirits for the worse. Then, pulling himself together with the fortitude of one who expects success on a rocky, upland road, he argued that this experience was in the way of duty to his honored firm. Charlemagne Jelicoe, the difficult, must be wooed and won.

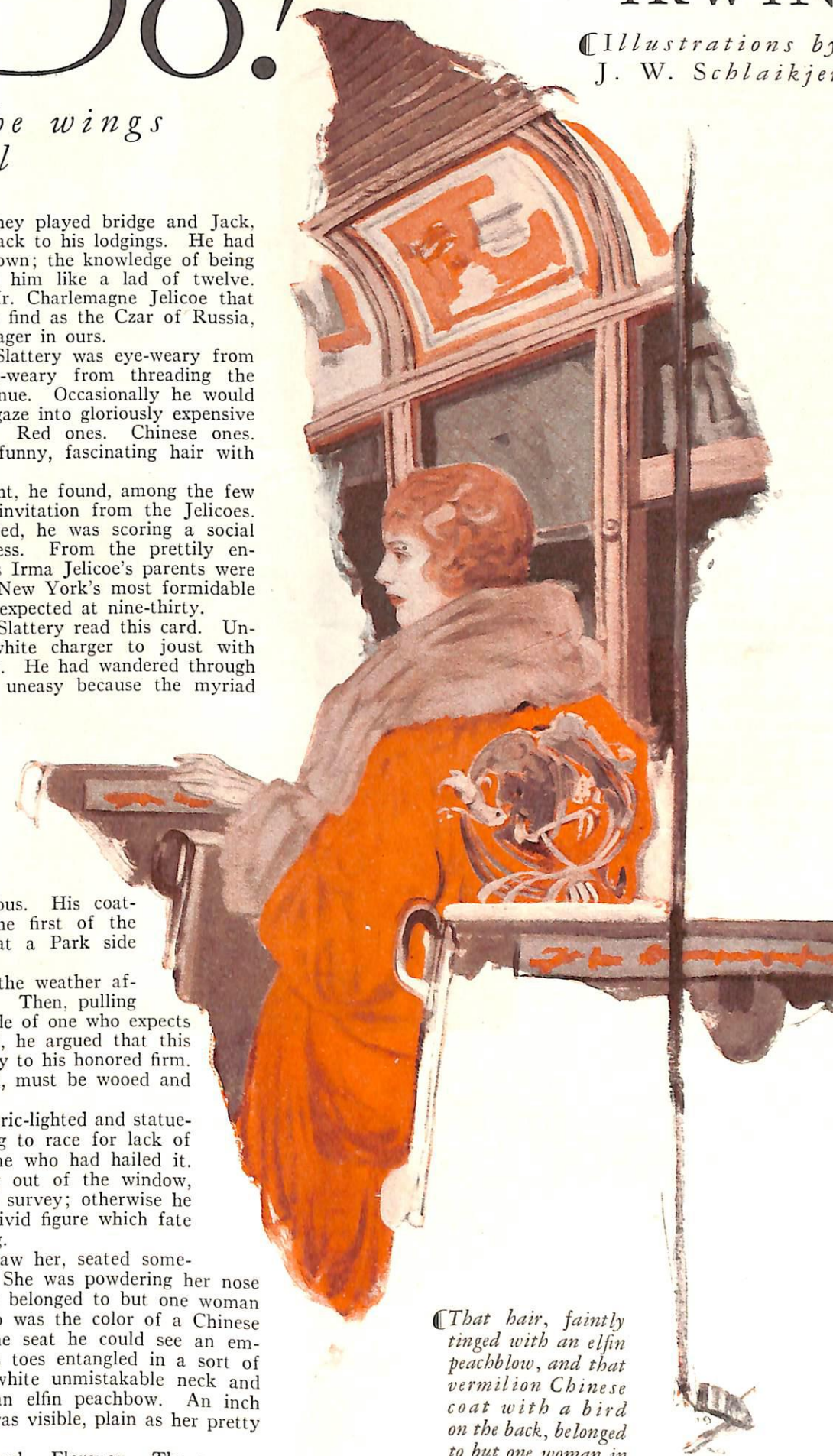
After they had passed the electric-lighted and statue-haunted Plaza the bus, beginning to race for lack of passengers, stopped to let on one who had hailed it. Jack was at that instant gazing out of the window, giving the wet street a mournful survey; otherwise he would have been aware of the vivid figure which fate had sent aboard for his undoing.

Then he looked around and saw her, seated somewhat forward, across the aisle. She was powdering her nose with a quick little gesture which belonged to but one woman in the world. Her evening wrap was the color of a Chinese chair; just over the back of the seat he could see an embroidered bird, its wings and its toes entangled in a sort of circular spasm; above that, a white unmistakable neck and short hair faintly tinged with an elfin peachblow. An inch below the left ear a little mole was visible, plain as her pretty signature on white paper.

Jack's heart, of course, stopped. Florence. The woman who had told him to go to New York, go as far as Dante went



*(Here before him was the woman Jack had been teaching himself to hate. His throat was tight with excitement as he started toward her.*



*(That hair, faintly tinged with an elfin peachblow, and that vermilion Chinese coat with a bird on the back, belonged to but one woman in the world.*



for all she cared, had come to him like a vision out of the night. During his weeks of exile he had carefully taught himself to hate her. Tonight, suddenly brought face to back with his carefully schooled aversion, he felt wild horses tearing him from his seat, dragging him toward her. His throat was tight with the excitement and his knees were weak as he came to his feet and staggered up the aisle.

"Well, I'm mighty glad to find you—" He started like that, clumsily, leaning over her shoulder and smiling a wooden smile. She looked up, stiffening a little, and he had a blurred impression of an unfamiliar face; a young, frightened little face with wild, black eyes regarding him much as a trapped animal would look out under the trees at the figure of an approaching gamekeeper. Aside from and beneath his withering embarrassment he kept the impression of the glance flashed up at him; fear and a certain weak defiance.

"I'm awfully sorry. I—" He thought he said that. But the girl in the red coat sprang up as if she would strike him; she brushed by him so swiftly, so suddenly that he had scarcely time to make way for her. Even as he stood there, palsied, regarding her foolishly with a sidelong glance, he was aware that she was touching a button, signaling the bus to stop. There was nothing to do, of course, but sit down and make the best of it.

Memory of the look in the girl's eyes shamed him, as though his intent had been evil. What had she to fear in him? In Jack Slattery, the very soul of knight-hood. Once, quite sheepishly, he looked around, hoping against hope that she would offer some chance of apology. She had sat down again, sternly facing the door.

The bus was slowing down for her; a glance out of the window showed Jack that which added nothing to his equilibrium. This was his corner. That too was like a woman. Just because she was running away from him she had chosen to get off at his corner. He glanced nervously at his watch. Twenty minutes of ten. He was late already.

The bus had come to a stop, the young lady was getting out. The wheels had moved again and the vehicle was under way when Jack went rapidly down the aisle and made an acrobatic plunge for the pavement. Fifty yards away he caught a vivid flash of red. The girl in the Chinese coat had ceased to flee; gazing boldly now, he could see her bending over nervously, warily seeking something, apparently lost in the gutter.

"Now," thought Jack Slattery, "here's a job for Solomon. Offer to help and she'll probably call a cop. Walk away, leave her in some sort of pickle and I'm a worse flop than she thinks I am."

He left the decision to his conscience, which in some cases is the worst possible guide. Advancing manfully, removing his hat and at the same time smiling his most amiable and soothing smile, he had just cleared his palsied throat to speak when she looked up and saw him. This time she gave a cry, a small, choking sound like something out of a bad dream and



ran precipitately, undignifiedly around the corner, her brilliant red coat flying in the breeze.

By now Jack Slattery was beginning to show heat. "I'm no leper," he informed himself, his fists closed, his feet planted belligerently.

After perhaps five minutes of inaction he started toward the St. Swithin, and with his first step forward kicked something soft and feminine which slid with a leathery purr before his advancing toes.

A sort of little purse-thing such as women carry somewhere—up their sleeves, perhaps. In the bright light it was easy enough to examine; the initials G. S. in platinum marked one corner. It was fat and spongy to the touch, stuffed with something, bills, perhaps. Bounding forward now he rounded the corner and faced the scattered crowd in a wide cross street. Not any sign of a red Chinese coat. The girl had disappeared. Suddenly, effectively, the street had swallowed her up.

Jack Slattery stood in the bright door of the St. Swithin and considered many honest expedients. There was, of course, a lost and found department somewhere in City Hall. There were the newspapers. He would look for her advertisement



"The roar of that gun in my hand seemed to shake my heart. I could have died when I saw him stagger backward."

dressed, were going up in the elevator, and this gave him heart, so he made himself one of the herd and was shot up to the fourth floor in full view of a magnificent pandemonium milling about a reception room.

The dance had hardly begun. That was lucky. Divested of his hat and coat, he followed the newcomers up to the wide entrance where Mr. and Mrs. Charlemagne Jelicoe and the blooming Miss Jelicoe, the latter dripping with silver lace, held out their hands and were happy to see everybody. And here was Jack Slattery, lost again in the multitude, wondering where to go, what he was there for. Men were passing a yellow drink. Driven by the desperate thirst which comes upon a shy man in a tight corner, the stranger fairly leaped upon a servant who came by with a large tray. Jack gulped. The stuff tickled his throat and did no good. Hysterically he reached out for a second helping only to find that a slender arm was in his way, a slender hand was fingering the stem of the crystal glass which he had essayed to make his own.

"I'm sorry. Awfully sorry." Timorously he looked up at the owner of the pretty hand and met black eyes, haughtily, nervously looking into his own.

"Won't she ever get lost!" he thought to himself, then in a rush of chivalry mumbled aloud, "Miss Stires, I—"

Her response was unnerving. She poised her glass an instant as though to pitch its contents in his face; then, after a look of wild abhorrence she turned her back on him and marched across the room, a moving statue of insulted maidenhood. A pretty back, he

noticed, and her white arms were like music. He did no dancing that night, not because he didn't know how, but in this atmosphere he was like one on shipboard, not yet master of his sea-legs. Once, encouraged by the way pale sophomores, loitering on the outskirts, would intrude themselves between moving couples, snatch a girl and prance away with her, he tried this form of self-introduction. A kind-faced young lady in pink came very close to him in the arms of her partner; she smiled upon Jack, or did he fancy it? At any rate he made an impetuous break for her, only to find her clinging the more tightly to the shoulder she preferred. She frowned. And there he was again, annoying and misunderstood.

And on the reverse side, politely, coolly engraved. "Miss Gwendolyn Stires."

After that it was a confused young man who walked in a dream under St. Swithin's crystal chandeliers, sauntering toward his first formal appearance in New York society. A delayed and troubled entry it was. Awakening from his trance, again he caught sight of the girl in the red coat; she was in the elevator; it was starting up. Her scared black eyes were on him, he imagined, as the bronze door closed in his face and she vanished into the empyrean.

"Could you tell me if there is a Miss Stires—Miss Gwendolyn Stires—stopping here?" Jack had tried to seem calm as he strolled over to the desk and asked the question.

"Nobody of that name."

It was now five minutes of ten. Other people, evening

"A WEEK more of this and I can play Hamlet," he thought, and settled back into his stubborn resolve to deliver a lost article to Miss Gwendolyn Stires. That radiant being was enjoying herself. Innumerable fresh-faced schoolboys, cocksure in their knowledge of the art, were cutting in; she never came twice around with the same man. Did Miss Gwendolyn Stires ever see him in her passings back and forth.





"Well, Slattery, we suffer a lot to be happy, don't we?" He looked around and saw Charlemagne Jelicoe, warmed with wine apparently, and quite another Jelicoe from the one he had remembered.

"I'm not used to quite so large a dance," admitted Jack.

"But it's splendid. Perfectly splendid."

"Oh, we have to give our daughters a shove-off," admitted the great one. "Aren't you dancing?"

"I'm sort of out of practise," said Jack huskily.

"Oh, so am I. But I've danced a leg off tonight. Any sort of thing goes nowadays. Let me fish you up a pretty girl and try you on."

"Thanks." But Mr. Jelicoe merely stood there, looking them over. At that instant, fate still working evil, Miss Stires whirled by again. "That's a pretty one," faltered our young man.

"Oh, Gwen Stires. Want to dance with her? Everybody else has, I guess."

"No, sir. Thank you." Then, with the boldness of despair, "I was just admiring her. Being a stranger in town I wonder about people. Just who is she?"

"Gwen? Well, she comes from up-state. The Rochicuse Stires, you know. Judge Landon V. Stires. Of course, they're related all over New York. The Judge is lying low nowadays, since the Bainbridge and Voalt failure. Rather too bad about Gwen."

"What's too bad about Gwen?" Breathlessly.

"Well, the Colby Finnstroms take her in tow now. You see, Colby's her uncle." Everybody, of course, should have known that. "Gwen wants to go to work. But what can she do? That's the trouble nowadays. Girls want to be insurance brokers instead of housewives."

The young man's thoughts were spinning round the dance floor, yet instinct reminded him that now was the time to approach the great man on the business at hand. But do people talk business at parties?

"Slattery," said Mr. Jelicoe, upon a mental suggestion no doubt, "did my people dig out those patent papers for you?"

"Well, no, sir. I've been waiting for—"

"Good heavens!" He looked suddenly fierce. "What's Jerry Fielding been doing?"

"Jeremiah Fielding?" echoed the young lawyer. What had Fielding to do with the case?

"He's our patent attorney. You should have gone to him right away."

"I'll call on him in the morning," volunteered Jack meekly, concealing the stab in his professional pride.

"Oh. Better wait till he gets back from Rochicuse." There was plenty of time, apparently. "He'll be on a case up there till the end of the week. Hope you're having a good time, Slattery."

A distant, sentimental smile as the protruding middle-aged eyes followed an animated bouquet of pretty girls. "Well, this festivity can go on forever. Probably will. I'm going to bed. But you ought to dance, Slattery."

Boldness came to Jack like a shield caught in battle. "I wouldn't mind dancing with Miss Stires," he ventured.

"We'll fix it." Old Charlemagne was a philanthropist that night. "Wait till she swings round this way again."

But she didn't swing round that way again. Suddenly the floor seemed vacant of the tantalizing Miss Stires. After a wait the weary host said something about digging her up and sauntered away.

"I wouldn't mind dancing with Miss Stires," Jack ventured to his host. But Miss Stires had vanished.

After that Jack Slattery became a little bitter, condemning the dance as a foolish performance and himself as a nit-wit for coming to it and being made a monkey of. He was in New York on business.

Whatever happens, thought he, I'll deliver that cigarette case to Miss Gwendolyn Stires. She isn't going to treat me like a pickpocket any more, either. Her father went broke. Serves the old man right. She wants to work. She'll have to come a mile off her high horse before she can get a job in my office.

All well enough, my discouraged hero. But nevertheless he went wandering around to find Miss Stires. Through gaudy little ante-rooms where couples sat too close, through arched Italian halls where old gentlemen smoked and looked at their watches, through silent card rooms where middle aged people made wry faces over bridge, he came at last to a palm garden.

A flash of silk, and before he saw her Jack realized that Gwen was coming toward him. Something had steeled his heart. His sense of justice, his pride turned against her, disliking her for the moment, urged him to be rude, if necessary, or cruel. Her face, when she saw him, had grown stonily blank again, her dark eyes unfriendly. And yet, as he remembered it later, there was a certain anguish in her look.

"Miss Stires," he said in a low voice, blocking her way. "Excuse me, but I've got to speak to you."

She had half turned, but she whirled upon him suddenly. "Why are you following me?" It was a little wail.

"I'm not following you," he insisted in the same quiet tone.

"I merely wanted to give you this," putting the cigarette case in her hands. She took it mechanically without looking down. Her worried eyes were upon a cluster of spurting dolphins at the center of the pool.

"Of course you know all about it," she said dimly, "and this settles my case. But I don't quite see—" She looked at him without scorn for the first time. "I can't quite see why you've passed this back. It's evidence, and—"

"I'm sorry, Miss Stires, but I don't know what you're talking about."

"No, of course not." She gave an aching, ironic laugh. "You didn't shadow me out of my cousin's house tonight. You didn't follow me down from Rochicuse. It was all accidental, naturally."

"That's the plain and simple way of putting it, Miss Stires."

"How do you know my name, then?" Eyes hardening once more against him.

"I found it in your cigarette case."

HER hand and voice trembled as she opened it and brought out the card. Pursing her lips, narrowing her eyes to long black slits she examined the green scrawl, then poked the card impatiently back into the case. "Then I didn't tear it up," she murmured. "I didn't do anything right." Accusingly, as if to her conscience. Fiercely she thrust the case into Jack's hand and with a sort of wild bravado cried out, "You'd better keep this. You might lose your job without it, and they wouldn't pay you."

He did his lame best to restore it to her, but she backed away. Foolishly he dropped it into his pocket.

"I—I'll keep it for you—" he was murmuring when she broke in.

"Don't let's waste any more time," she said, arresting him with a look that damned his bones. "Why don't you take me home now? I'm not making a struggle, you'll notice. Have you those—these what-you-call-ums in your clothes—handcuffs?"

"I merely came here to—" Again he was struggling to explain himself when Mrs. Jelicoe, bursting through the leafage, cooed winsomely. "Oh, Gwen. Your Aunt Margaret's looking all over the place for you. She's telling the most dreadful tales. Said you ran away and came down in the bus. You out of town children ought to be more careful, with all the gunmen—"

Smiling at her own dear joke, Mrs. Jelicoe led the girl away, leaving a thoroughly befogged young man to work out one of the puzzles which might defy the ingenuity of the Chinese.

He intended to take a morning train for Rochicuse where,

he supposed, he could come to grips with the illusive patent attorney, Mr. Jeremiah Fielding. But for the rest of that broken night he sat up, smoking cigarettes and seeing himself in a more romantic light than that which the girl whom, to his secret self, he was calling Gwen, had at first cast upon him. Instead of being a common masher he had arisen to the dignity of an avenging angel. "Why don't you take me home?" Like a sad, heart-touching song her insane words echoed in his ears.

Something's gone seriously wrong with that little girl, considered Jack Slattery. Maybe it's in her head. Anyhow, she says queer things. She invites me to handcuff her and says that if I read that card I know all. Well, I know something. I wonder, now, if she didn't drop that cigarette case on purpose?

The thought kept him pondering

until long past daylight. When he had bathed and dressed himself and eaten an extraordinarily heavy breakfast he smoked and read the papers and paced the lobby of his shabby little hotel. On a chance he called up the offices of

Jeremiah Fielding to have Mr. Jelicoe's report verified: Mr. Fielding would be in Rochicuse until the end of the following week.

Jack Slattery went for a walk. After a great deal of this exercise, in which he was now becoming an expert, he sought out a drug store and found a telephone directory. Sure enough, under F he found Finnstrom, Colby Finnstrom,

and his residence in East Seventy-ninth street. Only a nickel to call them up and ask for Miss Stires. But Jack considered that extravagance in its own true light. The girl with the red coat had things to say, but not over the telephone.

After that he continued his walk, added a mile to his record and came at last to East Seventy-ninth street. He located the Finnstrom house by its number; it bore a family resemblance to the Jelicoe's, grey and pompous with a swol-

"Don't kid me, Gwen," he said. "I'm so awfully in love." "I'm not kidding you," she answered. "I wanted you on my side."





len front. If I wait long enough she's sure to come out. Maybe she'll be alone. Maybe she won't.

This time he was lucky, for he had scarce paced the block a dozen times when Miss Stires, trim and slender in a blue cloth suit, came out from behind the bronze-grilled door and down the steps to the sidewalk. He didn't have to overtake her this time for she passed him at the corner, and when he raised his hat she paused, perfectly calm.

"You've been waiting all night?" Coolly. She was making fun of him, but her eyes had lost the forbidding look which they held only for him.

"Oh, not exactly," he laughed. "I've only been on duty since twelve."

"I've a luncheon engagement at one," she said. "Do you mind my keeping it, or would you prefer to take me now?"

"Miss Stires." Profiting by her mood he spoke rapidly. "I think you've misunderstood me—all I want is a chance to explain."

"Oh. I don't mind your doing your duty, if that's what you mean." She was now a little shrill. "It's unpleasant work, but—"

"What do you think I am?"

"What do you prefer to call yourself?"

"A lawyer, if you don't mind."

"Yes. You can pretend to be anything you want to, can't you? A soldier or a chauffeur or a lawyer. But you can't fool me any longer, Mr. Sherlock Holmes."

"Oh, I see." He wanted to laugh, to deny her suspicions, but a sly sense of advantage checked his tongue. She was wanted for something.

"Miss Stires," he said, "I'll not disturb your lunch. But I want to talk to you about this case. I don't say there isn't a chance for you. Only you mustn't make matters worse by evasions. If you'll come in the Park with me, now, and just give me five minutes."

With a surprising sensation of triumph he saw how meekly she followed his guidance. All the bafflement of yesterday had vanished; new power seemed to be running through his

veins. He found a bench near the entrance and she sat there a long time, silent, her hands clasped. Suddenly she looked up at him.

"Do you think they'll send me to the—the chair?" All her face was calm, save that small, quivering wrinkle had gathered in her chin. It was so brave, so pathetic that he wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her as a child should be comforted. But still he was cool.

"I don't know," he temporized. "It really depends a great deal on the circumstances."

"I shot him dead," she whispered.

Jack Slattery, prepared for any surprise, allowed his jaw to sag an inch.

"I didn't think they would have found me." She was like one talking in a dream. "It was the noon hour when the people in that street lock up for lunch. But I found Andy Green in his old real estate office. I aimed the gun right at his stomach, because I knew I couldn't miss—" She shuddered and covered her eyes.

"Where did you get that gun, Miss Stires?"

"I don't want you to think that my brother gave it to me. Jim was down with flu; he didn't even know that I took the gun out of his drawer. You see, his coming home sick had changed all my plans. I'd packed to come down to Irma Jelicoe's party. Then Daddy told me Jim was sick and I was just going to wire Irma. He's been working so hard on his election—"

"Yes. He was up for—"

"City attorney. I don't need to tell you about that fight. Nothing in politics is worth what you have to pay. But the Howard people threatened to get him. It's all so—so loathsome—I don't see how Daddy let Jim go in for such stuff . . ."

"It isn't pretty work, Miss Stires," ventured Jack on a guess. "But your brother was putting up such a clean fight."

"I don't defend him." Color was running under her pale skin. "He shouldn't have written such letters. I won't forgive him. But something had to be [Continued on page 65]

# A New Era for Women

## Women in the ARTS

Talks with Cecilia Beaux and Mrs. Fiske

By Norman Hapgood

OF THE series of articles in which we have been surveying newer fields of women's activities this concluding one has an aspect not represented by any of the others. When we dealt with the general citizenship work of the club woman, with education, with politics, we were considering woman's attitude toward life, her special interests, her moral enthusiasm, her common sense. The question of talent as a separate and specific thing did not to any large extent arise. In the higher reaches of the arts it is everything.

That there are many women now active in the arts the most casual glance will show. How new this is varies with the branch of art considered. On the stage, in Shakespeare's day, the female rôles were taken by boys, but for a long time as actors and singers women have been of equal standing with men. Mrs. Siddons, Bernhardt, Rachel, Duse, Jenny Lind, Melba, Patti—there is no list of men to surpass them. And in the modern times, instead of having boys play female rôles, we have Sarah playing Hamlet, le Passant and Lorenzaccio; we have her as well as Maude Adams playing Napoleon's son in l'Aiglon, and Julia Marlowe as Prince Hal.

In authorship, since Jane Austen, George Eliot, Charlotte Brontë and George Sand, it is not possible to say that women have left unmistakably permanent work, but they are now in a position to be definitely tested, as they are writing almost as much as men and the psychology of the public is no longer against them. Less and less they take men's names, like George Eliot and George Sand.

Today nobody would criticize Margaret Kennedy for writing "The Constant Nymph." When I was in England I asked Sir James Barrie to give me a list of other young English writers as promising as Miss Kennedy, and he replied that he thought she stood first. One of the disappointments for me of that trip abroad was that I had two engagements to meet Miss Kennedy and they were both called off because of her sudden marriage. It was interesting after this disappointment to hear the widespread discussion of whether her unusual talent would or would not be interrupted by her marriage.

If there has been a more unmistakable piece of literary art during the last few years than "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" I do not know what it is. Smartness, wise-cracking, or whatever it be called, tends to be a bore from over-production, but out of the sea of tin-pan cleverness this genial creation arises as a masterpiece. For a person studying the new expressions in art of the feminine mind, it is worth noticing not only that this story is an exhibition of unmistakable talent but also that it has that peculiar form of gay and lawless comedy that is often thought to be an exclusively masculine attribute.

Of Edith Wharton, the author of "Ethan Frome" and many other novels of distinction, it is relevant that she has not had to face some problems that confront most women. She

EDITOR'S NOTE: In this series we first surveyed the general field of women's participation in public affairs, as reflected in the Federation of Women's Clubs. Then we took up the profoundly important field of education, looking at it through the eyes of a woman engaged in its most modern phase. What woman is doing in active politics was covered in Mr. Hapgood's talk with Mrs. Borden Harriman. This final article of the series takes a look at the broad movement of modern woman to express herself in the arts.



MINNIE MADDERN FISKE holds an enviable place on the American stage. This youthful and interesting study of her dates back to her earlier triumphs. The small photograph (top) shows the Mrs. Fiske of today, and at the left, her famous portrayal of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles."

## SHRINE SERVICE RECOMMENDS TO OUR READERS

### BOOKS of the Month

EDITOR'S NOTE: No claim is made that this list includes all new books worth mentioning. We offer it as a list that may be of assistance to those seeking helpful and entertaining books. We will be glad to buy any of these books for readers. Address Shrine Book Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

**The Old Dark House.** By J. B. Priestley. Harper & Bros. \$2.00. The story of what happens to a party of motor tourists who are forced by thunder storm and landslide to seek shelter in an old Welsh house inhabited by three persons as queer as the house. Probably the first "guaranteed" mystery thriller, for the publishers offer to return the purchase price of the book to anyone who, after reading the first 158 pages, resists breaking the seal which binds the rest of the book.

**Gallant Ladies.** By Cameron Rogers. Harcourt, Brace & Co. \$3.50. Chapters in biography about some American, English and French women who were not exactly sedate home-bodies, such as Calamity Jane and Belle Star, of the American frontier; the pirate ladies Mary Read and Anne Bonney; the lovely actress, Adrienne Lecouvreur; Mata Hari, the spy, and Mlle. Maupin, fencer and musician.

**Wintersmoon.** By Hugh Walpole. Doubleday, Doran & Co. \$2.50. Through the story of two orphan sisters, Janet and Rosalind Grandison, and of what happens when a man comes into their lives, the author has painted a picture of fashionable London society after the war. A novel for the ladies particularly.

**The Legion of the Damned.** By Bennett J. Doty. Century Co. \$3.00. The life story of an American soldier of fortune who joined the Foreign Legion, fought with it against the Druses in Syria, received the croix de guerre for valor, deserted, was sentenced to prison, but was finally reprieved. Incorrect cable reports that he was to be shot caused great excitement at the time.

**Red Rust.** By Cornelia James Cannon. Little, Brown & Co. \$2.50. A novel of the pioneer spirit. The son of Swedish immigrant farmers in Minnesota tries to produce a perfect wheat and during his struggle learns some lessons about humanity. Presented as a normal story about a normal and happily married man.

**Frémont, the West's Greatest Adventurer.** By Allan Nevins. Harper & Bros., in two volumes. \$10.00. The biography of the explorer and soldier who was instrumental in wresting California from the Mexicans for the United States, and who, as army commander, freed the slaves of Missouri by proclamation before Lincoln issued his order. A life rich in adventure and incidents of valor and danger. Should have been published in one compact volume at half the price.

### PLAYS of the Month

EDITOR'S NOTE: This list of New York theater offerings is published to give Shrine readers a suggestion as to what is best. We will gladly arrange for seats to any theater, provided it is understood that we have no inside ways of getting preferential seats. Address Shrine Theater Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

The Guild Theater presents Eugene O'Neill's "Marco Millions" (The Guild Theater) in which Alfred Lunt plays Marco Polo, the American Babbitt and traveling salesman. The Guild also presents O'Neill's "Strange Interlude" (John Golden Theater), a nine scene play that begins at 5:30 and gives an hour for dinner, when it resumes until 11:30. A varied representation of a girl's life, the girl being Lynn Fontanne. To the credit of the Guild is also a spirited version of Shaw's "The Doctor's Dilemma" (The Guild Theater) in which G. B. S. has fun with the medical men; and the Heywards' "Porgy" (Republic Theater), a play of Charleston Negro life.

The younger generation of playwrights has been analyzing the flighty girl in relation to the problems of love, marriage and divorce. Philip Barry's "Paris Bound" (Music Box) deals with divorce, and infidelity, and has bright dialogue. George Kelly's "Behold, the Bridegroom" (Cort) analyzes a heroine to the bone. Helen Hayes gives a finished performance in "Coquette" (Maxine Elliott) which has a tragic ending. John Van Druten's "Diversion" (49th Street) details the frantic end of a boy under infatuation.

For those who love Shakespeare, there are two productions: George Arliss as Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice" (Broadhurst) a near performance that has a clear-cut Portia in Peggy Wood. "The Taming of the Shrew" in modern costume (Garrick) with Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis.

Sir Harry Lauder. (Knickerbocker.) In another "farewell" tour. Long may they wave.

The Racket. (Ambassador.) A melodrama laid in Chicago, with many thrills.

The Royal Family. George Kaufman and Edna Ferber. (Selwyn.) A story of theater life—the Drews and the Barrymores under review behind a thinly disguised identity. Miss Ferber's "Show Boat" is given a musical rendering by Ziegfeld.

The Ivory Door. A. A. Milne. (Charles Hopkins.) The long run of a Milne fantasy. With Henry Hull.

We recommend for excitement "Interference" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan." For Spring revival we note "Diplomacy" and "She Stoops to Conquer."



Ophelia, Desdemona, Cordelia, Cleopatra, better than we know our own friends. And there is a notable thing about these women: of most of them it is true that what they have is not merely the usual feminine charm. They have force, character, unusualness. So when I read that a memorial theater was to be raised to the memory of Shakespeare in his birthplace, I wished a woman might be among the competing architects. It came out better even than I dared to hope. The architect to whom has been given the commission to build this monument to the world's foremost literary figure is a woman. And Miss Elizabeth Scott is still in her twenties.

In architecture it is naturally landscape and interior decoration that attract women most, but they are increasing in regular building work. Among the very young ones is a daughter of that Goodhue who a few years ago was a brilliant pioneer in the working out of our architectural trend.

In the field of landscape architecture there are many, but it is fair to mention Mrs. Shipman as the able pioneer, trained among the beautiful gardens of Cornish, home of Augustus St. Gaudens, Charles A. Platt, and Maxfield Parrish.

In interior decoration Elsie DeWolfe was the groundbreaker. Of a well-known social family, herself successful as an actress, she suddenly broke with her former work and followed what had long been a powerful taste.

Sculpture is an exacting art, so exacting that for a time Frederick MacMonnies, in order to lessen the physical strain, abandoned it for painting. One of the best-known of American sculptors, Malvina Hoffman, works furiously, and I have never noticed any sign of strain. An interesting aspect of her work is its close relation to music and the dance. She began, indeed, in music, and a number of her most famous works have to do with the dance, particularly with Pavlova.

Others in sculpture who well deserve mention are Bessie Potter Vonnob, Frances Grimes, Lydia Sennett, Mary Foote, Janet Scudder, and Brenda Putnam, who started as a musician. Gertrude Whitney occupies a place by herself, among those who know the story of her life, because in addition to her talent and industry, seldom shown among the very rich, she and Mrs. E. H. Harriman have probably done more to help along promising young artists than anybody else in America.

In painting, Ellen Emmett Rand is the best known of a family of gifted painters, as Violet Oakley is the best known of women mural decorators and illustrators. But I must leave the list in all departments very incomplete, having hinted how large it is, and how rapidly it grows, and pass on to the interview, which has been a central feature of each article in this series. Since the death of Mary Cassatt, in 1926, there is a wide belief that the first place among American women artists is held by Miss Cecilia Beaux. So I went down to Eastern Point, Gloucester, Massachusetts, to talk with her, and there found her in ideal surroundings for thought, work, and beauty, her house and studio shut away by trees and bushes, and yet a few rods off the lovely harbor.

Later I went to see Miss Beaux in her studio in New York City. Naturally, so talented an artist makes every place in which she lives and works into a thing of beauty. There is no over-furnishing, but there is complete harmony, giving the



*(The gifted American painter, Miss Cecilia Beaux, believes that art demands the monopoly of one's whole powers.*

impression of a proper home for a person whose life is devoted to creating and expressing ideals. I do not dare to say very much about Miss Beaux personally for fear of giving her offense. Every citizen should have the right to a reasonable amount of privacy, certainly every citizen not in public office. Miss Beaux, in addition to her talent, is known for the general brilliancy of her mind, and reporters constantly call on her. Seldom indeed does one go away and express for Miss Beaux any ideas exactly as she meant them. I think I am a good reporter and, moreover, I have been interested in art all my life, yet after being thrilled by hearing Miss Beaux talk, and believing I could convey accurately what she meant, I found I was mistaken, and I likewise therefore found myself in the position of not being able to expand freely, as I understood it, her point of view. In that situation I was compelled to trouble her a second time, with the result that the quotations written here are not my own interpretations of her language but her exact words and sentences as she wishes them to appear.

This in itself is an interesting point. It may possibly reduce the journalistic value of the statements because of their conciseness, severity and disjointedness, but to the reader who is a special student of these difficult matters the value will be increased because the careful choice of words and sequence of thought by Miss Beaux herself gives an insight into her mind.

I did not know Miss Beaux before the accident something over two years ago, that made her temporarily lame. She takes this lameness with efficiency and charm, often bringing it into her conversation as an illustration in discussing some statement about her way of life, but never seeming depressed by it. Perhaps it even accentuates the triumph of energy which struck me as a dominant note in her nature.

This energy, as she will say presently in her own words, is not unconnected with her origin. On her mother's side she is of regular old New England stock, whereas on her father's side she comes of a line of gentlemen in France. On both sides it is evident that she was fortunate, especially on account of the artistic proclivities of her mother's family and the unspoiled energy of her father's side.

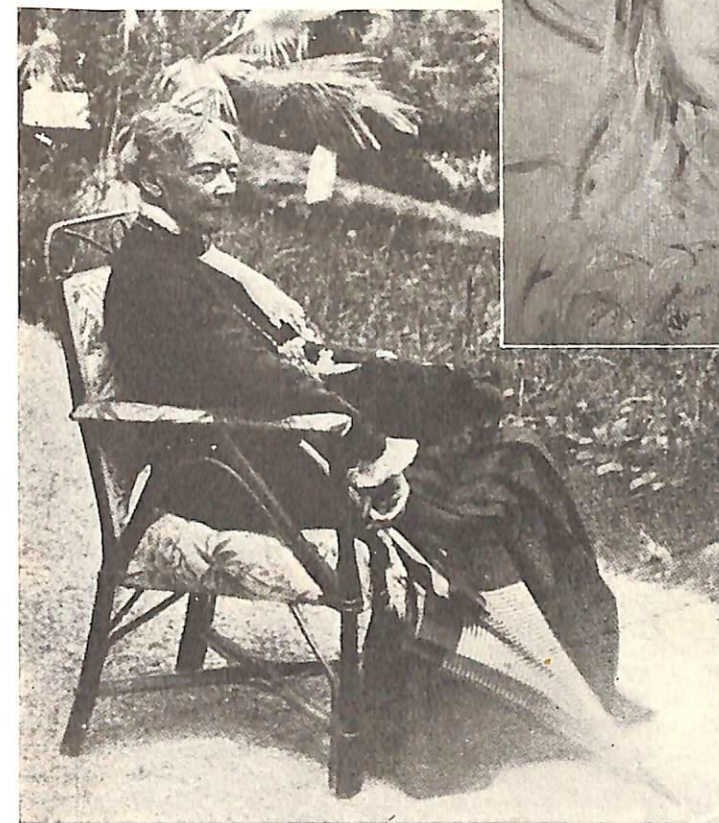
One of the outstanding facts about an artist often is that the real explanation of the personality is in the art itself. When I have said that Miss Beaux works in the morning with a concentration that is characteristic of the most important male artists, rests part of the afternoon, and gives late afternoon and evening to contact with her friends, to the general life of the city and to taking in impressions, I have said all that is relevant about her life.

In the studio, where we had our talk, down a little path from the house, there was on an easel a portrait of a man. Miss Beaux was not satisfied with it in execution, but to me it represented what makes large art, as contrasted with what is uncertain, groping, or small. Even in the hands and the head alone could be felt that synthesizing gift, that ability to concentrate and enforce an impression, that marks the master. So we began to talk about the essence of art, and these notes represent exactly what she wishes to have said, offering a foundation for those who believe in the old saying that the style is the person.



*(Mrs. Gertrude (Harry Payne) Whitney whose talent in sculpture has brought her fame.*

"You speak of the hands and head. Naturally they are the visible outposts of expression. If there is anything to admire in the portrait, it is because I attempted to dramatize the main trend of the man's character and mentality. Fortunately for me he had a special and overwhelming interest, and his absorption in it was constant though generally silent. His head, hands, and of course his whole person



are one with his mental state, there are no cross currents, no vacant moments; and of course all this is abetted by design and balance.

"Technique? No term was ever more abused. One may have an intention; it can have no real existence until it is expressed. Technique is the material expression of an idea. One's technique is never good enough, because it never succeeds in getting the intention expressed as one wishes. One of its main functions is to assist in throwing away useless material, or replacing it with vital stuff.

"It is trite to say that this demands concentration. It demands the monopoly of one's whole powers. There is no other way.

"Our modern life makes against concentration. It is too full of incidents, exactions. Mary Cassatt, in my opinion the greatest woman artist, broke away from her circle in Philadelphia, and ended her life in a quiet village in France."

Miss Beaux has no taste for the personal note, so much in vogue, but I could not refrain from testing out the principle she had just mentioned, by her own experience, and her answer was:

"My mother's New England family were musical, and had high standards in all the arts. My father being Provençal, though not at all a typical 'homme du midi', gave me a rich, unexhausted inheritance of nervous energy and idealism.

"Working hours? I am in my studio a little after nine. It takes nearly an hour to get ready to begin. At one I am at the end of my tether. I have almost never worked twice a day. If I do, the following day amounts to nothing.

"I spend the afternoon storing up—rest and reading. After four, human contacts and the rest of life surge in."

As Miss Beaux talked along she touched on the drama, an art that interests her much, and on certain productions she had seen here. "Did you happen," I broke in, "to see the Moscow Art Company?"



*(Left) Mary Cassatt's genius kept her easily at the top in the world of art until her death in 1926. The study of child life (top) and the group (right) are two of her masterpieces.*



"Ah," she cried, "I saw nearly all of their productions. Night after night I wondered at their truth and insight, and technique and the shabby settings—what live imagination there! full of obscure, potent suggestions; the eye allowed to carry the mind where the director willed."

Here I told the artist that these Moscow people were personal friends of mine, and I quoted the leading woman of the company as saying she was not sure the younger members would ever equal the older members, for the simple reason that they were less willing to give all their days and nights to their work. "Perhaps," Madame Knipper-Chekhova added, "We have given up too much for the art."

"No," Miss Beaux said energetically. "She is wrong. It is not possible to give too much. It is not possible to give enough. Our all is not enough."

Here was an opening to bring in the special angle that my interview needed, and I asked whether the exactions make it harder for a woman to be a serious artist than for a man.

Miss Beaux is sure they do make it harder. First she spoke of the world's point of view. The man who takes care of Miss Beaux's studio is an interesting Italian, but unable to understand nevertheless how any woman could know how to stretch a canvas as well as a man, in spite of the obvious results.

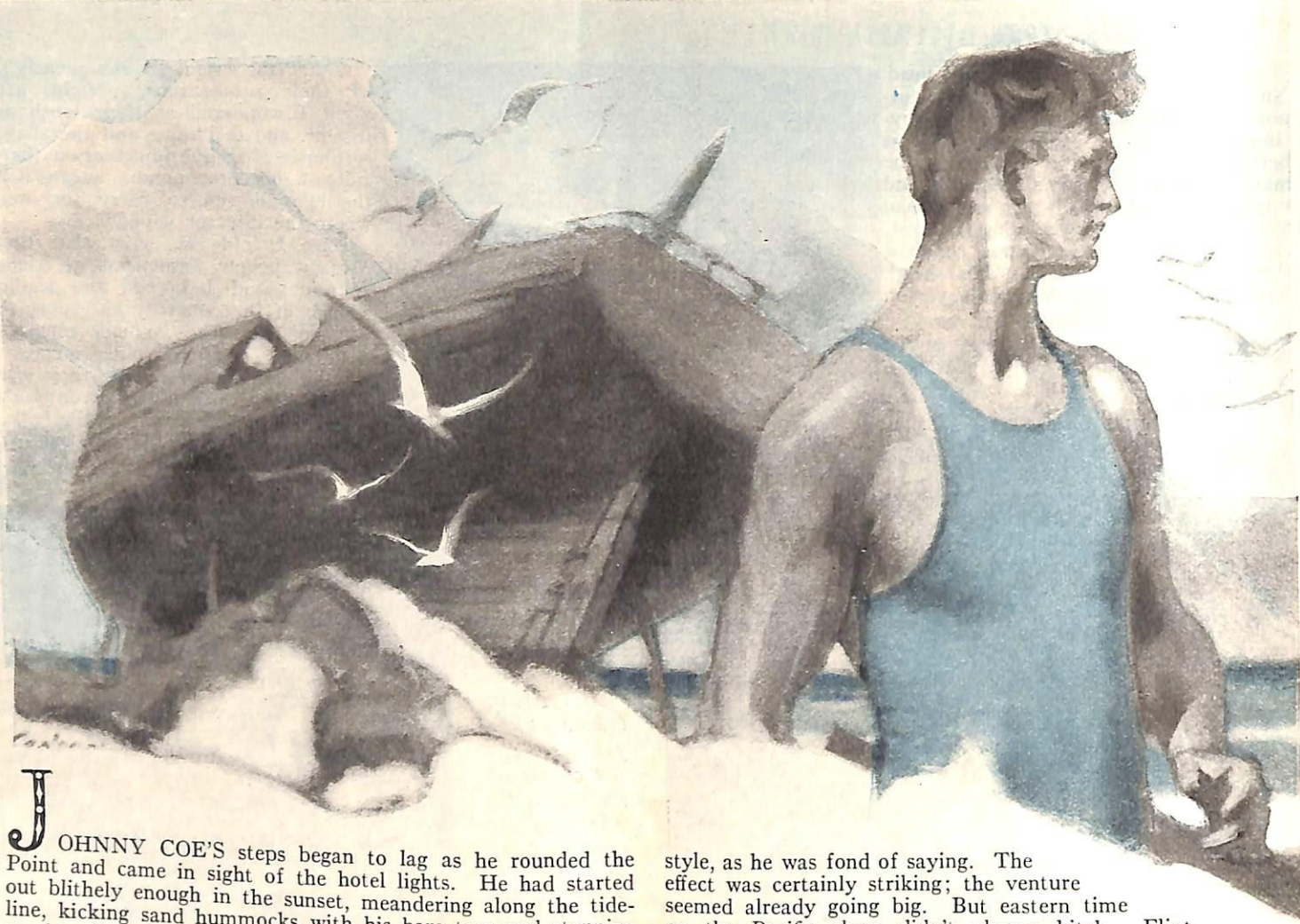
But she put the stress on something more important than a popular attitude toward women—something so important that in Miss Beaux's opinion it means that the highest forms of artistic work conflict sharply with marriage, however modern and enlightened may be the standpoint of everybody concerned.

"Children have rights," Miss Beaux said. "Unless one is going to hand them over to hired people to bring up, the mother must be ready to be called on, at various times in the day, to meet their needs. It takes a lot of energy. Moreover, art takes something else. It takes specific time. And it absorbs and exhausts emotion.

"I am speaking in general terms, but more specifically of the art I know most about, and also of the United States and the life our women lead, and their ancestors have led. I can understand better how a mother might be a writer, because that work is less fixed in time. Also I can understand that Schumann-Heink has eight children and is a true artist; but she is a German, and has more stored-up energy; more of a reservoir than our women have.

"Even in the less exacting arts, present conditions are against us. The girl who is interested in applied or decorative art does not go in her childhood [Continued on page 64]





JOHNNY COE'S steps began to lag as he rounded the Point and came in sight of the hotel lights. He had started out blithely enough in the sunset, meandering along the tide-line, kicking sand hummocks with his bare toes and stopping to skip flat stones for the benefit of the shaggy Airdale that had adopted him a week before. The sun had just slipped down its summer-time slot between San Juan Island and the arm of the bay; the peach-blow of the western sky deepening to a lavender space of glory, studded with faint stars. Johnny sneezed in the sudden chill of the trade wind that cuts after dusk no matter how hot the day, along the California coast. He wondered if it were true what Hattie Flint had told him about the hot sultry nights in the east where people had to sleep on roofs and beaches to get air.

He wondered if she'd be there tonight, and how he'd see her. She was always surrounded by some of those slickers from Seal Beach or Morro. A nice figure he'd cut after dark, barefoot, in soiled white ducks. But he'd see her right enough if she were there. There'd be some sort of understanding between them before the summer season opened, and he couldn't help which way it went with him.

He was a tall young man, taller than he looked because of fine proportion. At a little distance he seemed of medium height. He showed muscle even through loose white duck—very different from the crowd Hattie Flint knew, who were all engine and no chassis.

Drowsy of eye and movement, his shock of tawny hair bleached by the sun, bare arms and feet brown as an islander's. The Coes were California bred for four generations and inclined to be proud of the fact, though the death of Johnny's father had left nothing to the line but some fifty tax-ridden shore acres, the tag-end of an old Spanish grant, held since the days of the Pico's. Practically land-poor, worse off in these prosperous days than they had ever been before the war, and men like Flint, mere interlopers from the east, making a go of things by a mere touch of the hand. Fifty acres of fine bean land, if a fellow could get his head above debts and assessments long enough to try it.

Johnny's slow thoughts turned over as he moved. The early moon was already poking up behind the cliffs to eastward. The night breeze rising with the tide, puffed his shirt out. The hotel lights spread out before him now, tinging the sand yellow clear to the tide line. The place looked big as an ocean liner. Soft string music came to Johnny's ears. He viewed the lighted structure with reluctant admiration. Flint had certainly gone into this thing with both feet, Chicago

style, as he was fond of saying. The effect was certainly striking; the venture seemed already going big. But eastern time on the Pacific slope didn't always hitch. Flint would have something to learn yet about this coast, Johnny opined—building a place like that only a hundred feet from the tide line on a foundation of piles sunk into dune sand. Taking a chance like that annoyed Johnny. He believed in less show—and plenty of concrete. Tourists talked about the Pacific's changeless calm, but there were times when this northern part of the coast was fairly short-circuited with storms, like that of ten years before which had flung the ancient ship Johnny now used as a lunch and curio stand, far up among the cliffs at the foot of Coe's bean land.

His steps dragged till Pete the Airdale stopped to look back, but his limbs were tensing with fidgets. It was a lot easier to decide about women at a distance than to bring it to them in such a place as this. He passed the lighted strip in front of the hotel twice, then circled up in the shadow of the transplanted cypresses flanking the tennis court, feeling like a beach-comber as he always did around the Windemere. He hadn't had time to go home and dress. He grew sulky waiting, and finally saw Hattie's slim figure on the darkened veranda and whistled the suffused note she had learned to recognize.

She took her time, but presently came forth as if still uncertain she had heard anything. She drew close, wavering upward like a white flame in the dusk in her filmy light dress. Johnny floundered in the queer giddiness he had never yet mastered in the first moments of meeting her.

She should have been poignantly pretty with her ash blonde hair and gray blue eyes. She had the bustless, boyish figure of her age, built for the gliding undulations of the dance floor, and a pair of knees and calves perfect as Phidian marble. But a tinsel of ice, or of over-assurance, in tone and look, kept constantly clouding one's perceptions. It went with the slight petulance that was constantly hovering about a mouth and nose that were a shade too finely drawn. City-pretty was the word for her; eyebrows kept plucked to a thin line, cheeks and lips that were never given a chance at anything but night bloom and artificial coloring.

"My!" she said with pretty affectation. "Is that you? I thought you'd died or something. Why haven't you been down to see a fellow? It's over two weeks now."

"I've been tied fast every day," Johnny said, noncommittally. She wrinkled her nose. "Must be some business you're

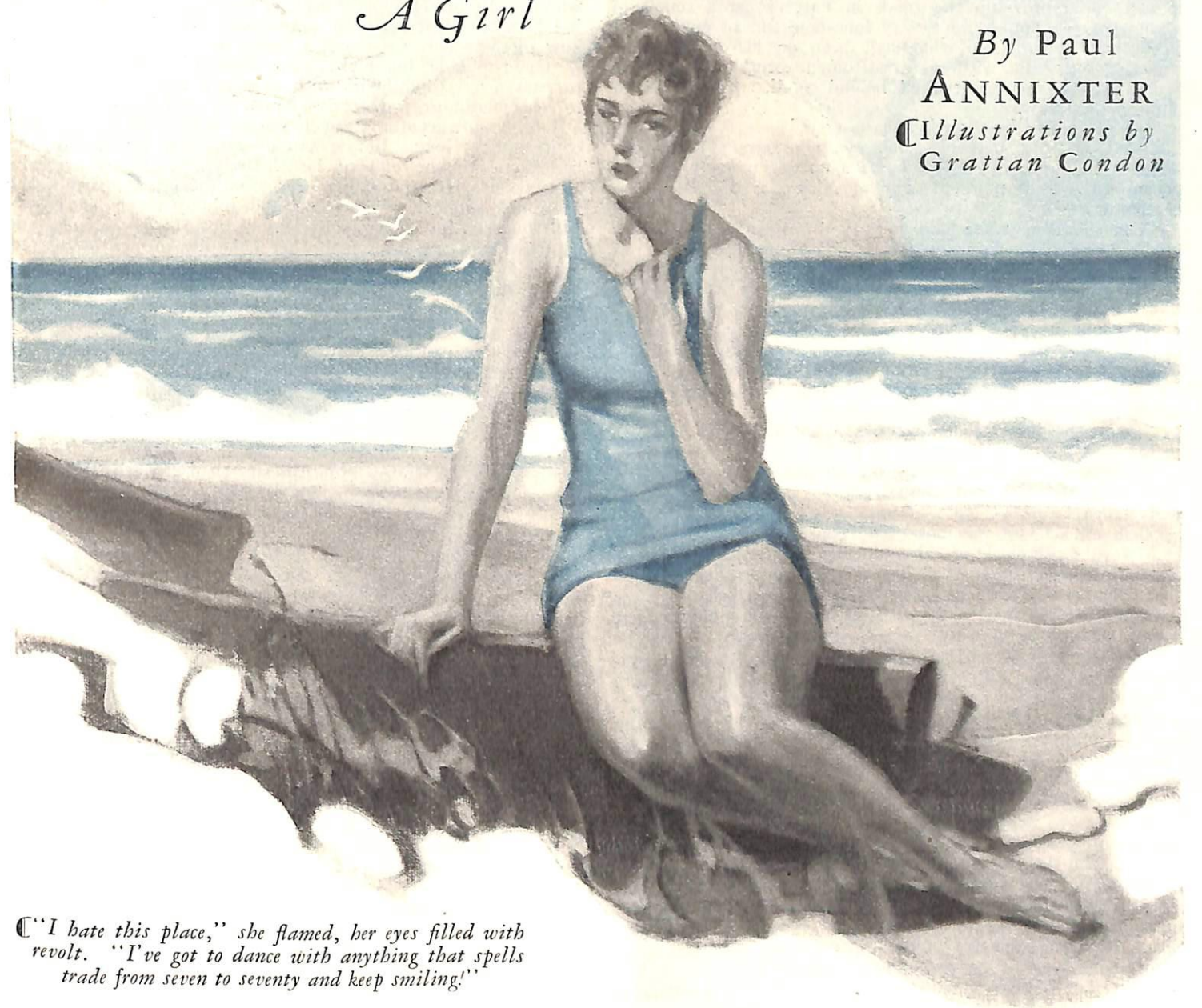
# Sand Dollars

—A Million Dollar Venture at the mercy of shifting sands and a love affair at the mercy of—

A Girl

By Paul ANNIXTER

Illustrations by Gratian Condon



"I hate this place," she flamed, her eyes filled with revolt. "I've got to dance with anything that spells trade from seven to seventy and keep smiling!"

doing down there. What will it be when the season really opens? I should think you'd be afraid a shark or something would come and chew up that old ship if you left it like this in the evening," she drawled cruelly.

Johnny ran his thumb around the brim of his old straw hat. At least she'd noticed how he'd kept away, even if she had a fleet of fellows around her every day.

"Let's go down along the shore a few minutes," he said. "Gee, it's a great night. Look at that moon on the water. I'd like to swim out in it about half a mile."

His words found her as usual oblivious to the splendor of sea and sky to which she was still alien. Woman-like she noticed it only in a personal way, as they moved together down the sand, walking very close.

"My, the moon makes your hair the funniest color," she said suddenly, looking up at him very intently. "All green."

"Does it? It's kind of light brown really, only the sun's took all the color out of it." He was brought up by her smothered peal of laughter.

"Gosh, you're funny," she said, subsiding. Johnny was glad the moon didn't show up the flush mounting his neck, and his ears that felt like red lanterns. They were a million miles apart, these two, in little ways like this; in four months he hadn't even worked up to the kissing stage. But in other ways—well, he was going to find out about them tonight. She gave him a lead by returning to her original objective.

"You can't tell me your old work has kept you from coming over now and then in the evening. You're all wet over something. Now what is it?"

She sat down on an old timber bedded in the sand, and he dropped down beside her.

"You know I don't go in for dancing," he said.



"The nights down here aren't exactly Charleston endurance tests," she flashed. "I offered to teach you all the steps myself, and besides—I'm rather used to having fellows who'd fall over themselves for a chance like that."

The assertion was so naively assured and imperious! Hattie Flint had been, and still was, a spoiled child. Plainly she expected flattery now, but she had never been able to wring from Johnny the adulation she was used to. A slow smile was barely hidden in his eyes, the kind Hattie had never been able to get around.

"I GUESS I never was cut out for that sort of stuff," he gave out. "Anyhow you've had plenty of company lately, so far as I've seen—Briss Farrel and that crowd. I guess if you could burn up the roads in Farrel's car a couple of nights a week you weren't very lonesome for anyone else—"

He had unloaded all that had been on his mind in one squirting outbreak, with his accustomed abrupt awkwardness. Instantly she was entrenched behind a glittering barrier of chill sprightliness.

"Oh, so you've been spying, have you?"

"No," he said fiercely, "but everyone around knows it, and I'll tell you this, Briss Farrel's no fit company for any decent girl. And neither's Taylor, Nick Harris, or the rest of that crowd."

"You think so?" she said sweetly, turning the full battery of her eyes upon him, eyes filled with moonlight and imminent eruption. "Well, they've shot straight with me."

"No girl I take a notion to can keep running with a crowd like that," Johnny said hotly. "If I ever catch you—"

He broke off, hot all over. He had actually been trying to bully a girl, less suitor than despot in his clumsy denouement. Anger flared on the instant between them, scorn for scorn, bitter and unconcealed. Two vital young things suddenly instinct with a desire to hurt.

"Yes?" she was sweetly acid. "What else have you got to say about it?"

"I thought you were leading me on this spring, but if you were only stringing, all you've got to do is say so—" he muttered.

Such talk as this was out of all consonance with her code and world. Typical of her nineteen years, garrulous yet inarticulate, more liked than liking, more taking than giving—she clung to a defiant, hard sort of gaiety in which the softer sentiment of the Nineteenth Century roused only the greatest scorn.

"In other words you had me picked for a 'steady,' I suppose," she said, with cruel emphasis on the hated word. "Well, in that case you'll have to draw a different number. It's bad enough to be buried alive all year in this hole in the sand. No fellow can tell me what to do, Johnny, and that's that."

"I guess," said Johnny slowly, "I guess that is. Good night," he muttered, and went down the beach whistling to Pete.

To Johnny that seemed the end, but in reality it was a fine wind-up to the first stage of their affair. Never any lack of heat between these two, and any fire, even hate, is better than the encroaching chill of indifference. Johnny didn't dream that Hattie had cried that night and gone to bed early; that like all women—and the moderns perhaps more than any—she was only waiting for the one who could turn her no into yes between throat and teeth.

Ever since February, when the Flints had moved out from the city into the newly finished hotel at the edge of the sand dunes, they had been drawn queerly together. They met quite accidentally one day when Hattie had wandered disconsolately up the deserted shore. An awkward meeting, full of embarrassment on his part—Johnny in a bathing suit, tinkering about the old hull in which he earned a summer-time living for himself and his mother. "The Wreck—J. Coe, proprietor. Lunches and Curios," read a sign burned in a driftwood plank above the door.

She had entered uninvited, filled with inquisitive interest, and Johnny had showed her through the place, with a few crude countryside remarks, mostly interrogations. She filled him with startled curiosity with her bold, short-dressed, city-easy manner. He summarized her in the phrase, "Gee, what a pippin!" and was unable to hold his eyes to her for more than a moment. She registered his frustration with cruel mischief. He was at least three years older than she, but she had always been used to boys.

She studied him amusedly as he led her through the ship. Three rooms had been built one above the other, within the old hull, with infinite labor, winding rustic stairs leading from one to the other. In the lower one, candy, sandwiches, coffee and pies made by Johnny's mother could be bought by beach parties, and umbrellas and fishing poles rented. Picnickers from the surrounding towns came here regularly in summer. Above, there were shelves and cases filled with beach curios—rows of perfect sand dollars and star fish, abalone shells, agates and moonstones, rough and polished, gathered by Johnny himself through a boyhood spent along these shores. He warmed at the interest she professed in the place, and seeing it she pretended even greater interest. But just as he would get to explaining a thing, her attention would flit elsewhere. His bleached hair sticking through the battered straw hat he wore filled her with amusement until she began to see how picturesquely vagabond a figure he really was.

"Good looking, but hicky," she thought; interesting enough to pass a few dull hours with now and then. She brought to bear her most provocative smile.

Johnny possessed too much native self-respect to be disconcerted for long. Before half an hour was up Hattie Flint had come to the end of her little stock of cajolery and affectation. Her initial plan for a bit of cruel mischief fell about her suddenly when she found Johnny eying her calmly and squarely, no longer embarrassed, but frankly curious and detached in a way that made her hear her own voice pattering. She had dropped down cross-legged in the sand with a daring show of bare knees, producing cigarettes in a small silver case which Johnny refused. He filled and lit a brown pipe for the sake of sociability.

"I shouldn't think a girl could afford to go in strong for those things," he said.

"What are you, a preacher as well as a ship owner?"

"No. I like a smoke as well as anyone, but I prefer good honest tobacco."

Hattie inhaled dexterously and with defiance. She had to admit a pipe became his mouth better than any wisp of paper, but he irritated her full length.

HE SAT on the lower step of The Wreck, more interested in gull flight now, than in her. The play of his snake-agile muscles fascinated her queerly, filling her with the ineradicable feminine instinct for harnessing loose vitality—or breaking it. She was wondering just what had happened. She had had him practically squirming a minute before, then he had cut through her artifice as a man would plunge through a comb, and was looking at her in a way that filled her with sudden panic, as of the nearness of something so much stronger and bigger than she that she could shatter herself to bits against it. Yet his smooth tan face lacked all that boldness she had learned to answer, seemed not even aware that it possessed a most devastatingly masculine smile. Pique and approval hung at a balance in her mind. Certainly she would have to see him again.

She asked the time presently and arose with a flurry. "I'm late. I should have been back half an hour ago," she said, hopping on one foot as she shook sand out of her pumps.

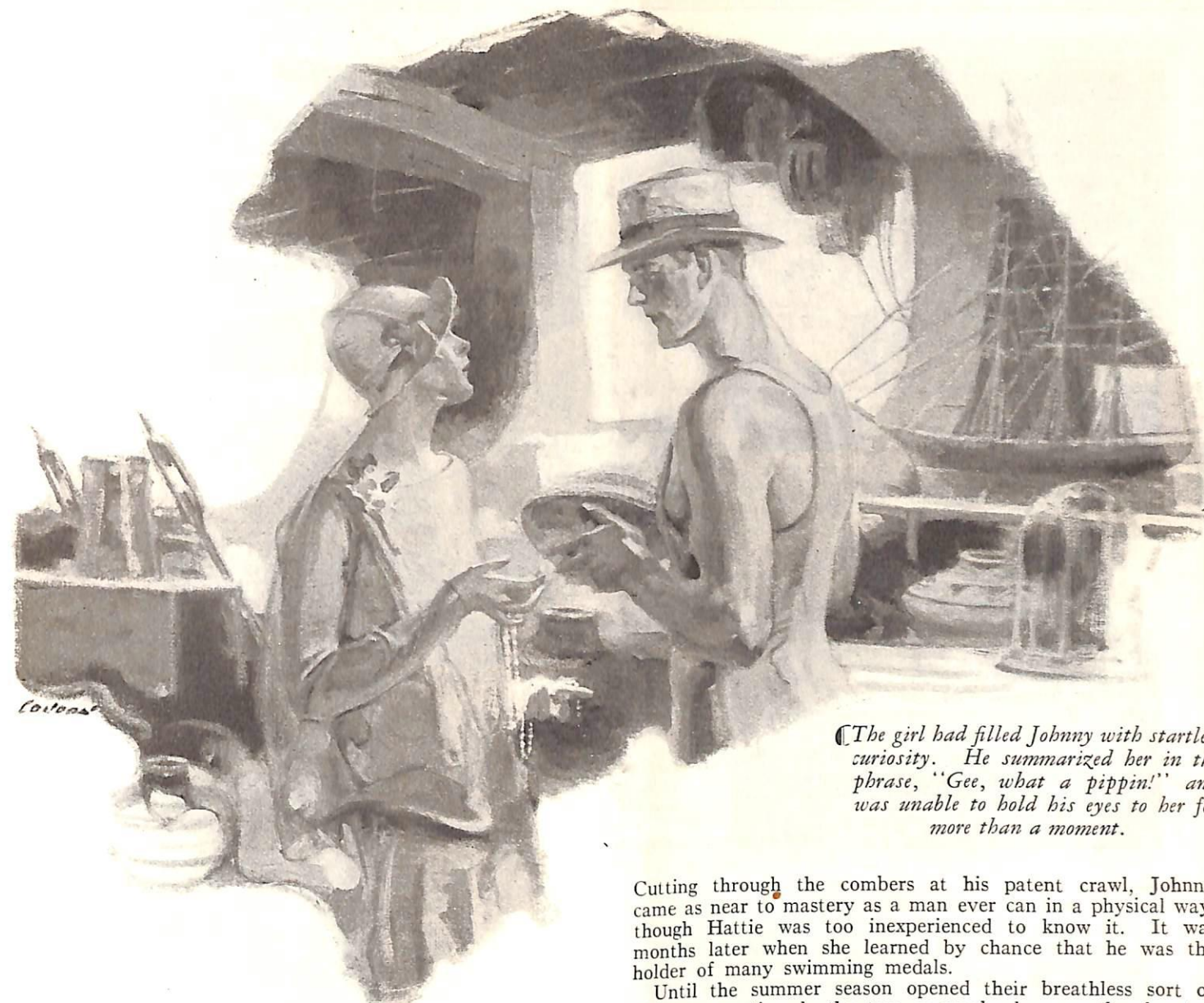
"Good-bye," Johnny called as she hurried down the beach. She ran with dancing grace and was quite aware of it, and of the daring interval between her skirt and her knees.

Johnny had thought of her most of that afternoon, imparting a confidence now and then to the beautifully homely, ragged face of Pete the vagabond. Real class beneath that little piece, something straight and something brave, but all but smothered so far in the bright impudence of modernity; hard where she should have been soft, all bad manners and haunting charm. Without designating in words, Johnny got the feel of this. He was conscious of a growing desire to break her manufactured viewpoint on life and see it flapping its death throes.

They had met often after that. Johnny already knew her father. Flint had visited him early in the winter and made a small offer for an acre of the Coe's bean land as a site for the prospective hotel, which Johnny and his mother had refused for more or less sentimental reasons.

"You couldn't have an acre of that land for less than five thousand," Johnny told him. "That's what it's going to bring us sooner or later. Besides, we don't care for amusement stuff so close."

Flint gave a cachinnated laugh.



(The girl had filled Johnny with startled curiosity. He summarized her in the phrase, "Gee, what a pippin!" and was unable to hold his eyes to her for more than a moment.)

"You may get that sometime for it, but it will be my hotel that brings it to you. Well, it's all right with me. I've got a site already, down at the edge of the dunes. I just thought I'd try you out."

Mild dislike had been mutual between the two, each representing all the other was not. Flint was thin, wary and neurasthenic, the indoor pallor of his face scarred by countless lines like tiny razor cuts. His thick dark brows stood out in sharp contrast to his prematurely gray hair, making him a noticeable but not a dignified man for his age. He had looked in at The Wreck, smiling in mild amusement at Johnny's curio cases.

"Sand dollars, eh? We're playing more or less the same game, wouldn't you say? only I am to make the sand pay me dollars in a different way. Of course, you can get by, playing up the crude and rustic stuff, but if you want to get the crowd really coming, you've got to make a show—lights, glitter and music. They'll dig down till it hurts for a little class. I'll show you something in a couple of months."

"Where do you aim to find foundation in dune sand?" Johnny asked.

"I'm not worrying over that. Sand can settle only so much. There hasn't been a real storm here in ten years, they say."

Filled with the restless disease of modernity which has lost all contact with the earth, Hattie took to seeking Johnny Coe out almost daily during the dull spring months, deriving an ungussed peace from the contacts. She found Johnny doing two men's work each day, and doing it with no show of rebellion. Early morning he tended the four acres of beans and potatoes on the Coe cliffs above the beach and looked after The Wreck the remainder of the day, often far into the evening. With the first warm days of April they swam together, and Johnny showed her the thrills of surf boating.

Cutting through the combers at his patent crawl, Johnny came as near to mastery as a man ever can in a physical way, though Hattie was too inexperienced to know it. It was months later when she learned by chance that he was the holder of many swimming medals.

Until the summer season opened their breathless sort of intimacy continued—the two as much alone on the deserted shore as if they were cast upon a far tropic isle. They fished in Johnny's boat, took long hiking trips into the dunes and along the shore. Hattie lost her impudence, and the natural youth and play submerged in each came forth. Johnny was frankly in love and knew it, but Hattie, filled with the canniness of a different age, was slow to commit herself.

Three weeks after their quarrel, Hattie appeared one afternoon at The Wreck. She had ridden one of the horses her father kept, along the strand, sitting astride with unconscious poise, hatless, in a trim linen riding habit. The full glare of afternoon had no terrors for her boyish-bobbed prettiness.

She drew up and fell into easy talk as if nothing had happened, and though such a thing was foreign to him, Johnny acknowledged the truce on those terms. She seemed brighter, yet softer. He was a trifle dizzy at the change, and would have been startled to know how deeply she had really felt.

"Will you take me out beyond the breakers?" she said, slipping down from her mount. "I want to learn to ride them in the way you do."

"All right," he smiled, "but what about a suit?"

"That's easy." She tied her bridle rein to a timber and undoing her habit, slipped from it fully attired in a brief one-piece suit. A minute or two later Johnny came down the steps in his own suit, to find her sitting on the sand staring glassily seaward in sightless oblivion to all about her. He stood watching a moment unnoticed.

"What's the trouble, Hat?"

She started and looked up at him, eyes filling with the revolt that was always near the surface in her.

"I hate this place! I hate everything!" she flamed. "I wish to God we'd never come out to this hole. But Dad's got us into it now and there's no way out. Do you know what I am down there now—?" She flung [Continued on page 75]



# HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

## Feed the Brute

The eighth article in a series which show changes in our ideas governing morals, manners, city and country ways, skylines, industries, travel, sport and entertainment

Arranged and Commented upon by  
MONTROSE J. MOSES



(Above) The early idea of the domestic pet was to make him work for his bone. He turned the spit until the roast was brown.

Did she withhold some telling ingredient, or was it merely her technique—a special twist of the wrist, an instinctive knowledge of when to stop the egg beater? For one can be an officiant before batter as before an altar.

This same cook could take from the oven an angel cake that all but had wings in the light fluffiness of its grain. But no matter who followed the recipe, in other hands this angel food came forth as heavy as sin. Why, they asked, why? Maybe the oven door gave a draft which is to the cake what exposure is to the pneumonia suspect. Maybe the slant of the kitchen floor disgruntled the even layer of the batter, maybe you stirred with your left hand, and her best results were had with her right. Verily, cooking is the prestidigitator's profoundest trick.

We stumble upon mysteries in the kitchen as we do in life. No two cooks can standardize their processes. The man is just as boastful of his conquests over the fire as the woman. The chafing-dish calls forth his pride and his wrath. When he makes a Welsh rarebit, he clears the field of his watchful competitors. He brushes aside any suggestion as to mustard, milk or eggs. He knows. A grain more paprika and he's ruined! The charmed moment when the beer must be added—he lifts his hand. He frowns if it flows heavily, he swears if it splashes rapidly. He becomes altogether disagreeable, and those around the chafing-dish had better keep away. Then he dishes his product forth with a flourish upon toast—his way and nobody else's. So man has ever been in his cooking, and cook books tell the history.

We make a bold confession of the way we live by the way we eat. We have progressed from primitive society to these overspecialized times, and the distance we have gone is measured by the years between the first spit in the ancient camp and the latest style cafeteria. We once contented ourselves with eating nuts and grubbing for roots. We were almost as the animals that graze in the pastures. Tooth-paste ads give us qualms about the so-called blessings of the culinary arts. They tell us that our cooking has ruined our teeth. Cooking abetted the rush hour. Our grinders have become useless and are disappearing. We don't chew so much as we mash and swallow. That's the Business Man's method at the lunch hour. In his eating, therefore, Man has ceased being a ruminant and ruminating animal. He doesn't spend time over his dishes. In the morning he reads his paper and I doubt whether he knows he is drinking his coffee; at noon he discusses bonds over entrées; in the evening he lays down his knife and fork for jazz. There is no noble spread of

MAN is an animal who cooks his food. He probably spends more time in the preparation of it and in the consuming of it than he realizes. All the world's an eater, and the huge systems of farming and commerce depend upon our necessity to be fed three times a day. It is staggering just to think of the problem of preparing luncheons for the midday meal—the working world stoking away fuel that it may work some more.

Food en masse takes away the appetite, yet the huge cauldron in the restaurant and hotel must hold the soup, the bakeries must turn out so many loaves a minute, the ladle must dip from a sea of gravy for the individual plate. I remember nearly being run down by a vanload of ham sandwiches at the St. Louis World's Fair. It was a terrible thing to contemplate—this wholesale production for the consumer!

Man has left a record of his catering. The cook book is history, as much so as "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." The historical event has depended largely upon the nation and how it was fed. The commissary department, the foraging expedition, the theory of blockade—all aim toward the stomach. The royal roads to victory and to love, so they say, lead to the stomach. It is a popular axiom: the surest way to a man's heart is a good dish!

In all ages, at all times, under all circumstances, the mandate goes forth: Feed the Brute. In the early days the process was a leisurely ceremonial. When the spit began to turn, then it was that the cook gave certain mystic flourishes over his preparations. He discovered secrets of cooking to which his name became attached. He hugged to himself certain ways of preparing particular dishes.

The consequence is, whenever I see someone asking how a delightful relish is made, I know that there will not be given a straight answer. I recall one magical Southern cook whose golden cup cake was like nectar oozing from the chalice of a flower. She was asked continually for her recipe, and openly gave it with a gracious smile that suggested villainy beneath. For she never told the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth about the ways in her kitchen. She wanted to be supreme in the kingdom of cup cakes—even though hundreds followed her according to her rule. Was she really jealous of her art?



(Above) "Up above the world so high"—an iron worker's buffet luncheon on an iron structure, undisturbed by crowds.



(Above) Jazz as an aid to digestion is tried nightly at our restaurants. Dancing is on the menu.

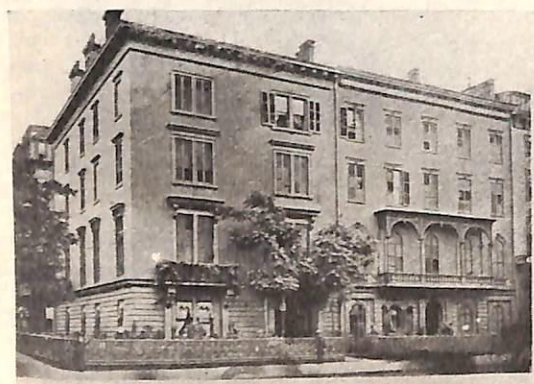


(Above) Hotel pantries could readily be made into shops, with their plentiful china and glassware.



DELMONICO (Above)

When New York was elegant, rather than massive; when table decorations were glacé and chandeliers crystal, and bouquets nestled amidst paper lace, Delmonico's was the "last word" in eating. Uptown (left) and down (above right), business men and society belles smacked their lips at mention of the name.



(Right) Elegance, ease, taste in table decoration, secluded nooks—all these can be had at a moment's notice in our hostelry. The hotel is yours "to command."



(Left and Below) At Fraunces Tavern gathered American History around sumptuous banquet tables. Here powdered wigs bent over convivial bowl, as the Beloved General, the Punctilious President (the George Washington of Parson Weems and of Rupert Hughes) went to and fro from Duty to Mount Vernon. The nation's Official Eating was in care of Fraunces who, while not the Father of our Country's Eating, had a hand in the pie of Mount Vernon, Philadelphia, and New York. Military and Culinary tactics ruled Fraunces Tavern!



(Left) Martha Washington presided over Mount Vernon's kitchen. She grieved when other duties as hostess required the selection of an official housekeeper to take charge while she exercised social diplomacy.



FRAUNCES TAVERN  
(Above) Fraunces Tavern, in New York, is Manhattan's most famous historical and culinary relic.





## HISTORY AS TOLD IN PICTURES

his elbows in carving, no rubbing of the hands over the particular brownness of the roast, no luscious eyeing of unexpected covers. Lots of things have come between Man and his Food.

In olden days they lingered over their cooking; they were real epicures; they spoke of certain dishes in language that sounded like literature. From their cook books one extracts ingredients that are like musical words from a poetry collection: rose leaves and saffron, musk and "amber-greece," orange flower and angelica, eggs in moonshine and conserves of red roses. On their wine lists they had such "home brews" as metheglin, meath, hydromel, hyprocras, and they would steep for days spices and herbs in wine for a certain edge! Does this sound very modern? For we have discovered through a social necessity that the time element gives a "kick" to many things!

One of the ancient requisites of cooking was time. Agnes Repplier, the essayist, tells of an Abbé Chevrier who warmed up spinach with butter for seven days before getting the flavor as he wanted it. But would such gorgeous feel for food "go" nowadays in one of our "Eat Joints"? How we chafe, as it is, if the bill-of-fare says fifteen minutes preparation! The truth of the matter is that we have lost the art of eating with expectancy, with gusto. Falstaff rolled his sides beneficently with the pewter mug of sack in his hands. There is a record of how one LaCoste offered to some knight a green sauce which he declared would make him enjoy his grandfather boiled! In olden days one "fell to" with a relish. Now, we "fall on" with a desire to be through.

It is a curious laziness on our part when we sit at a loss as to what dishes would please us. There are centuries of recipes to whet the appetite, and they do not stale. The learned Sir Kenelm Digby, Kt., in his book on Cookery, offers much for the modern tongue. Here is one, mind you, recorded in 1669—a "Pippin-Pudding" handled tenderly:

Take Pippins and pare, and cut off the tops of them pretty deep. Then rake out as much of your Apple as you can take without breaking your Apple, then fill your Apple with pudding-stuff, made with Cream, a little Sack, Marrow, Grated bread, Eggs, Sugar, Spice and Salt. Make it pretty stiff. Put it into the Pippins; lay the tops of the Pippins upon the Pippins again, stick it through with a stick of Cinnamon. Set as many upright in your dish as you can; and so fill it up with Cream, and sweeten it with Sugar and Mace; and stew them between two dishes.

The cook books of Florence Barclay (who also wrote the novel "The Rosary," by the way), Mrs. Parloa and Fanny Farmer are a little more matter-of-fact, because we have become matter-of-fact and in a hurry. We demand exact ounces and drams to our recipes. But there has come down to us from our own national past names full of suggestion of the stateliness of eating and the fine ceremony of the cup that cheers. The old Southern Punch à la Ruffle Shirts went well with the beaten biscuit which, below the Mason and Dixon Line, has a fame as solid as the New England pie of the rockbound Plymouth coast.

So, it seems to me, the entire history of eating from the days of such ancient chefs as Bartolomeo Scappi and Robert May, to New York Delmonico and Waldorf Oscar and Broadway Rector, is a matter of jotting down other people's recipes. And the housewife on the Kansas plains, if she has a mind to, can even now brown nuts according to Lady Dorchester, make lemon cream according to Mrs. Oldfield, or color marble cake according to Mrs. Brereton.

Now and again we try to emulate the past. Every person, no matter the age or sex, remembers the dishes "Mother used to make," lauds something sectional, like New Orleans pralines or the Lady Baltimore cake. Hence we have all sorts of special cook books—wherein recipes are "communicated" from one generation to another. The Daughters of the American Revolution have compiled a

receipt book. Who knows but the American Doughboy may yet give us a volume of "Hasty Luncheons." Actors and actresses and literary men have gone on record as to their favorite dishes, as readily as statesmen have confessed their favorite fairy tales. There are even cook books for the poor of England during the period of 1832, when the rise of industrialism was beginning, and good folk thought that the poor should dress fittingly, read literature specially suited to their environment, and hence eat according to their worldly deserts.

Which recalls a fine point in table manners recorded by Charles Lamb. He declared that one should not say grace before a table groaning with viands—that a banquet was a superfluity. But, he contended furthermore, the time to give thanksgiving was when we had before us only the things we truly needed. There is about eating in its real sense a certain grace which proclaims the man. Someone once declared that no one could have a pure mind who refused apple-dumpling. And Miss Repplier quotes a Puritan who conceded that mince-pie was flat idolatry. But little do we know what revered source gives us our sustenance. And would it make it any the sweeter were I to tell you that Cardinal Wolsey was the first to discover that strawberries and cream went well together?

I write thus of the days when cooking was really in flower—when there were huge kitchens that dominated the household, when Dutch ovens and kettles and cranes stretched expansively over the burning logs and ominous iron dogs—when tables groaned and pantries were well stocked. They didn't know *canned goods* in those ancient days. It was their pride to be clean without Governmental regulation. But, on the other hand, eating was not a wholesale thing, as it is today. The servant question now checks the appetite. The very necessity of a kitchen staggers us, when we can get things quickly and have them all ready to serve. The kitchen is the smallest part of the average modern home. It has become a bother, though eating is still a necessity. And most of our cook books are now merely short cuts to quick meals daintily served. We are more sanitary, no doubt.

Of course the banquet is still with us; we have special cakes iced with political scenes upon them and athletic trophies surmounting them in maron glacés; we have wedding ices that outvie Jack Frost in the intricacies of their designs. And there are sauces that only Oscar of the Waldorf understands the mysteries of. So too there are hostelries still famous for certain dishes.

But when we feed the brute en masse, we standardize the bill-of-fare. We have sent the old cooking to the chemical laboratory, and have to confess that much which passed for food in bygone days merely tickled the palate and did not possess the requisite calories and proteins for the human engine to go on.

So the glories of the kitchen have become commercialized. We have been confronted by this fact within the lifetime of those who are still young. Food has traveled the same way that cloth making and shoe making have gone—away from the home to the factory, to the chain store and the delicatessen. I remember as a boy what a vast line was drawn between home cookies and store cookies. But now it's the "trade mark" and "brand" that tell the story.

As soon as certain essentially home activities of the kitchen slipped into the open market, then Governmental inspection was necessary. Food was analyzed and adulterated processes noted. And a standard of production was required. If we are a live nation today, living for so many years on food encased in a label, it is due to the vigilance of Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, who, since 1883, has been the national champion of Pure Food. Imagine the epicure of old giving thought as to whether or not the chemical compounds of a sauce, the contents of the wassail bowl were pure or not! He was a craftsman over his pots and pans and ovens and taps. But today we follow the lines of least resistance and best advertising. We have standardized appetites. And this is the strange thing that has befallen us.



((Above)) Dr. Wiley has had a curious restaurant for years. Instead of tasting food, he tested food for public safety. If there is zeal for Pure Food, he is responsible. He put canned fruits and vegetables through the third degree.



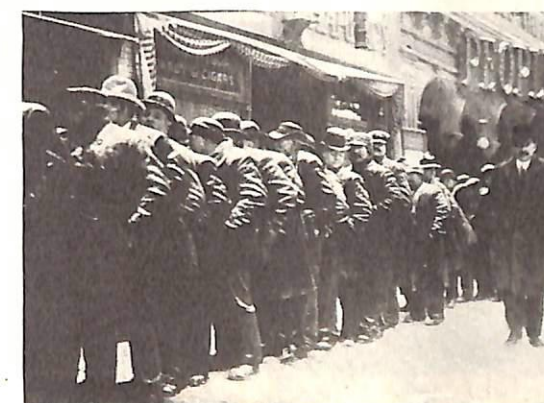
((Above)) Have you been through a hotel kitchen? Try it. The Brute must be fed systematically—every slice counts and costs.



((Above)) The hotel chef can make the nation talk about him—he is the supreme ruler of the dining-room—Cabbages and Kings!—A la Oscar was the Waldorf equivalent of Delmonico in New York.



((Right)) Look upon this Nathaniel Hawthorne kitchen in the "House of Seven Gables" and read the chapter in the Hawthorne novel of that name describing ginger cookies. Literary style and good taste go hand in hand.



((If you would attain competence, write a cook book. Fanny Farmer, Mrs. Parloa, Mrs. Lincoln are names familiar in every kitchen. Florence Barclay (above) wrote "The Rosary." But her recipes were just as famed.



((Above)) The Bread Line is a tragic necessity in every large town. Bakers used to distribute the left-over daily bread to the poor, who formed lines in waiting, such was their dire need.

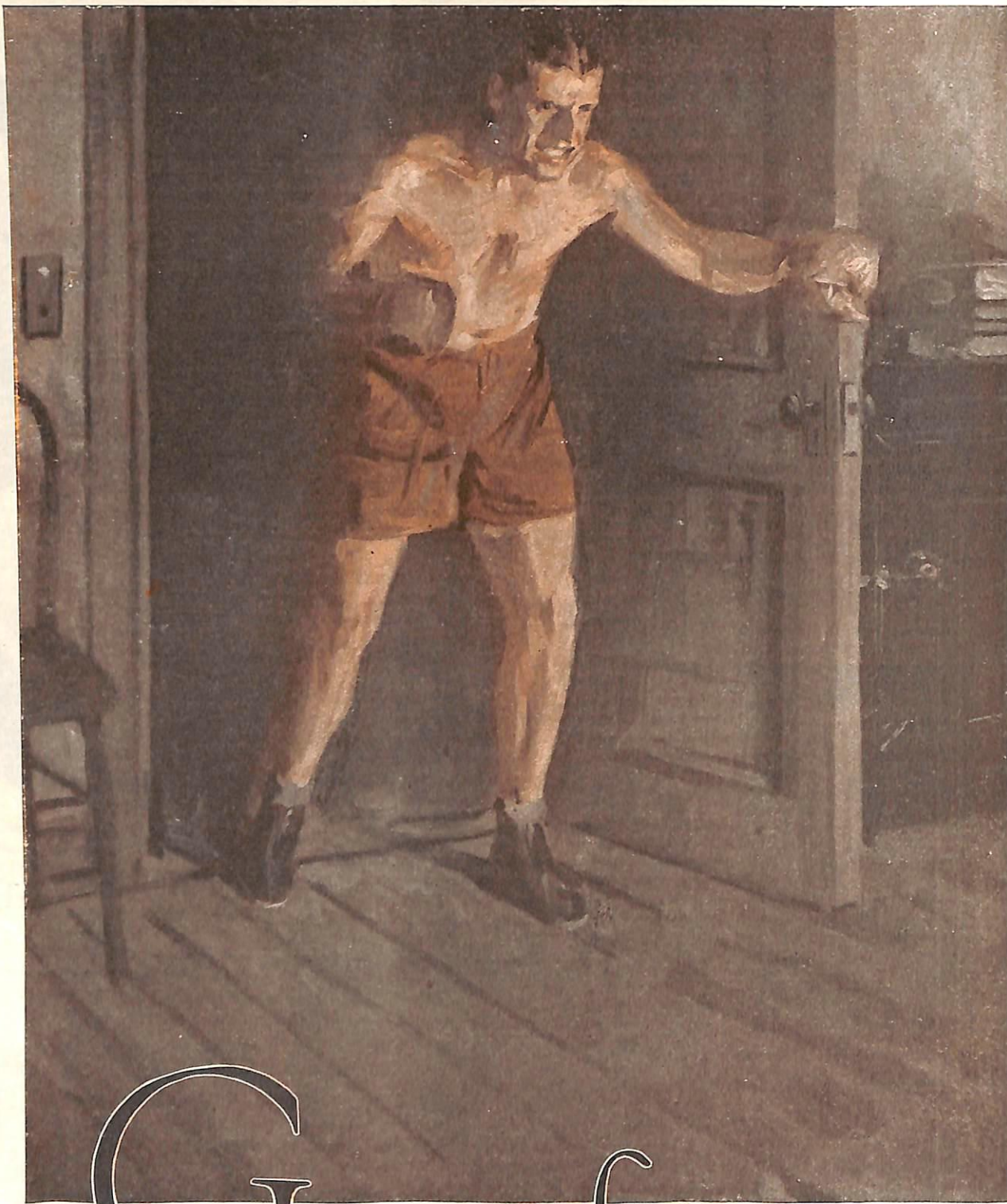
((Left)) The old time barbecue or "outing" was once a political necessity in national and ward politics. Feed the Brute wholesale and get his vote! Make a picnic of it and have oratory amidst the savory whiffs of the "fatted calf."



((Above)) Rarest of fruits and other things not easily procured at home may be had at sea, no matter the season. On board the ocean liner Ile de France. Eating pursues you on the ocean, whether you are ill or not. The restaurant idea at sea is merely the hotel idea afloat.

Photographs by Brown Brothers





"The big fight," he was saying as he came on. The burglar faced him with a yelp of fear. "It's Goofy O'Connell," he breathed.

# Goofy Gets

Illustrations by  
Harold Anderson

By James

WHILE the sweltering crowd was pouring out of the arena at the end of the last fight that evening, one of the spectators, taking advantage of the confusion, managed, unobserved, to conceal himself under one of the raised sections of seats. He was a beetle-browed young man with a heavy pair of shoulders and a thick torso. He had been out of prison exactly three days, all of which he had spent on trains, with the idea of getting as far as possible from localities where he was known. As is often the case with people just out of prison, Dutch Gus, or Thomas Norton—to use the newest of his adopted names—needed funds. He had a wife or two and a suspended sentence here and there in the west. And he wanted to make enough in one haul to take him out of the country so that he might avoid

all those encumbrances. A devotee of the ring, he had read of the fights about to be held under Sam McGee's management and had figured that, inasmuch as it was Saturday night, the evening's takings would probably repose in the safe long enough for him to have a chance at them. And so, armed with a few simple utensils, hidden in the lining of his coat, he bought a ticket, watched the bouts and concealed himself under the stands after the show.

When the attendants had locked the exit gates and departed for the night, and the last of the fighters, their managers, handlers and admirers had drifted away, Dutch Gus moved around under the protecting oval of seats until he reached a point



# His Fight

Charlton

What happened when  
a Peaceful Yegg met  
a Fight-mad Pugilist

from which he could see through the open window, into the lighted office.

Unaware of the fact that he was being watched from the outside, Sam McGee, promoter and head of the Progressive Sporting Club, was sitting at a shabby rolltop desk against the wall, counting piles of green and yellow bills, proceeds of the evening's bouts. At one end of the desk sat a young woman engaged in checking up figures on a yellow pad. Across the room, Joe Dumphy, matchmaker of the club, mopped his vast face with a wringing handkerchief, fanned himself with a grimy Panama and emitted complaints about the temperature.

"Sam," he panted, "for the love o' Moses stuff the dough in

the box and let's get outta here. Come on. I'm like to die if we hang around this dump much longer."

At Mr. Dumphy's plea, the promoter frowned, shook his head and went on counting, his lips moving each time he added a bill to the stack in his hand.

Ignored, Mr. Dumphy heaved his bulk out of his chair, stood gasping at the window for a time, and then ponderously resumed his seat. For a few minutes more he endured the steaming atmosphere. Presently he cast a pleading eye on the girl.

"Say, Mary," he wheezed, "Sam just ain't human. You tell 'im, will you. Tell 'im to have a heart, will you? On the level, I'm sufferin'."



There was that in the pleader's voice which made Mary O'Connell raise her eyes from her pad and look at him.

"Sam," she said quickly, "Joe really is suffering. Take him down to the beach. It may be cooler there. I'll finish this job."

McGee stopped counting bills and turned to look at his lieutenant.

"Gosh, Joe, you do look bad. I thought you were only kidding. It is a night at that."

He rose and surveyed the still tangled pile of money.

"Shucks," he said, "Let's all go. I don't want you to hang around doing this, Mary. Guess it'll be all right in the safe tonight. Any yegg that's working in this heat earns all he gets, I'll tell the world. Come on. What do you say, Mary?"

"I can't go, Sam," said the girl. "Got to take Terry home."

McGEE looked grave. "Gosh, Kid, I forgot about Terry for a minute. Where is he now?"

"Upstairs in one of the dressing-rooms. Asleep."

"Sleeping, hey?"

"Like a baby," said Mary. "I'll go wake him up. You can drop the two of us home on the way."

"Gawd," murmured Joe Dumphy, "imagine bein' able to sleep on a night like this."

As the girl started to leave the office McGee stopped her.

"Listen," he said. "I got an idea. If Terry's asleep, it seems a shame to wake him up. No, wait a minute, listen first. There's something I've wanted to say to you for quite a while and I might as well get it off my chest. You know the way I feel about you and Terry. You know I'm for you, and I know how you feel about me. All right. But you're young, Mary, and you're entitled to some freedom, once in a while. You never go anywhere, you never do anything for yourself. And you ought to. It ain't right to make yourself a slave the way you are. Now take tonight. You're tired and nearly fainting with the heat. A trip to the beach with Joe and me would do you a heap of good. Now you say Terry's asleep upstairs. You can't do anything for him while he's asleep. Why not let him go on sleeping here for a couple of hours? The place'll be quiet. There can't any harm come to him, even if he does wake up. What do you say?"

Mary O'Connell hesitated.

"I'd like to, Sam, but—"

"There ain't any buts, Mary. I promise to bring you back any time you say. Go up and see if he's still asleep. If he is, we'll start right away. We can be back in a couple of hours."

"All right, Sam."

Mary went out of the door leading to the stairs, tip-toed up, and entered the little room where her husband lay sleeping on a cot. To the casual observer, seeing him there and unacquainted with his story, Terry would have looked anything but a pathetic figure. He was beautifully built. His skin showed the clear and satiny sheen of a man in perfect condition. But ever since an accidental knockdown three years before, in which his head had struck a corner post, Terry had been known in fight circles as "Goofy" O'Connell. His mind was gone.

He had been a fast-stepping, hard-hitting lad on his way to a championship when the mishap occurred. And he had been married less than six months. Now he was still a wonderful piece of fighting flesh, but he didn't know who he was, or where he was, or what was going on. He couldn't recognize Mary, or McGee, or anyone. He had one fixed idea. To him it was always the eve of a big fight, a fight for the title. He spent all his days training, punching the bag, skipping rope, shadow boxing. He was as hard as steel rails and tireless. He had a crushing punch. He even slept in boxing trunks.

The doctors had said he was harmless, but they had offered little hope for his recovery. One gave the opinion that perhaps, by some miracle, Terry's reason might some day be restored. He was so decisively outvoted, however, that Mary had resigned herself to the prospect of his never being any better.

Sam McGee had been a white man all through. When he heard the verdict of the doctors, he went to Mary and told her that he would take care of them both. "As long as Terry is sick," he promised her, "neither of you shall want." And he had been as good as his word. Because Mary insisted on working, he gave her a job looking after his accounts and his correspondence. He had fallen in love with her, of course, and she knew it, but not through any word or act of his.

Mary knelt beside the cot looking at the sleeping man for a few moments, with an expression of mingled tenderness and

compassion. She smoothed the hair on his forehead. He did not stir. The little room was even hotter than the office below. The odor of stale liniment hung about it like a pall. It made her a little sick. She had come up half resolved not to go to the beach, but to wake Terry up and take him home. Not until the slight exertion of mounting the stairs had made her feel dizzy and had brought little beads of perspiration out on her upper lip and behind her ears, did she realize quite how played out she was. And Terry was sound asleep. As McGee had said, nothing could happen to him, even if he did wake up. She decided to go.

"O. K.?" inquired McGee, putting the last of the money into the old-fashioned safe as Mary reappeared.

She nodded.

"You'd never think, to look at him—" she began, then stopped. "All right Sam. Take me out before I change my mind."

McGee put on his hat and turned to the electric light switch on the wall near the stairway door. "Come on, Joe," he said, "let's go."

"Gawd," mumbled Mr. Dumphy, "now for some air."

Outside, under the stand, Dutch Gus had not been close enough to hear what had passed between the three in the office. But though it was chokingly hot where he crouched, so that sweat poured in little rivulets down the back of his neck and dripped from his eyebrows, he was in no mood to complain. In fact, when at last he saw McGee make several trips to the safe and then, preceded by Mary and Dumphy, switch off the light and leave the office, a pleasant chill of excitement coursed down his spine. He waited until the sound of McGee's car had died out and then, stealthily, for he was a creature of habit, he approached the clubhouse, opened the window and entered.

Dutch Gus was by training a house-breaker rather than a safe-cracker. He opened windows with the ease of long practice, but he had never before tackled a real safe. With the aid of his pocket flashlight, he examined Sam McGee's large iron repository, speculating on the best implement with which to broach it. Though he had left the window open, as all wise burglars do, he found himself getting hotter and hotter, partly from bending over and partly from nerves.

He had always made it a rule not to take off any clothes when working on somebody else's premises. In the event of a hurried get-away, clothes were apt to be left behind, silent but frequently effective clues to the identity of their owner. On this particular night, however, there seemed some justification for discarding caution for comfort. As he straightened up to take off his coat, the long steel "can-opener" which was part of his equipment and which had been sticking out of its hiding place, caught in the handle of the safe and was pulled free. He tried to catch it, but his moist hand merely sped its fall. As one end of the heavy tool struck the floor, the other end struck the door of the safe. It made a loud, metallic noise—like the clang of the bell at a prize ring.

UPSTAIRS, in the dressing-room, this clanging noise took immediate effect upon the sleeper there. For the sound of the bell at a prize ring was one of the few sounds that meant anything to Goofy O'Connell. He sat up on the cot and as he did so heard a repetition of the familiar sound. Gus's nerves, none too steady, had been shaken by the noise he had made, with the result that in taking off his coat he had dropped another tool against the safe. With the second stroke of what, to him, was the bell, Goofy O'Connell slipped into his rubber soled shoes, then reached for the boxing gloves which he kept always beside him, even at night, and put them on. Specially made with elastic wrists, they needed no lacing. Then, grinning in eager anticipation, he started silently down the stairs. As he opened the door leading to the office he saw Dutch Gus, bathed in the rays of the flashlight, in the act of peeling off his thoroughly saturated shirt. His back was turned.

The sight of a man undressing meant just one thing to Goofy. It meant that he was getting ready for a fight. He stood in the doorway for a second and then he spoke.

"The big fight," he said.

With a yelp of fear, Dutch Gus whirled to face the speaker. In the pale, reflected light of the electric torch, Goofy looked like a ghost. Gus's knees knocked. The apparition came toward him. Terrified, Gus sidled away from it. He felt prickly all over. His forehead was like ice. He would have made a



(Mary knelt beside the cot looking at her sleeping husband. Since the mishap he had but one idea—it was always the eve of the "big fight.")

dash for the window, but his legs felt as if they were made of tallow. The apparition spoke again:

"The big fight," it said, and took another step toward him.

Gus realized then that the figure was no ghost. But the knowledge was not comforting. More accustomed to the vague light now, he could see the intruder's face. It was a face he had seen before. But where? In a flash, he knew. He had seen Terry in the ring. He had read about him in the sporting pages. "Goofy O'Connell!" he breathed, and crossed himself.

"The big fight," said Goofy again.

Gus moved further away. He looked around wildly for some weapon. But the madman was now between him and the safe, in front of which lay his tools. He finished taking off his entangling shirt. The madman came nearer. Gus could see the set, crazy stare of the other's eyes, the eager, expectant grin upon his lips. He sought to distract him.

"Listen, Goofy," he blurted, desperately, "see that safe?" He pointed to it. "They's money in there. Thousands of bucks, see? You could use some dough, couldn't you? Get me? You and me—we'll split it, see?"

The madman gave no sign of comprehension.

"The big fight," he said, advancing another step.

The burglar trembled.

"Listen," he urged, "I don't wanna fight you. See? I'm not the guy you want."

It was as if he had not spoken.

"The big fight," repeated Goofy, still coming on.

"I'm your friend," said the burglar, wheedling, "I don't wanna fight. Can't you get it? I don't wanna fight—" he recoiled.

Goofy assumed his old-time fighting crouch and began warily to advance. He was only a lightweight, but as he drew nearer, with head lowered and gloves poised for action, he looked like a giant to Gus. On he came, stepping lightly, weight on toes, body bent slightly forward and swaying from the waist up. Half-paralyzed with fear, Gus forced himself to put up his hands. There was nothing else to do. He stole a brief, longing

glance at his can-opener, lying at the other end of the room. For a second his eyes left the madman's face. In that second, Goofy darted in. He landed a stinging jab on the burglar's nose and backed away, guard up, weaving from side to side. The "big fight" was on.

IT WAS about twenty miles from the arena to the beach, ordinarily little more than a half hour's run. On this particular night, however, the road was an unbroken line of motors. Sam McGee, skillful driver though he was, could make no speed on the congested highway. It took him more than an hour to cover the distance.

The three of them, Mary, Joe and Sam, found seats at a table on a hotel veranda overlooking the water. Even there, the difference in temperature was not appreciable. A drooping waiter, his collar and shirtfront darkly sagging, shuffled up to take their order.

"What'll it be, Mary, Joe?" asked McGee. "Ginger ale? Make it three," he ordered, "ginger ale and lemon."

They sat for a while in silence.

"Cheer up, Joe," said McGee. "This can't last forever."

"I can't either," puffed Dumphy, morosely.

"It's bound to break soon," said McGee. "Wouldn't wonder if we had thunder tonight."

Mary looked apprehensive.

"I hope it don't storm before we get back," she said. "It would wake Terry up, sure."

"We'll finish these and start back right away, if you're worried," said McGee. "Joe, here, can stay and ruin himself with iced drinks. If it rains, he can have a shower bath."

Mr. Dumphy grunted.

"Nix," said he. "I don't like being hot, but I hate being wet. Anyway, I've had one bath tonight—Turkish."

"No pleasing some people," laughed McGee. "If Joe wasn't unhappy, I'd call a doctor."

[Continued on page 58]



# JAZZ

"I didn't dream the folks would be out hunting for me," Stella said. "But I had to fight something out for myself, and I've had quite an awakening!"



What Has Gone Before—

NESTLING among its century old elms the charming village of Ackland Center in Massachusetts knew its past and took wholesome pride in it. But its air of peace was gradually being broken in upon—at first by speed mad motorists on the direct road from New York to Boston, who stopped to buy farm products from the Bagot wayside stand, with pretty Martha Bagot serving them. Martha's older sister Stella, had broken away from home ties, going to New York where she had done some brilliant work in the publishing business.

Gradually "hot-dog" stands and filling stations kept disfiguring Ackland's streets, but the last straw came when a bootlegging gang opened up a roadhouse. Young Ham Pew and his brother Homer came out so vigorously against it in their newspaper "The Ackland Age" that Ham received a threat over the telephone. Homer Pew, who had wanted a glimpse into the literary world, had gone to New York and got in touch with Stella Bagot. He told her about Ham's fight against the roadhouse and she decided there was a magazine article in it. The next morning she received word that Ham Pew had been

murdered and that Homer was on his way back to Ackland.

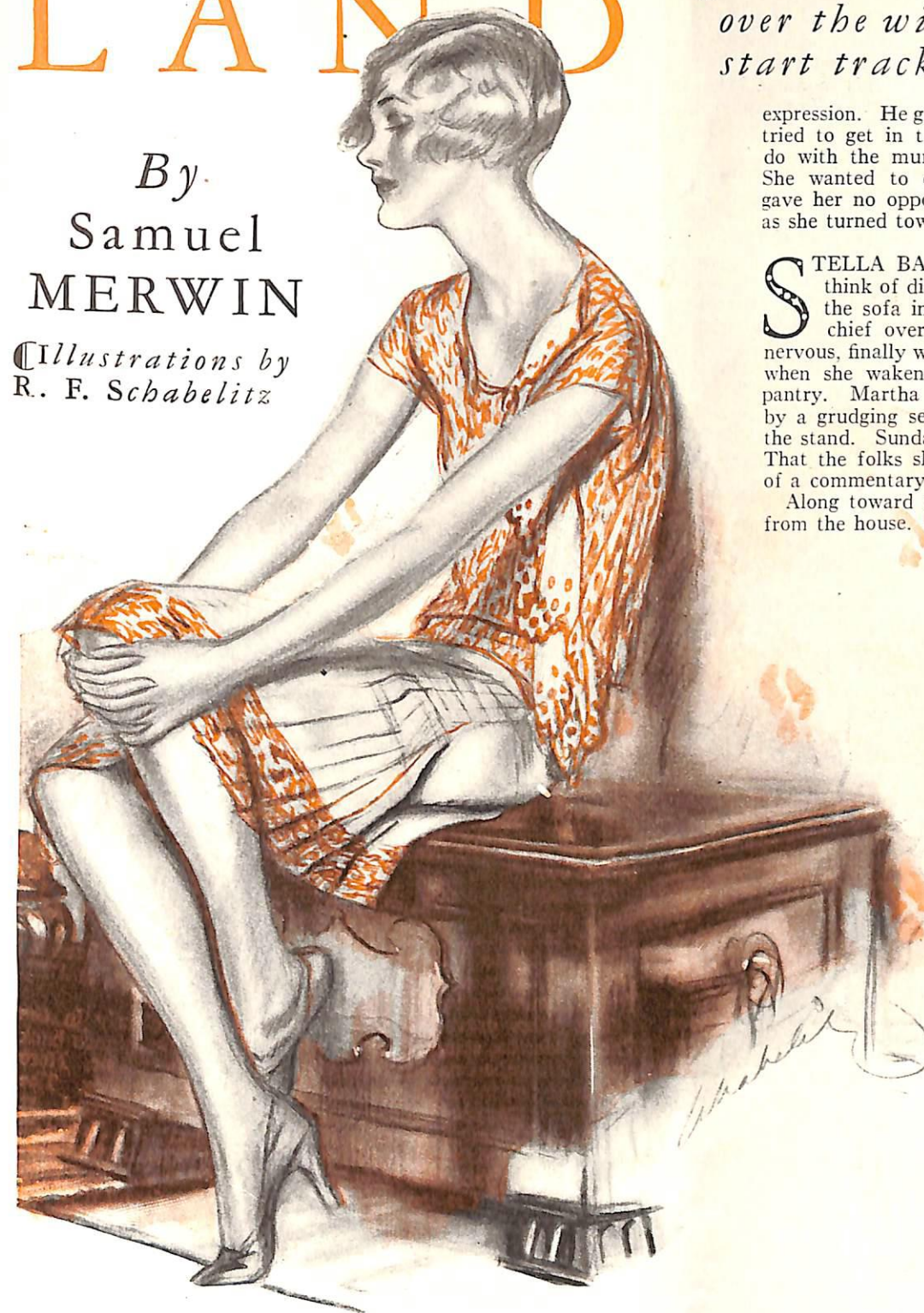
Stella Bagot had received the commission from her editor to go to her home in Ackland and write the article about Ham Pew and his fight against the invasion of "jazz" in his town. Among the interesting literary people she had met in New York there was a famous author by the name of Ernest Hallam. Stella, flattered by the attentions of this fascinating man of the world, this "free soul" who scorned the conventions, unconsciously began echoing his extremely modern ideas. When he suggested that he drive her up to Ackland, stopping off overnight somewhere, she demurred, but asked that he drive her straight home and give her time to think things out.

Stella found Homer Pew grim and determined to carry on for his murdered brother. A disturbing visit from an important townsman, Joe Harmer, under the guise of strong friendship, was rightly interpreted by Homer as an effort to buy the Pew newspaper, The Age, as a means of stopping its attacks on the roadhouse. Not until later did it become known that Harmer was financially involved in the enterprise. Stella was terribly unnerved by the news that Homer had been set

# LAND

By  
Samuel  
MERWIN

Illustrations by  
R. F. Schabelitz



The Voice of Guilt comes over the wire and Two Girls start tracking it down

expression. He gave a nervous nod saying that he had tried to get in touch with her about something to do with the murder case. Then he walked away. She wanted to explain about Hallam but Homer gave her no opportunity. It was a bitter moment as she turned toward home.

STELLA BAGOT'S parents were too weary to think of dinner. Mr. Bagot dropped asleep on the sofa in the living-room with his handkerchief over his head. His wife, constrained, nervous, finally went upstairs and lay down. Martha, when she wakened, picked up a cold meal in the pantry. Martha could always eat. Prompted then by a grudging sense of duty, she went out to tend the stand. Sunday was the big day by the roadside. That the folks should have let it go was something of a commentary on their upset state of mind.

Along toward mid-afternoon strange sounds came from the house. Sobbing and laughing. Queer. At the moment Martha was selling raspberries to a tourist family from Ohio.

That queer noise was going on, in the house. Upstairs. Sounded like Stella. What could be the matter with her, carrying on like that? Had she gone off her head? It was enough to give you the creeps.

What had Stella been up to, anyway? She'd certainly made a night of it, that handsome big sister. And she'd had them all by the ears. Too much liquor, probably. Martha found the thought disturbing. You could take care of yourself, if you were smart, but you could never be sure of other people; even of a competent-looking big sister. As soon as the limousine had left she stepped into the house to find out what was going on.

Her mother was running down the stairs. At sight of Martha she stopped short and said—"Call up Doctor Bilford, Martha. See if he can't come right away."

"What's the matter with Stella?"

"It's just an hysterical attack, I think."

The doctor came, and went. That unpleasant noise had

stopped. An hour or so later Mrs. Bagot appeared, saying—"I'll watch the stand now, Martha. You might go up and see if Stella's all right. Just look in. If she's asleep, don't wake her."

Martha turned the knob slowly, softly, and peeped within. The bed was rumpled, but empty. Stella, wearing a pretty Japanese kimono, was sitting in a straight chair by the window. "Ahem!" said Martha.

Stella turned with a start. She caught the mischievous arching of the girl's eyebrows.

"You made me jump, Martha. Come on in. I want to talk with you." The girl slipped in and shut the door. "Come over here . . . You think I've been batting all night."

"I didn't say a word."

"You looked it." Stella's quick fingers were tapping on the window sill. She was very sober, but tense. "I didn't dream they'd be out hunting me. Never thought of it."

"The folks were wild. They had you murdered, Stella."

"Yes. I know. I was out with a man, Martha."

"Well . . ."

upon and beaten. He recognized the voice of one of his assailants as the same that had threatened him the night before (Stella had heard it then). And it was the same voice that had telephoned the threat to Ham Pew before the murder.

Homer had turned to Stella in his trouble and she was amazed at her own eager response. Then she thought of Ernest Hallam telephoning her from Boston and insisting on seeing her. She made an appointment for that evening, and he drove her to Jazzland, the roadhouse where Ham Pew was murdered. When they left Stella had with her a bottle of liquor as evidence that it was sold there.

Hallam deliberately turned his car toward New York ignoring Stella's protests that he take her home. He told her she was not going home that night, that she'd been "leading him on" and that they would "have it out" when they reached New York. Stopping off at an all-night lunch wagon Stella would go no further. And when he asked her if she were in love with Homer she acknowledged that she was. He drove her back to Ackland arriving early the next morning, and as she was stepping from Hallam's car she found Homer Pew looking at her with a startled



"But I had to fight something out. We drove all night. It's settled now. I'm through with him. And there's quite a few other things I'm through with. Homer Pew thinks what you were thinking. I met him down town this morning. He saw the man driving me in. I've had rather . . . well, an awakening, Martha."

The girl waited demurely.

"I've been thinking about you for one thing. You're not getting a square deal. From the folks or me."

"If I could only get to New York . . ."

"Not yet. You don't want to drift in there as one more un-equipped girl floating round Greenwich Village. If I can work it out . . . you know, persuade the folks, bring 'em round, somehow . . . will you consider going to college, as I did? I've saved some money. Quite a lot. Enough to start you. Oh, we'd get you through somehow. I don't mind telling you that I've taken a fresh hold. I'm going to pitch in here. I rather think I'm needed."

Martha, taking this in, lowered her eyes to the rug. She looked sulky, but her eyes were filling. "I see what you're getting at," she said. "You think I've been getting demoralized, don't you?"

"If you have it's not your fault. You're all right. Of course you do need a little reorganizing. But so do . . . some of the rest of us." Her breath caught in what was very nearly a sob.

"How are you going to pitch in here, Stella? You've got your job in New York."

"I can't say yet. I can't see ahead. I'll have to stay here anyway until my article gets worked out. But this I know, if it interests you . . . I've changed. You can't go on forever just living on your own. That's one truth I've come up against. Now look here! You're really a perfectly good proposition. But I've got to have your word that you won't let me down, if I can swing the folks around. Will you agree to make a job of it? Try to be a credit to us?"

There was a silence. Martha was studying the tips of her neat little shoes. Finally she said, "Yes."

"All right. It's a go."

"Listen, Stella, what was the matter with you a while ago?"

"Oh . . . nonsense. Just plain fool hysterics. I've been at war with myself for a year. And I've been through a lot just lately. You don't know much about what's going on in this town. It's a bit of a war. They got Ham Pew, and if somebody doesn't do something pretty quick they'll get Homer. I've got some bits of evidence, if I just knew how to piece them together. I go crazy, just sitting here, trying to think up some real action . . . They called Homer's loans yesterday. The bank. That means Joe Harmer. He's the enemy. Homer's got to face it tomorrow. It may ruin him."

"I don't see how you can help there."

"Neither do I, but . . . the notion keeps coming up that if somebody, even I, can just frighten Joe Harmer a little, it might hold things off. I've got to be careful. I can't even use all I know. Look here, Martha, I'm taking it for granted that you'll keep your mouth shut about this."

"I won't talk."

"NO, I don't believe you will. Martha, I heard one of those murderers warn Homer. Heard his voice. It was the same voice that warned Ham before he was shot. It's somebody right around Ackland here. One of the bootlegging gang. The county political machine is protecting the lot of them. I'd know it anywhere. A husky high voice, with a slight foreign twist."

Martha's slim body stiffened, and her eyes came up, widening. "What kind of a looking man?" she asked sharply.

"I didn't see him. This was on the telephone. Why did you ask that, Martha?"

"I don't know. Just thinking."

"One thing I can do." Stella sprang up. "I'm going to call up Mr. Harmer and see if I can't have my talk with him this evening. He'll think I'm just after copy for my article. But it might lead to something. I'm going to dress and run down to the station. Call him up from there."

Martha, too, had sprung to her feet. "Mind if I go with you, Stella?"

"No. We'll take the Ford. But why? I can't take you to Mr. Harmer's."

"That isn't it. I want to telephone somebody myself."

Stella drove the Ford in by the station behind a smart green

sedan. There were two telephone booths, side by side, at either end of the building. They went into the women's waiting room, to find that one of the booths was occupied by a man. Stella said, "You take this one. I'll go through to the other waiting room."

She looked up Joe Harmer's number in the book that hung beside the nearer booth, and stepping within lifted the receiver. "Number, please," said the operator. She gave it. Stood waiting. Then she became aware of voices in the instrument. She'd been put on a busy wire. She was reaching to signal the operator when a familiar sound stayed her hand. A high, husky voice. The voice. Talking rapidly, excitedly. She couldn't quite catch the words, until he spoke a name—"Mr. Harmer." Her hand shook. Her body stiffened. But she listened. Another voice was saying—"I thought I'd made it clear to you that you mustn't call me up like this." The other voice—"But, Mr. Harmer . . ." Then Harmer—"I tell you no. I won't have it. Talk with Neddick. He'll communicate with me. And meantime you be careful what you do."

Stella moved the hook rapidly.

Suddenly the door of the booth opened. It was Martha, white, staring.

"HE'S there," whispered the girl. "There in that other booth. I heard his voice. And then I saw him."

Stella said "Shut the door, Martha! Quick! And watch him!" The operator's voice sounded at her ear. She asked for the state police station. It was a mile or more away. And Wilbraham might not be there. But somebody'd be there. And those boys could travel fast on their motorcycles.

Wilbraham was there. She thought—"Thank God!" To him she said—"This is Stella Bagot. I've got the man! At the railway station! He's telephoning! Come fast!"

Martha had slipped back into the women's waiting room. In a moment, however, she reappeared. "He's still talking," said she, guardedly. "Let's go out this door. Then we'll be behind him when he comes out to his car."

Stella wrote the license number of the green sedan on one of her own cards.

The man came out. Martha nudged her sister. He was a short, swarthy foreigner, young, surprisingly well dressed. He paused to light a cigarette, then got into the sedan.

"I'm going to follow him," said Stella. "You wait here. I want you to watch which way we turn at the corner, and tell Wilbraham when he comes. Give him this card."

The sedan drove off, with Stella following closely in the Ford. Martha, standing on the platform, saw him glance back once. Then the two cars were lost to view in the traffic. Here she could just make out the beacon at the street crossing. The traffic was streaming by, east and west, along the state road. It stopped, and the north and south lanes started up. Now she saw the green sedan. It turned around the beacon, westerly. A car or two back the little Ford turned after it.

Martha looked at the card in her hand. She found a pencil in her bag and added to Stella's notation—"Stella Bagot in Ford coupe," also jotting down the license number. Then she hurried outside. In a moment a small car pulled up, and a quiet-appearing man got out, in civilian clothes, wearing a cap.

"Miss Bagot?" he asked, crisply. Then, at her nervous nod—"I'm Mr. Wilbraham."

Quickly she gave him the card. "They turned west on the state road. A green Buick. Stella is following in the Ford."

"Please wait here and tell my men to take the left turn," he said. "Give them all this information."

He was gone.

In a moment two troopers in khaki came roaring up on motorcycles. She ran to give them the message. They nodded, and roared off. Then Martha entered the women's waiting room, shut herself in one of the booths, and called a number.

Stella, following the green sedan, observed the driver waving at the traffic officer there as he rounded the beacon. And the officer grinned and shouted a greeting. This was Phil Janney. She remembered him from high school days. He'd been quite an athlete. Curious, that friendly grin. The thought arose that the man wouldn't be difficult to identify. If he was known about town he couldn't even give a false name.

On the state road the green sedan shot ahead, cutting in and out of the traffic. She couldn't keep up in the Ford. Soon she lost sight of it. But she pressed on as rapidly as she could.



*Stella engaged the gangster in a set of complicated directions. Then suddenly he was tugging at something in his pocket as a car stopped behind them.*

Just beyond the hill, at the foot of the long grade, there stood an ugly cluster of filling stations and hot-dog stands. Here, peering anxiously ahead, she saw something green. He had pulled out of the traffic lane by the largest of the stands, the one blatantly advertised as "Pete's Place." She turned out too.

The sedan had come to rest a rod or so beyond the gasoline pump. A man, also swarthy and foreign-appearing, serving a group of dusty tourists at the stand, waved. The man in the

green car lifted a careless hand, then lighted a fresh cigarette. Driving up behind him, Stella noted this much. Then Stella drove deliberately alongside. There was a space of little more than a foot or two between the cars. The man glanced about. Stella lowered her window and leaned toward him. It was an insignificant face.

She asked—"Can you tell me the best road to" . . . her mind was working at an abnormal pace; she must involve him in a complicated set of directions . . . [Continued on page 51]





## EDITORIALS

HERE ARE SOME OF THE MANY REASONS WHY YOU, NOBLE, SHOULD ATTEND THE MIAMI SESSION IN MAY

**N**OBLES with a keen sense of rumor know there are to be big Shrine doings at Miami in May. Never has there been a better prospect for a fine Imperial Council Session; hotel accommodations to equal the splendid climate, hospitality which has been tested and tried, a group of Nobles as hosts than whom there is no better on earth! Florida the beautiful, the land of sunshine and of flowers, of orange groves and of winter bathing, invites you!

Like Ponce de Leon, who searched here for the Fountain of Eternal Youth, will be the Noble pilgrims to Miami. Ponce de Leon did not find his fabled fountain, but any man who has ever been to Florida will vouch for the fact that the old boy used fine judgment in the spot he selected to search. If it cannot be found in this wonderful country there isn't any such animal!

Let us gather the big brass drums and the uniforms, pack with them the fishing tackle and the bathing suits, beat summer by a couple of months and trek down to the home of the orange and the alligator! Let us see the trees covered with orange blossoms and draped with Spanish moss; let us in this land of leisure, relax all over the place and drink orange juice, catch fish and laugh with Florida Nobility.

All aboard for Miami and the Imperial Council Session!

NO MAN TAKES SHRINE DEGREE WITHOUT GETTING A BETTER "SLANT" AT HIMSELF AND OTHERS

**W**HEN the patient Chinaman wants to make a perfect sphere of crystal or jade, he first chips the piece as nearly round as he can with a small hammer. Then, placing half a dozen or more of these in a leather bag, he patiently shakes them hour after hour, day after day, knowing that the constant friction of one against another will make them all round and ready for polishing.

Temples of the Mystic Shrine are leather bags in which Masons are jostled, one against another. That a rounding out of the life of each is accomplished cannot be gainsaid.

No man ever took the Shrine degrees who did not get a better "slant" on himself and on other people. No man can attend Ceremonial Sessions and watch the candidate take his medicine who is not the better for the lessons taught. No man can place himself in constant contact with the "Men with the Smiles" which one wit called Shriners, without catching a bit of the spirit of the organization.

When all doubt is removed all education ends.

ARE HONORARY MEMBERSHIPS BEING BESTOWED WITHOUT PROPER THOUGHT TO THEIR VALUE?

**H**ONORARY memberships are often bestowed too impulsively by Temples of the Mystic Shrine. Things are valuable in this world more because of their rarity than for intrinsic worth or artistic merit. Diamonds, fossils, autographs, postage stamps, men who can wriggle their ears, are all sought after and admired largely because they are few.

Honorary memberships are often conferred without any particular thought. Some visiting Shrine notable rises up at a ceremonial and makes a wham of a speech, presenting the local Potentate with a loving cup. In the excitement some Noble moves that he be elected an honorary member and another enthusiast seconds the motion. The Potentate has nothing to do but put the motion and as the man to be honored is present, of course, no Noble votes against the idea.

Such incidents have occurred so often that honorary memberships in some Temples are merely a gesture of courtesy. Suppose the Imperial Council required a per capita tax on honorary members? Would it be advisable to have honorary members reelected each year? Perhaps the answer to both questions is in the negative, but certainly there should be a by-law or standing resolution that proposals for honorary membership lie over to a subsequent meeting, to give the Temple time to cool off and think whether they are not making this honor rather a cheap one.

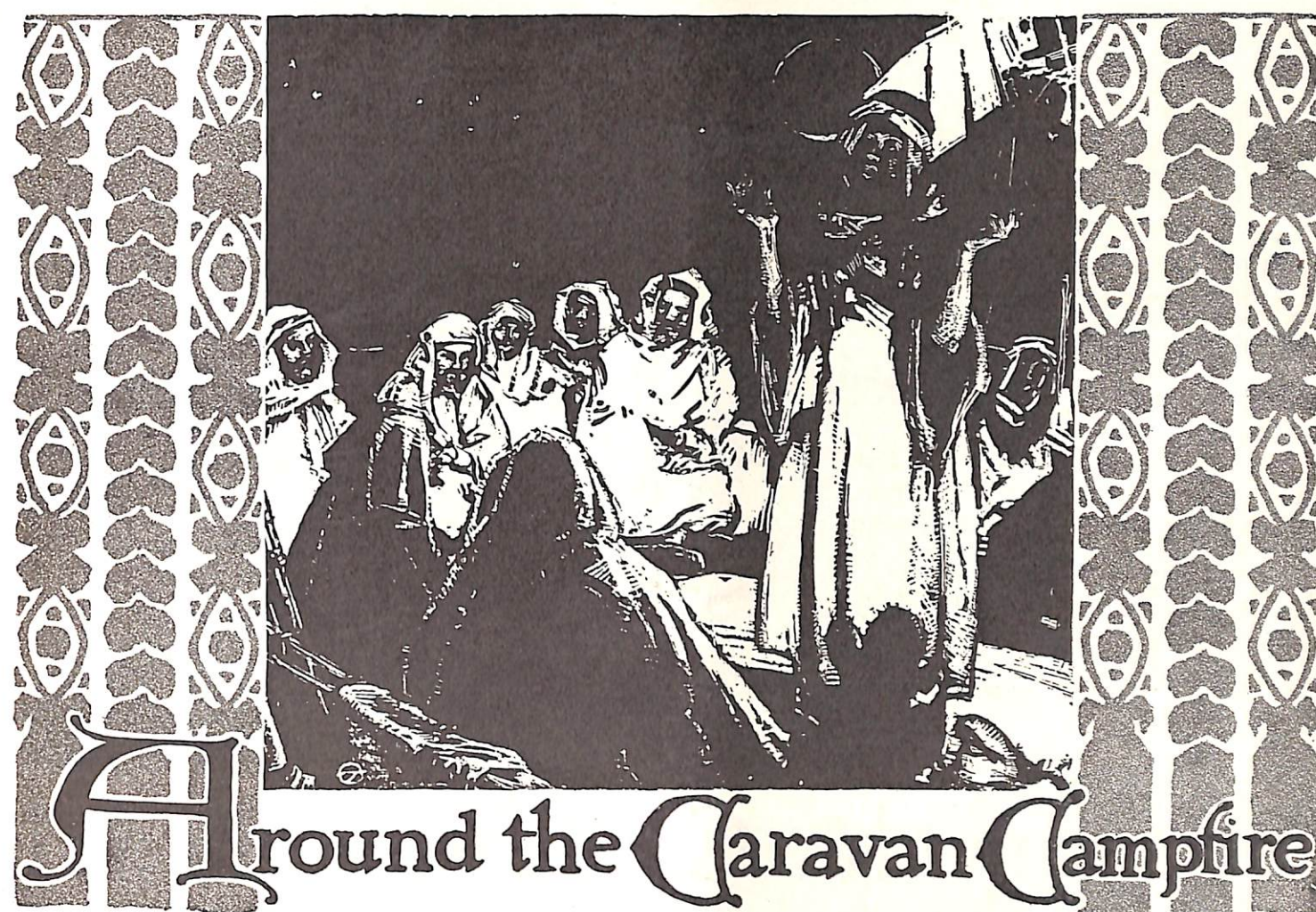
UNLESS A TEMPLE CARRIES OUT THE IDEALS AND OBJECTIVES OF THE SHRINE IT MISSES ITS PURPOSE

**A**N INTERESTING exhibit in the window of a jewelry store was a clock without hands. Its face was of glass, its works could be seen moving, its pendulum swayed back and forth, the figures on its dial showed plainly, but being without hands its movements were purposeless.

All its intricate machinery functioned, all its parts meshed and moved silently and accurately, all the motions made by a clock were being made, save one. That one omission was the thing fatal to all the rest. It was of no benefit to humanity. It did everything except tell the time of day.

There are Temples of the Mystic Shrine not unlike that clock. Their lives are full of motion. Their Patrols drill, their Officers chant the ritual, their Chanters sing, their Bands blare; they go through all the motions of a Temple of the Mystic Shrine.

But unless a Temple points the way, unless it tells the time, unless it is an influence for good in its community, unless it carries out the ideals and objectives of the organization, it misses the purpose for which it was created.



## Around the Caravan Campfire

By Roe Fulkerson

**O**N THE piazza of my childhood home hung an old aneroid barometer which some sea-going relative gave to my father. I was the only member of the family who ever looked at it.

Around its outer rim were the words "Rain" "Fair" "Stormy" and "Change." The needle of the instrument was fairly certain to point to one of them before that particular brand of weather happened.

Being just a little shaver, I confused cause and effect. I thought the barometer regulated the weather instead of the weather regulating the barometer. So before a holiday, a picnic or a fishing expedition, I used to twist the needle around and, by looping a string over it, hold it on the kind of weather I needed to suit my plans for the next day.

When I was as much of a novice in Masonry as I had formerly been in meteorology, I made the same mistake. I thought Masonry made good men out of all who went into it. I thought Masonry will be of high standing in a community. It is men which make and the organization which suffers or gains glory, as a result of choice of material.

When my card container held a couple of dozen cards, showing I had joined all the allied bodies, I had a revulsion of feeling toward the numerous branches which had been grafted on to the parent stem of Masonry. I felt the organization would be better off if the energy and the ability scattered throughout all the ramifications of Masonry were concentrated in the one Masonic Lodge.

An old darky preacher was asked how things were going in his church. "Mighty porely, mighty porely, my brother," he replied. "It's dem societies dat draw all de fatness an' de marrow out of de body an' bone of de church. My people can't do nothin' without a society. We hab de Lincoln Society, wid one sister to run it, de Sons an' Daughters ob Ham wid another sister to march in front of it and de Over de River Burial Society what wears a black heart on dere sleeves when a member dies."

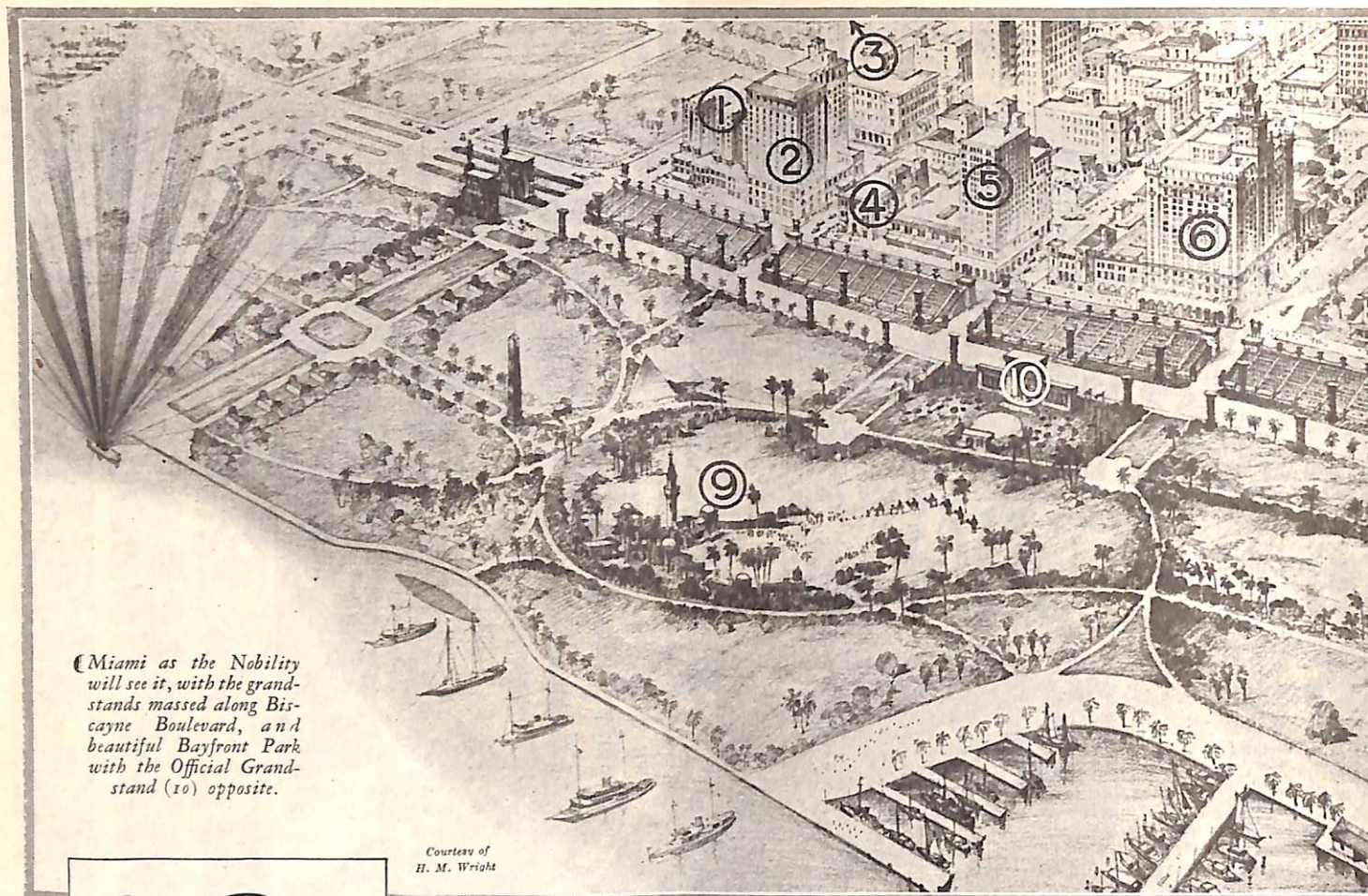
"De men hab Masons, Odd Fellows, de Oklahoma Promised Land Pilgrims an' a lot ob societies like dat. When dey has paid all dem dues an' 'tended all dem meetings dey have no time nor yet no money for Mount Pisgah Church. De ham has all been gnawed off and fed to dem speckled chickens an' der ain't nothing left but de bone."

What the old darky failed to realize is that there are many, many different kinds of good men. A king full of aces is just as good as an ace full of kings. It just looks different. The brothers and sisters interested in those various societies were not interested in the church, and would not have attended anyway.

None of the so-called "higher bodies" draw interest from the Mother Lodge. The men appealed to by the deep historical philosophy of the Scottish Rite who became active there could not have been deeply interested in Craft Masonry without this body. The men to whom the military and knightly features of the Templars appeal could not find all they want in the Blue Lodge.

The men now up to their ears in the work of the Shrine would never have found the happiness and the liting laughter, the joking and the boisterous good fellowship they need, in more seriously inclined bodies. The eternal "kidding" and jesting so typical of the Shrine has no place in other branches of Masonry. The Shrine is a poppet valve through which these men let off steam which might be [Continued on page 63]





(Miami as the Nobility will see it, with the grandstands massed along Biscayne Boulevard, and beautiful Bayfront Park with the Official Grandstand (10) opposite.

Courtesy of H. M. Wright



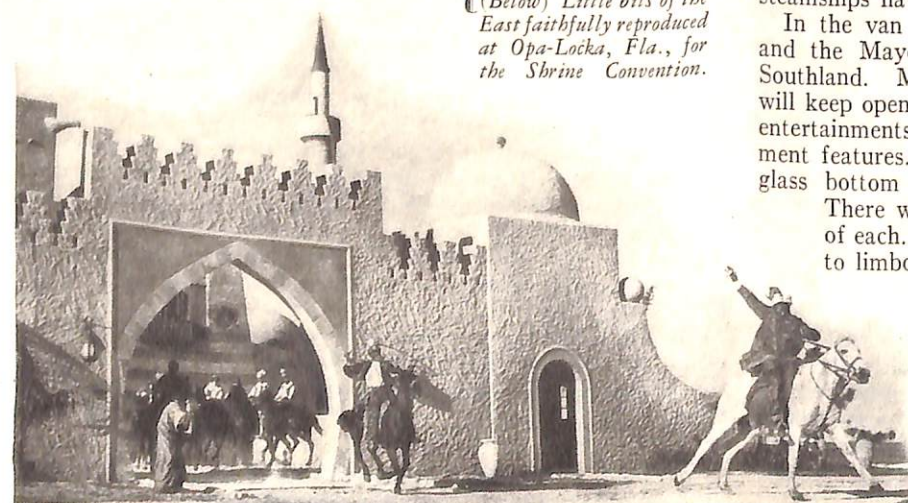
## On the Caravan Trail

**F**LAMING hibiscus. Oleanders. Royal palms holding their fronds high aloft. Coconut palms and date palms. Caressing sunshine and radiant sunsets. Temples, minarets. Uniforms of many hues. Potentates, Rabbans, Re-

corders, Nobles. Patrols. Bands. Chanters. A swelling chorus of music. Ceremonials.

The fairest women in a mighty land—a genial land. Garden of Allah. The Oasis. Arabian village. Authentic relics in colors from Egypt. By night an electric shaft of 1,400,000,000 candle power veritably penetrating the earth's atmospheric surface.

((Below) Little bits of the East faithfully reproduced at Opa-Locka, Fla., for the Shrine Convention.



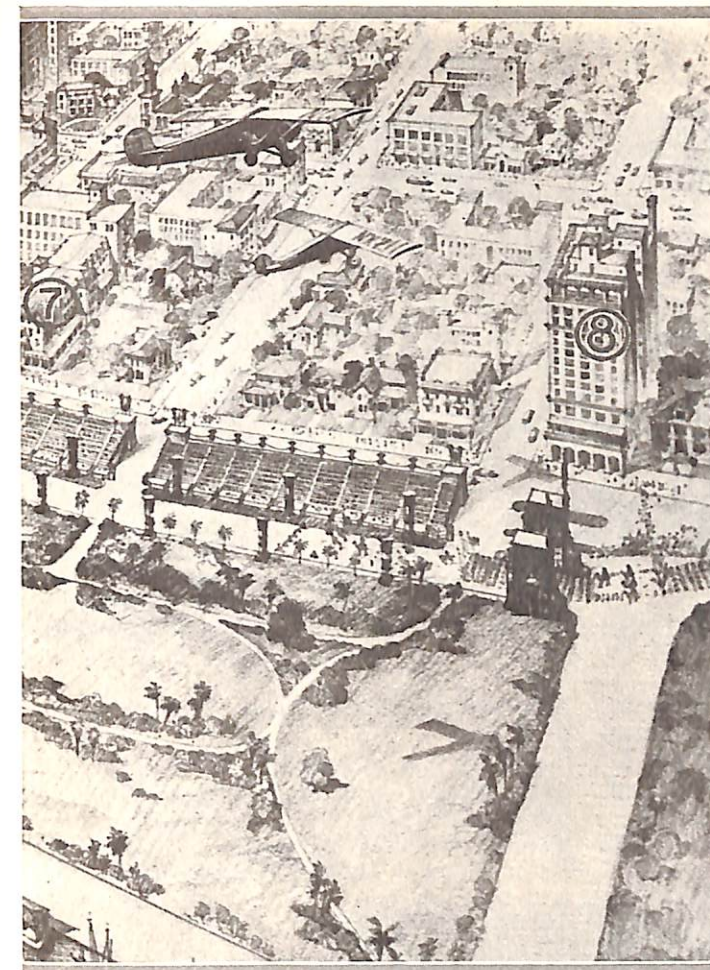
The sea, the ever restless sea, bathing the shores of a fraternal fairyland at the feet of one of Today's great cities. And over all like a benediction the spirit of brotherly love that is Mystic Shrinedom.

This is the picture that will enchant the Nobility and their families when they enter Miami for the fifty-fourth convention of the Imperial Council, featuring formal proceedings on May 1st, 2nd and 3rd, with interesting preliminaries on April 29th, 30th and 31st. Mahi Nobles, the special committees and the people of Miami have toiled mightily and to good effect to make the week a gay interlude in the lives of the Nobility and the sessions renowned in the annals of more than half a century of achievements.

All preparations have been made for the comfort of a host 100,000 strong, coming from all points of the compass. In 158 hotels ample accommodations have been reserved and trackage has been made available in the vicinity for 1,500 Pullman cars. Some delegations will have 1,000 participants; every Temple will send as many as it can. Special trains and steamships have been chartered.

In the van of welcomers will be the Governor of Florida and the Mayor of Miami, extending the hospitality of the Southland. Miami will be yours for the week. The clubs will keep open house for you and yours. There will be special entertainments for the ladies in addition to the general amusement features. Transportation facilities comprise automobiles, glass bottom boats, aquaplanes, hydroplanes and airplanes. There will be fishing, golf and dancing for the devotees of each. The typical three-ringed circus will be relegated to limbo by the performances to be enacted in front of the five great grandstands.

It is believed that fully 20,000 uniformed marchers will be in the parade that will pass in review before the Imperial Potentate and the Imperial Council. The good works of the Mystic Shrine will shine forth in pagantry, not overlooking the hospital activities. Massed bands of 6,000 instruments will make the welkin ring. The marchers will



### Key to Accompanying View of Miami

- |                         |                          |
|-------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1. McAllister Hotel.    | 6. Everglades Hotel.     |
| 2. Columbus Hotel.      | 7. Plaza Hotel.          |
| 3. Ponce de Leon Hotel. | 8. Alcazar Hotel.        |
| 4. New Berne Hotel.     | 9. Bayfront Park.        |
| 5. Watson Hotel.        | 10. Official Grandstand. |



(Waiting to greet the Caravans on their arrival in Miami are these Arabian Nights settings carried out to the last detail.

## to MIAMI!

pass through two massive Egyptian pylons forty-five feet high. There will be sphinxes. And figures out of the Temple of Ipsamboul in far-away Egypt. The boulevard down which they will wend their happy way, from the pylons to the foot of Flagler street will be paved with Egyptian colored tiles. It will be lined by high columns, rising forty feet and each surmounted by a cap ten feet high. Both capitals and caps are to be decorated in the hues of Egypt, together with Shrinedom's colors



The nobility will find the right Arabic atmosphere in Florida.

of red, yellow and green. There will also be a night parade, set off by the great searchlight and each marcher will carry a colored electric light.

The committees have provided for night club fun and one promise is that "if you think you are an owl you can hoot to your heart's content in the greatest array of real night clubs in any city of the United States. Prices are controlled as the clubs have all cooperated with the convention committee."

### Information for You at the Convention

**CLUBS HOLDING OPEN HOUSE**—Miami Beach Shrine Club, Coral Gables Shrine Club, Hollywood Shrine Club, Palm Beach Shrine Club, Stuart Shrine Club and Delray Shrine Club.

**SOUVENIRS**—Representatives to the Imperial Council will receive special souvenirs for their ladies when registered with the Imperial Recorder.

**REGISTRATION**—All visiting Nobles who have not previously sent in their registration cards are requested to register on arrival in Miami at the registration headquarters.

**ARRIVALS**—All trains will be met by the Shrine Escort and Official Guide. The visiting units will be escorted to the official photographers' stand and then to their respective hotels. All baggage will be received by the baggage committee and delivered to the hotel. Full and complete instructions covering baggage have been mailed to all Temples. Official baggage will be delivered to the hotels without charge. Unofficial baggage will be delivered at special rates of 25c. for a bag, and 50c. for a large case or trunk.





# MIAMI'S PROGRAM *for the Convention*



How's this for a brass band to welcome you!

## ☾ SUNDAY, APRIL 29th:

10:00 A. M. Uniformed bodies are invited to various denominational churches.  
2:00 P. M. For Imperial Officers, Representatives, Potentates, uniformed units and caravans—motor rides. Special Shrine church services in the Garden of Allah. The seating capacity is more than 20,000. Amplifiers to all stands.  
3:00 P. M. Special band concert in Bayfront Park.  
7:30 P. M. Special Shrine church services in all churches.  
9:00 P. M. "Spirituals" by the Miami Jubilee Singers (50 Negro voices) in front of official grandstand in Bayfront Park.

## ☾ MONDAY, APRIL 30th:

7:45 A. M. Records' Day.  
9:00 A. M. Band concerts; Motorcades through the back country and Everglades. Fishing trips. Viewing the bottom of the ocean from glass bottom boats. Official opening of the display of Inhabitants of the Everglades a million years ago. Records' session in Scottish Rite Temple, Noble Fred W. DeLaney presiding.  
10:00 A. M. Luncheon, Scottish Rite Temple.  
12:30 P. M. Records' session.  
1:30 P. M. Records' banquet, Ponce de Leon Hotel.  
6:00 P. M. Records' banquet, Ponce de Leon Hotel.

## ☾ TUESDAY, MAY 1st:

7:45 A. M. Formation of parade.  
11:30 A. M. Opening, Imperial Council Session in Olympia Theater by Noble Henry R. Pridgen, Director General. Selection "America" by Mahi Temple Band. Invocation. Selection by Mahi Temple Ceremonial Singers. Address of welcome by the Hon. John W. Martin, Governor of Florida. Selection by Palestine Chanters. Address of welcome by the Hon. E. G. Sewell, Mayor of Miami. Selection by Arabia Chanters. Address of welcome by Judge E. B. Donnell, Potentate of Mahi. Response by the Imperial Potentate. Luncheon for Imperial Officers and Representatives.  
1:30 P. M. Concert at Garden of Allah every hour. Golf at Coral Gables Country Club Estates and Miami Beach golf course.  
2:30 P. M. Motor rides for visitors; trips to the Florida Keys (Islands); ocean bathing; outdoor dancing, Garden of Allah and Miami Beach.  
3:00 P. M. Water sports at Venetian Pools and Deauville Pools, Coral Gables; Cook's Casino and Hardies' Casino, South Miami Beach; Miami Beach Casino and Opa Locka pools. Trap shooting and archery contests at Opa Locka. Fantasy by Ladies of Arabian Knights at Opa Locka.  
4:00 P. M. Banquet for Imperial Potentate and Imperial Officers and Representatives (invitational) Biltmore Country Club. Banquet for ladies of Imperial Officers and Representatives (invitational), Hotel Biltmore.  
7:00 P. M.

(Program subject to change)

8:30 P. M. Minstrels—Jubilee Chorus (50 Negro voices). "Songs of the Sunny South," in Garden of Allah.  
9:00 P. M. Vaudeville and aerial acts at grandstands.  
9:30 P. M. Band concerts.  
9:45 P. M. Watch the tops of buildings for "surprises."  
10:00 P. M. Until daylight—dancing in street and in all ballrooms of hotels and in the Oasis.  
11:30 P. M. Midnight matinees (Vaudeville, Olympia, Fairfax and Capital Theaters)—special programs.

## ☾ WEDNESDAY, MAY 2nd:

6:00 A. M. Reveille.  
8:00 A. M. Trip to Bimini—fishing.  
8:30 A. M. Motorcades to orange and grapefruit groves.  
9:00 A. M. Concerts.  
9:00 A. M. to 5:00 P. M. Golf privileges at all courses.  
10:00 A. M. Exhibition drills by patrols at baseball park.  
10:30 A. M. Trip to News Tower, Dade County Court House (28 stories) to view Miami from the air.  
11:00 A. M. Vaudeville and circus acts in Bayfront Park.  
12:30 P. M. Luncheon for the ladies of the Imperial Council Officers and Representatives. Basket and beach luncheons for visiting ladies.  
1:00 P. M. Trip to marine gardens in glass bottom boat.  
2:00 P. M. Trip up Miami River to the Everglades.  
2:30 P. M. Trip to Seminole Indian camp and Alligator farm.  
3:00 P. M. Comic parade.  
3:30 P. M. Exhibition—Wrestling between Indian boy (Chest-O-Wiskie) and ferocious alligator.  
4:00 P. M. Children's hour—Massed singing by 1,000 school children.  
4:30 P. M. Tea Dansants in 158 hotel ballrooms and the Oasis.  
6:00 P. M. Massed chanters concert in Garden of Allah.  
7:00 P. M. Formation of illuminated parade by all uniformed units. (Note: Parade moves promptly at 7:30 P. M.).  
9:00 P. M. Watch tops of buildings for "surprises."  
10:30 P. M. Special dancing features.

## ☾ THURSDAY, MAY 3rd:

8:00 A. M. Motorcade to Johnston's and Peterson's groves.  
8:30 A. M. Speed boat cruises.  
9:30 A. M. Boat trips to Keys fishing waters and up Miami River.  
10:00 A. M. Massed band concert at official grandstands.  
11:30 A. M. Special entertainment at official grandstands.  
1:30 P. M. Historical pageant depicting events in the history of Florida.  
5:00 P. M. Aerial acts in Bayfront Park.  
7:30 P. M. Formation of illuminated water pageant in Biscayne Bay.  
8:00 P. M. Passing in review before official grandstand.  
10:30 P. M. Street dancing; dancing in all hotel ballrooms and Oasis.

# The <sup>FIRST</sup> Shrine Magazine Cruise

—to Colorful West Indies—a Great Success



(Above) Noble Dunbar and members of the cruise watching Colonel Lindbergh land at Porto Rico on his circuit of goodwill calls.



(Right) Captain J. Kearney of the Megantic (the cruise ship) and Imperial Potentate Dunbar.

(Above) A popular feature of the trip—Captain H. G. Getchell, Moila, and his Chocolate Soldiers.

(Below) The Imperial Potentate and officers who held Ceremonial at Curacao, Dutch West Indies. Candidates are in the foreground.

TO FLEE Winter's icy blasts for more than three weeks and roll with a merrie companie along the Spanish Main; to see the sights and scenes of eight countries and colonies in the colorful West Indies; to be royally received by the President of Panama and by many other notables; to be welcomed at one point by an air armada of twenty-four planes; and above all, to grasp the hands of brother Nobles who extended the warmest kind of fraternal greetings at every port of call—all this was the portion of one hundred seventy-two Shriners, representing fifty-four temples, and a party altogether of four hundred sixty-two persons, who returned to New York on February 7th, concluding the first Shrine Magazine Cruise.

With Imperial Potentate Dunbar and Miss Margaret Dunbar as honored guests the party left New York at midnight on January 16th for the cruise of twenty-two days to the West Indies on the White Star liner Megantic, over which the official Shrine Flag flew during the entire trip. The James Boring Travel Service successfully planned, arranged and conducted the cruise under the competent direction of Noble Adrian Fuller, Vice-President of the Boring Company.

Arriving in Havana on the morning of the 20th, after a smooth sail we were met aboard by a reception committee for The Shrine Club of Cuba comprising Fred S. Campbell, president; L. J. Tromph, vice-president; H. H. Cary, publicity representative; H. F. Blancke, secretary; L. M. Johnson, treasurer; and E. B. Jouffret, manager of the Biltmore. They escorted the Imperial party to the Sevilla-Biltmore Hotel, where a suite for the Imperial Potentate and his daughter had been reserved by the club.

During the afternoon the party enjoyed a motor tour around Havana to such interesting points as the Prado, the Presidential Palace, Central Park and the Botanical Gardens.

In the evening the Shrine Club was host at a dinner dance at the Sevilla-Biltmore and the entire cruise party was entertained on the roof of the Plaza Hotel nearby.

The morning of the second day the party crossed the bay for a visit to Morro Castle, that landmark whose towers are

sighted as ships approach Havana and over which the Spanish flag flew for the last time in 1898.

Past Imperial Potentate James E. Chandler entertained the Imperial Potentate at a luncheon at the Country Club and at dinner in the evening.

Early on Sunday, January 22nd, the Megantic left Havana and rounding the western shores of Cuba, sailed into the Caribbean and arrived at the English port of Kingston, on Jamaica, the morning of the 24th. During the morning an automobile drive over white roads and through banana fields to Castleton Gardens nineteen miles inland gave the party a clear idea of the striking array of tropical scenery and vegetation.

At 6:00 the steamer left for a sail of thirty-six hours to Colon, in the Canal Zone and entered the breakwater on Thursday morning, the 26th. Abou Saad's greeting was unique. Its famous Flying Patrol in about two dozen planes gave a splendid demonstration under the direction of Lieutenant Robert T. Zane, Captain of the Flying Patrol. Three bombing planes carried the message "Abou Saad Welcomes Dunnie," and morning papers were dropped on board the ship. Abou Saad Temple's reception committee which came aboard were Lee W. Kelso, Assistant Rabban; Floyd H. Baldwin, High Priest and Prophet; D. B. Iseley, Director of the Jesters Court, and Past Potentates Gerald D. Bliss, Joseph W. Coffin and Thomas McH. Jordan. The Atlantic Patrol with Abou Saad's band came out to the ship in a special boat and at the dock the party was met by the Potentate, Dr. Lewis B. Bates, and Chief Rabban Ira M. Ingram.

The entire party was taken by special train to Gatun Locks, after an inspection of which they boarded boats for a delightful trip through the Canal. By train the party proceeded to Panama City on the Pacific side and had luncheon at the Tivoli Hotel. Later calls were made on President Rodolfo Chiari, the President of Panama, and M. L. Walker, Governor of the Canal Zone. That afternoon all enjoyed an automobile drive through Balboa, Old Panama and Panama City. In the evening Abou Saad [Continued on page 78]



# What the HOSPITALS Are DOING

"I ALWAYS have joy." This was the reply to the accompaniment of shining eyes and smiling lips, of a little red-headed girl in the Shrine hospital in Portland, Oregon, when a visitor asked her how she felt. It warms the cockles of the heart to feel that this sincere tribute to the benevolence of the Nobility gives voice to the feelings of all children who benefit by it.

These pictures indicate that there is good reason why the little patients in Portland should "always have joy"; all are smiling and their poses are simple and natural.

The sled rides were a special feature provided unexpectedly a short time ago by Mother Nature—and perhaps to see if the hospital authorities could be caught napping—inasmuch as "the pure and the beautiful" falls seldom in that area. But Miss Letha Humphrey, the superintendent, was equal to the emergency, soon assembling sleds and getting the active cases well bundled up and outside to try their luck. They have a little slope and down that they slid merrily.

"It was the first time I was ever on a sled," announced little Grace Cunner, vamping the visitor with her big dark eyes. Miss Alice Joyce, the staff school teacher, reported that the revelers made up with increased vim for the rare play time taken out of study hours.

The Portland hospital enjoys good community support and recently the Portland Telegram sent to it Peggy O'Moore, a well known local writer, and as a result gave it nearly an entire page of a recent issue.

The hospital has even developed an orator—12 years old—something new to come out of a Shrine hospital. Bob Schrecengost of Medford, who has been cured and is back to his home town, attended a luncheon of Hillah Temple members, presided over by Noble H. O. Frobach, president of the Medford Shrine Club. One of the speakers was Noble Sam Baker of Grants Pass. Another was little Bob, and he had this to say about his hospital sojourn of eight months: "I've told a number of Shriners about how I felt, but this is the first I've been able to tell the whole bunch. I didn't like it so well at first when they put me in a little glass cage, but after a while I got to feeling better and soon knew all the nurses and doctors in the hospital."

"There was something doing every minute in the way of entertainment and I met Queen Marie of Rumania, Babe Ruth and Gene Tunney and it was very thrilling to be in the movies one day when a cameraman came to the hospital."

The Hon. James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor in Washington for the past seven years, recently wrote an article in the New



(A bouquet of smiles from the Shriners Hospital at Portland, Oregon, where they "always have joy.")

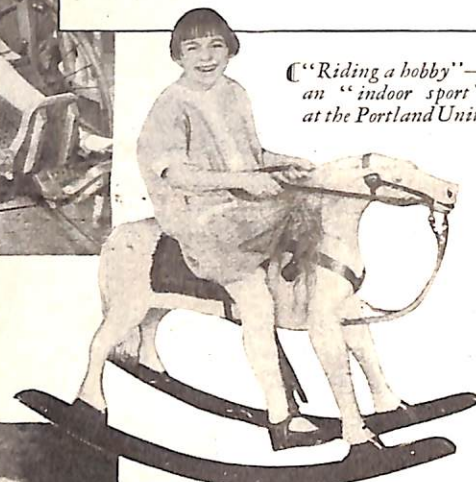


(The active cases among the Portland, Ore., patients trying their luck on a snow bank.)

## HOW THE WORK IS PROGRESSING

The following table is made up of the combined figures of all the fifteen Hospital Units for the month of January, and shows the extent of the work accomplished during that period:

Number of new patients admitted	212
Number of patients discharged—cured, or benefited.....	201
Number of beds occupied by patients .....	762
Number on waiting lists.....	1883

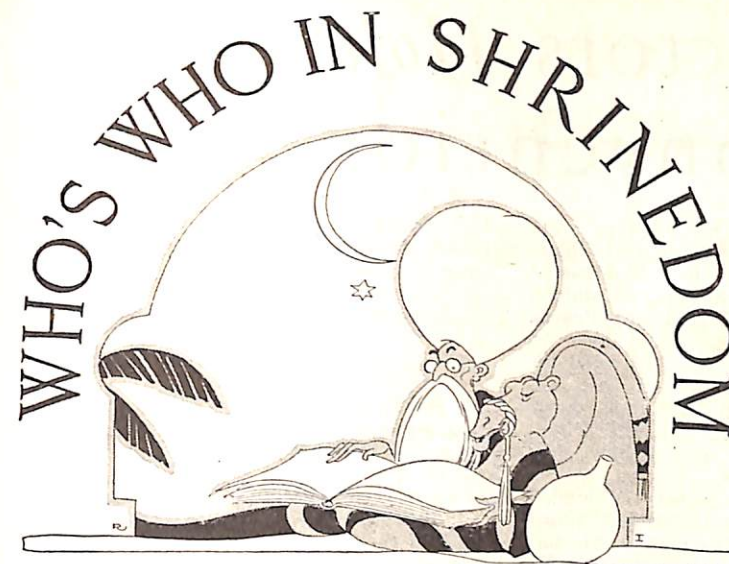


(“Riding a hobby”—an “indoor sport” at the Portland Unit.)

York Herald Tribune about the magnitude of the Shrine's work in behalf of crippled children. Mr. Davis himself had to leave school at the age of eleven and go to work as a puddler's assistant in the iron works of Sharon, Pa. He has been the moving spirit in the establishment and development of the Moosheart (Illinois) Home and School conducted by the Loyal Order of Moose for orphan children. His article was in part as follows:

"It is largely due to such activities on the part of fraternities, I believe, that the half million neglected children of the country are gradually decreasing in numbers. It is from this stagnant, slowly sinking reservoir, statistics show, that 80% of the next generation's criminals will seep. We fraternalists believe, quite apart from the humanitarianism in our program of relief, that it is infinitely better to spend millions to check this flow of potential criminality at the start than to be compelled later to put the money into penal institutions."

Plans are going forward steadily on the replacement of the nurses home of the St. Louis hospital that was destroyed by the tornado of last September. It will cost \$125,000 and a school room for crippled children will be built adjoining. A statement issued by the committee said there was available \$85,000 from the bequest of Noble Sinclair, a special donation fund of \$12,000 and about \$4,000 of tornado insurance on the ruined building. So about \$25,000 is needed and an appeal approving the plans has been circulated throughout the Moolah membership by Past Potentate Wm. Walsingham, by Isaac A. Hedges and Pardon S. Kaul, hospital directors, and by the following Past Potentates: Anthony H. Wallis, Gustave W. Niemann, John A. Laird, George T. Matthews, William M. Porteous, Henry F. Niedringhaus, Alex. D. Grant, John S. Manchester, Herman Mauch, Robert L. Morton, Eugene McQuillin, Edward A. Steininger, John J. Wuertenbaeher, Craig McQuaid, Walter Wimmer, James W. Alcorn, John E. Bishop, Walter J. G. Neun, Victor H. Falkenhainer, Albert W. Gray, William J. Kennedy, [Continued on page 57]



NOBLE JOHN T. LOMAX  
Alzafar Temple  
San Antonio, Tex.

The second out-of-town Noble to be elected Potentate of Alzafar Temple in San Antonio since it was organized in 1916, Noble Lomax will endeavor to equal or excel the record breaking achievements of 1927 under Potentate S. X. Callahan. A resident of San Benito, Noble Lomax was the unanimous choice of the Nobility of Southwest

Texas.

An imposing contingent from the Gulf Coast and the Rio Grande Valley attended the installation and the grand ball given in his honor. The Nobles of the Rio Grande Valley presented to him and Mrs. Lomax a silver tea service, the presentation being made by Noble George H. Winsor. A special potentate's fez was another present, with the compliments of Noble "Bill" Abrahams, Past Potentate of LuLu Temple of Philadelphia and an honorary member of Alzafar.

Potentate Lomax's new duties will include supervision over the all-season recreational center, in the hills above Boerne, established last year. A clubhouse, dancing pavilion and fifty cottages already have been built there.

In his home town he is president of the Farmers State Guaranty Bank and of the Rio Grande Valley Gin Company.



NOBLE J. W. HOLLAND  
El Kahir Temple  
Cedar Rapids, Iowa

A Governor on the Board of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children for the Twin Cities, a member of El Kahir and honorary member of Osman in St. Paul and Zuhrah in Minneapolis, Noble John Wesley Holland has been very active in the Shrine. For nine years pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal Church of St. Paul he also has been religious

editor and contributor of "farm sermonettes" since 1921, of the Standard Farm Journals, twelve agricultural papers that give him a weekly audience of 5,000,000 readers. He is a poet of distinction.

In the hectic days of building the Panama Canal he was chaplain for a year, 1908-09, at Culebra. He is on the Board of Pensions and Relief of his denomination. Last year he was elected president of Iowa Wesleyan College, but declined.

Noble Holland was born on May 8, 1877, in Milton, Iowa, and received his A.B. in Iowa Wesleyan in 1902, later attending Drew Theological Seminary, Garret Biblical Institute and Northwestern University. He has held pastorates in Chicago, New Lenox and Aurora, Illinois, Cedar Falls, Iowa, and St. Paul.

NOBLE JOHN L. CLEM  
Almas Temple  
Washington, D. C.



In Major General John L. Clem, U. S. Army, retired, Almas has a member who has been famous for sixty-five years as "the little Drummer boy of Chickamauga," thrice wounded, and immortalized in Loring's History of the Civil War in America as "probably the youngest person who ever bore arms in battle."

At ten years of age he was a Union drummer boy, at eleven he was an infantryman, and at twelve a sergeant in Company C, 22nd Michigan Infantry.

Noble Clem, born in Newark, Ohio on August 13, 1851, tried to enlist at the age of nine, but he was so small he could go inside the drum he wanted to beat. But when the Third Ohio left Newark he stowed away on the train and later was allowed to attach himself to the Michigan outfit, and in April, 1862, although a civilian, he "beat the long roll" at Shiloh, as thus officially cited in the Grand Army Journal of April 8, 1871:

"His soldierly spirit so won the confidence and admiration of the officers of the regiment that May 1, '62, he was enlisted at Covington, Kentucky, as a drummer, but serving afterwards also as a marker. At Shiloh his drum was smashed by a piece of shell, which won the appellation of 'Johnny Shiloh' as a title of distinction for the fearless manner in which he discharged his duty at that bloody battle."

As a lad of twelve, carrying a musket especially shortened for him, Noble Clem, in the Union retreat toward Chattanooga, had a hand-to-hand brush with a Confederate colonel who cursed him and was shot down by Clem as he was about to drive his horse over the boy. Although a prisoner of the Confederates for a time, he served in seven other engagements until the end in '65.

Graduating from the Newark High School in 1870, Noble Clem became a second lieutenant of infantry in the Army in 1871, and rose steadily, frequently serving as a chief department quartermaster, and retiring in 1915. Not called to the colors in the World War because he was "too old," General Clem is still going strong at 76 and often acts as grand marshal of national parades in Washington.

Noble Clem has had many other honors, including that of Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R., and there may be more truth than poetry in the old saying that the Army picked his birthday, August 13, 1898, for the taking of Manila—and ever since August 13 has been an official holiday in the Philippines.

NOBLE EZRA W. DECOTO  
Aahmes Temple  
Oakland, Cal.



After many years of useful labor in the Shrine and other branches of Masonry Noble Ezra W. Decoto has been elected Illustrious Potentate of Aahmes, and an active year under his competent direction is expected.

He was born in Decoto, named after his father, which is in Alameda County, California. After graduating from the University of California he was appointed Graduate Manager. Subsequently he became Assistant District Attorney, and then came a promotion to the post of District Attorney, of Alameda County. He is now a member of the State Railroad Commission, an appointment received in 1925 at the hands of Noble Friend W. Richardson, then Governor of California.

Noble Decoto is Past Master of Live Oak Lodge, F. & A. M.; Past Master of Kadosh, Oakland Scottish Rite bodies; Past Grand Orator, Grand Lodge of California; served in various subordinate positions in Aahmes Temple. As an orator of ability he often appears before the brethren in lodges throughout the State.

He is Past Exalted Ruler of the Oakland Lodge of Elks, and prominent in the Native Sons of the Golden West and the Woodmen of the World.





# Shrine Directors Hold Notable Convention



WITH Mohammed Temple and the citizenry of Peoria as hosts, the tenth annual meeting of the Shrine Directors' Association on February 16th, 17th and 18th was a great success. The nobles, led by Imperial Potentate Dunbar, descended upon Peoria 1500 strong, flanked by almost as many members of their families in addition. They received an official welcome from Mayor Louis Mueller of Peoria, and found that virtually perfect arrangements for the convention and for their personal comfort and entertainment had been made by Noble Clifford Ireland, Imperial First Ceremonial Master, and by the equally hard working committeemen of Mohammed.

The entire affair was extensively featured in the local newspapers and the streets were jammed when the colorful parade was held on Friday afternoon under the able direction of Noble Stanley W. (Sugar Barrel) Brinson of Khedive Temple, Director General. The uniformed ranks of Mohammed Temple and thousands of marching nobles and many bands made a notable procession.

Noble Theodore C. Treadway of Al Amin Temple, Little Rock, Ark., was elected President, as expected, and others moved up in the customary order. Noble Asa W. Candler of Yaarab, Atlanta, is the new member of the Board of Governors. The offices were filled as follows: Theodore C. Treadway, Al Amin Temple, President; Earl N. Swan, India, First Vice-President; William I. Macdonald, Aahmes, Second Vice-Pres.; L. C. Fischer, Omar, Secy-Treas.

The following is the new Board of Governors: Asa W. Candler, Yaarab Temple; Frank C. Roundy, Medinah; George W. Adams, Abba; Stanley W. Brinson, Khedive; Edward S. Stetson, Kora; Sidney A. Gaines, Maskat; W. R. Vanderhoef, Kem.

A change of policy regarding the appointment of directors by the various Temples may result from President Treadway's inaugural address. He recommended continuity in office for directors, stressing the importance of having as few changes as possible in such an important organization. He said he noted with regret that of the 131 directors present at the meeting there were 71 changes in last year's list.

Grand Rapids, Mich., home of Saladin Temple, was selected as the next convention city. The dates will be early in March, 1929, to be announced later.

All the social diversions were carried through with éclat, led by a Ceremonial initiating 150 candidates by Mohammed Temple in the presence of 4000 nobles. Tableaux, patrol drill, sandstorm, grand entrée and introductions preceded the work of the First Section on Friday afternoon and evening. Outside the Temple there were receptions, dances, concerts, theater parties, and the showing of the hospital film.

The opening meeting was called to order by Noble Clifford Ireland, general chairman, with a program by Mohammed Chanters, Buglers and Band, and an address of welcome by Mayor Mueller of Peoria.

The meeting was then turned over to President Percy E. Hoak, who delivered his address. The roll call indicated that 135 temples were represented, including many Potentates and Records. All the Directors were permitted to explain how they handled their Ceremonials.

At 3:00 P. M. business was suspended and the President designated Noble Clifford Ireland, Imperial First Ceremonial Master, to introduce the following Imperial officers: Clarence M. Dunbar, Imperial Potentate; Frank C. Jones, Imperial Deputy Potentate; Leo V. Youngworth, Imperial Chief Rabbani; Esten A. Fletcher, Imperial Asst. Rabbani; James H. Price, Imperial Recorder; Thomas J. Houston, Imperial High Priest and Prophet; Earl C. Mills, Imperial Oriental Guide; John N. Sebrell, Imperial Second Ceremonial Master; Leonard P. Steuart, Imperial Captain of the Guard.

Also the following members of the Board of Trustees for the Hospitals: Dr. Oscar M. Lanstrum, John D. McGilvray, Arthur W. Chapman, James R. Watt.

The Imperial Potentate addressed the meeting and among other things praised the association very highly for the excellent work in perfecting the Second Session and raising it to the high plane it now enjoys.

In the session of the second day addresses of the Directors explaining their ceremonials were resumed. The secretary announced that the only Temples not members of the Association were Oriental and Aloha and that 131 Temples were represented with their Directors. The meeting was closed at noon until 9 A. M. the following day, Mohammed Temple taking charge of activities for the afternoon and night, with their Ceremonial.

At 1:30 P. M. a parade consisting of Mohammed's uniformed units, was formed, starting from the Temple and moving over the streets of Peoria in a heavy snowstorm. Imperial officers and officers of the Association followed in automobiles.

About 1500 Nobles braved the snowstorm and marched the full length of the parade.

On return to the Temple the First Section of the ceremonial was started. Twenty-three visiting Potentates first were introduced by Noble Clifford Ireland, who then presented the Imperial officers. It was said that this was the largest number of Imperial officers ever assembled at a Ceremonial of a subordinate temple.

Immediately after being introduced the Imperial Potentate played his usual cornet solo. Noble Ireland then presented the Imperial Potentate with a beautiful fur coat,

after which the Imperial Potentate addressed the nobility.

The Second Section of the Ceremonial was held at the State Armory at which some seventy odd new stunts were demonstrated by the various Directors who originated them for the benefit and enjoyment of the visiting nobility.

At the Second Section President Percy E. Hoak presented Noble Clifford Ireland with a beautiful grandfather's clock in appreciation of the splendid arrangements which had been perfected under his generalship.

On the third day all standing committees presented their reports, which were adopted. Resolution was then offered and passed unanimously praising Mohammed Temple, Noble Clifford Ireland, the publicity committee and section hands for everything they had done so well.

The election of officers followed, then the acceptance address of the new President.

Past President Frank H. Cromwell, Ararat, addressed the Directors on the subject of putting on clean, wholesome fun during the Second Section and listed the kind of stunts that were prohibited. Then in a very appropriate manner he presented Past President Percy Hoak with the Past President's jewel.

President-elect Treadway was then installed. Soon thereafter came the final proceedings and adjournment until next year, followed by the big annual banquet that evening.

These members of Mohammed were largely responsible for the great success of the convention.

General committee — Clifford Ireland, Potentate Walter G. Causey, George A. Shurtleff, Albert H. Kahler, Val Jobst, Jr., Charles S. Jones, Charles L. Venard and Thomas G. Lovelace.

Committee chairmen—Charles E. Fuls, decorations; George C. Treadway, reception; Lye W. Roszell, entertainment; Victor P. Michel, speaking; Charles S. Jones, banquet; George A. Lyons, Jr., publicity; John E. Wansbrough, armory; Charles A. Danner, commissary; Charles R. Drysdale, baggage; William E. Johnson, transportation; A. H. Kellstedt, information; Charles H. Todhunter, program; Louis J. Gauss, program; Howard C. Haungs, recorder; Charles L. Venard, ceremonial; Earl F. Greer, ceremonial; E. A. Garrett, grand marshal; Bert C. Nelson, membership; Harry B. Russ, lost and found; Glenn E. Mendenhall, insurance; Claude U. Stone, law and order; John W. Hartz, civic clubs; Dr. C. U. Collins, medical staff; C. L. Fry, Patrol captain; C. H. Dunn, Band director; J. W. Glasgow, Brass Band director; W. J. Peck, director of Trumpeters; James B. Wilton, director of Chanters; C. L. Venard, section boss.

APRIL, 1928

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# For Real Pleasure, Gene Sarazen Smokes Lucky Strikes

Brilliant golf champion finds Luckies soothing to his nerves

"When it comes to the crucial moment and your nerves must be under control, I turn to a Lucky Strike. They leave a soothing effect upon my nerves and throat. They're great, they afford a real pleasure."

*Gene Sarazen*



## The Cream of the Tobacco Crop

"Quality tells—that's why the sales of LUCKY STRIKES are growing. The best smoking tobacco on the market is bought for that purpose. I know what is in LUCKIES; I have bought tobacco for them for several years."

*Harry Grimes*  
Tobacco Buyer

# "It's toasted"

No Throat Irritation—No Cough.

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(Left to right) Imperial First Ceremonial Master Clifford Ireland, Chairman Reception Comm. Directors' Convention. Officers of Directors' Assoc. T. C. Treadway, Pres.; E. N. Swan, 1st Vice-Pres.; L. C. Fischer, Sec'y-Treas.; A. W. Candler, new member Board of Governors; W. I. Macdonald, 2nd Vice-Pres.



# Activities of the Temples, Units and Clubs



## DIRECTORY OF TEMPLES OFFICERS and REPRESENTATIVES



ⒶAAD, Duluth, Minn., David H. Clough, Potentate; Alfred H. Moe, Recorder; Representatives: Jesse Norton (Hon.), Thos. P. Bradley, J. Ray Stack, Harold A. Carmichael, David H. Clough.

ⒶAHMES, Oakland, Cal., Ezra W. Decoto, Potentate; Robert S. Abernethy, Recorder; Representatives: George S. Meredith (Perm.), Herbert W. Whitworth, Ezra W. Decoto, Franklin R. Haley.

ⒶABBA, Mobile, Ala., Wallace J. Parham, Jr., Potentate; Walter E. DeVan, Recorder; Representatives: S. B. Adams, Wallace J. Parham, Jr., Walter E. DeVan, Lester A. Goldman.

ⒶABDALLAH, Leavenworth, Kans., John McFarland, Potentate; Charles K. Haw, Recorder; Representatives: John H. Atwood (Ad Vitam), John H. McFarland, Horace T. Phinney, A. H. Strickland, John W. Farley.

ⒶABOU BEN ADHEM, Springfield, Mo., William J. Craig, Potentate; Lewis N. Cogley, Recorder; Representatives: George F. Olendorf (Perm.), Wm. J. Craig, Robert J. Mitchell, Les E. Walton.

ⒶABOU SAAD, Panama Canal Zone, Lewis Beals Bates, Potentate; Richard G. Taylor, Recorder; Representatives: Lewis Beals Bates, Richard G. Taylor, Ira M. Ingram, Gerald D. Bliss.

ⒶABU BEER, Sioux City, Iowa, Clyde G. Cummins, Potentate; Linder E. Brostrom, Recorder; Representatives: Clyde G. Cummins, Howard H. Kellogg, Fred A. Wood, Delbert C. Browning.

ⒶACCA, Richmond, Va., J. Fulmer Bright, Potentate; James H. Price, Recorder; Representatives: Preston Belvin (Emeritus), James H. Price, J. Fulmer Bright, Robt. S. Crump, E. L. McFarland.

ⒶAFIFI, Tacoma, Wash., J. O. Rummens, Potentate; Carl D. Sasher, Recorder; Representatives: E. B. King (Perm.), J. O. Rummens, W. B. Stephens, Scott Z. Henderson.

ⒶAHMED, Marquette, Mich., Robert M. Weidemann, Potentate; Fred J. Schultheis, Recorder; Representatives: Thor Orem, William J. Richards, J. Paul Bushong, Walfrid H. Larson.

ⒶAINAD, East St. Louis, Ill., Louis Chackes, Potentate; James M. Gucker, Recorder; Representatives: Louis Chackes, W. Kelo Cannady, Robert A. Robinson, Stephen P. Knowles.

ⒶAKDAR, Tulsa, Okla., Hal F. Rambo, Potentate; Charles F. Robertson, Recorder; Representatives: Hal F. Rambo, Clark Field, Harry Hudson, Samuel R. Dye.

ⒶALADDIN, Columbus, Ohio, Curtis C. Lattimer, Potentate; Wilton E. Joseph, Recorder; Representatives: Wilton E. Joseph (Emeritus), Milton A. Pixley (Perm.), James J. Thomas (Perm.), Wm. D. Murphy, Curtis C. Lattimer.

ⒶAL AMIN, Little Rock, Ark., Harry G. Galloway, Potentate; Fred J. Reuthehuber, Recorder; Representatives: Harry G. Galloway, Howard A. Tune, Judge Guy Fulk, R. H. Kaufman.

ⒶAL AZHAR, Calgary, Alberta, Edward Blake Curlette, Potentate; T. F. English, Recorder; Representatives: Walter S. Davidson, Edward Blake Curlette, Archie West.

ⒶAL BAHR, San Diego, Cal., Harry B. Coffield, Potentate; V. F. Safranek, Recorder; Representatives: Victor Wankowski, Lane D. Weber, Harry B. Coffield, James H. Peak.

ⒶAL BEDOO, Billings Mont., Frank B. Connelly, Potentate; Earl V. Cline, Recorder; Representatives: Arthur H. Brown, Frank B. Connelly, Ernest J. Jones, William H. Bunney.

ⒶALCAZAR, Montgomery, Ala., Milton B. Kirkpatrick, Potentate; Ollie C. Humphrey, Recorder; Representatives: David W. Crosland (Ad Vitam), Milton B. Kirkpatrick, Henry C. Crenshaw, C. C. Davis, V. A. Meadows.

ⒶAL CHYMIA, Memphis, Tenn., R. M. Dozier, Potentate; W. A. Woodmansee, Recorder; Representatives: Albert E. Cameron (Hon.), R. M. Dozier, E. C. Correll, E. P. MacNicol, James W. Hunt.

ⒶALEE, Savannah, Ga., John W. Blount, Potentate; R. E. Banks, Recorder; Representatives: John W. Blount, R. B. Hubert, Davis Freeman, S. B. Thompson.

ⒶALEPPO, Boston, Mass., Francis H. Appleton, Potentate; Walter W. Morrison, Recorder; Representatives: Walter W. Morrison (Perm.), Francis H. Appleton, Samuel C. L. Haskell, Fred E. Bolton.

ⒶALGERIA, Helena, Mont., Henry B. Miller, Potentate; Edgar M. Shoemaker, Recorder; Representatives: Dr. Oscar M. Lanstrum (Perm.), Edward W. Spottswood, James M. Burlingame, Henry B. Miller.

ⒶALHAMBRA, Chattanooga, Tenn., S. Russell Dow, Potentate; Dick G. Crabtree, Recorder; Representatives: A. C. Foust (Hon.), S. Russell Dow, John S. Fouché, Dick G. Crabtree, James U. Jones.

ⒶALI GHAN, Cumberland, Md., G. Guy Shoemaker, Potentate; William P. Rizer, Recorder; Representatives: G. Guy Shoemaker, Worthington P. Wachter, Harry A. Manley.

ⒶAL KADER, Portland, Ore., Hugh J. Boyd, Potentate; Harvey Beckwith, Recorder; Representatives: Hugh J. Boyd, Frank S. Grant, Charles Hall, H. D. Chambers.

ⒶAL KALY, Pueblo, Colo., T. L. Lewis, Potentate; M. R. Schwer, Recorder; Representatives: Alva B. Adams, M. R. Schwer, T. L. Lewis, Chas. E. Thomas.

ⒶAL KORAN, Cleveland, Ohio, Albert H. Fiebach, Potentate; Neville S. Harris, Recorder; Representatives: Neville S. Harris (Hon.), Albert H. Fiebach, George L. Williams, Robert A. Bishop, Frank H. Miner.

ⒶAL MALAIKAH, Los Angeles, Cal., Kenneth H. Gillette, Potentate; George J. Ramsey, Recorder; Representatives: Motley, H. Flint (Emeritus), Louis M. Cole, Sim W. Crabbill, Kenneth H. Gillette, James W. Crump.

ⒶALMAS, Washington, D. C., George B. McGinty, Potentate; F. Lawrence Walker, Recorder; Representatives: Leonard P. Steuart (At Large), George B. McGinty, F. Lawrence Walker, James C. Hoyle, Charles D. Shackelford.

ⒶAL MENAH, Nashville, Tenn., Richard R. Clark, Potentate; Lee Parrish, Recorder; Representatives: Richard R. Clark, Lee Parrish, Robert C. Derivaux, Louis L. Gamble.

ⒶALOHIA, Honolulu, Hawaii, Joseph H. Grainger, Potentate; Love M. Vetlesen, Recorder; Representatives: James S. McCandless (Ad Vitam), Guy H. Buttolph, Jos. H. Grainger, Robt. L. Lukens.

ⒶAL SIHAH, Macon, Ga., J. Lane Mullally, Potentate; Charles R. McCord, Recorder; Representatives: J. Lane Mullally, F. Joseph Bishop, Richard P. Orme, Sidney G. Simons.

ⒶALZAFAR, San Antonio, Texas, John T. Lomax, Potentate; P. D. Mathis, Recorder; Representatives: John T. Lomax, Walter C. Sparks, S. X. Callahan, Hugh R. Robertson.

ⒶANAH, Bangor, Me., Carl C. Haynes, Potentate; George B. Freeland, Recorder; Representatives: Carl C. Haynes, Samuel H. Lancaster, Frederick W. Adams, Lester S. Crane.

ⒶANEZAH, Mexico City, Mexico, Manuel M. Munoz, Potentate; Harry L. Swain, Recorder; Representatives: William L. Vail (Perm.), James N. Galbraith, Jr.

ⒶANSAR, Springfield, Ill., L. Jean Wylie, Potentate; John T. Tipton, Recorder; Representatives: Richings J. Shand (Perm.), L. Jean Wylie, Albert C. Baxter, Edward F. Irwin.

ⒶANTIOCH, Dayton, Ohio, C. Frank Schwillk, Potentate; Carl L. Tipton, Recorder; Representatives: G. C. Myers (Perm.), C. Frank Schwillk, Earl L. Reeder, Harry E. Stimmler.

ⒶARABIA, Houston, Texas, W. L. Childs, Potentate; G. E. Kepple, Recorder; Representatives: Frank C. Jones (Emeritus and at Large), D. W. Michaux, Geo. H. Pruter, W. L. Childs, Pat L. Davis.

ⒶARARAT, Kansas City, Mo., William S. Kirke, Potentate; Arthur J. Kelly, Jr., Recorder; Representatives: James E. Chandler (Ad Vitam), Wm. S. Kirke, Fred O. Wood, Thad B. Landon, John R. Dulaney.

ⒶBAGDAD, Butte, Mont., Geo. W. Dart, Potentate; John F. Lindland, Recorder; Representatives: George W. Dart, Shelby C. Sweet, Angus McLeod, Herbert W. Burton.

ⒶBALLUT ABYAD, Albuquerque, N. M., Alex I. Riedling, Potentate; Van O. Oleson, Recorder; Representatives: Alex I. Riedling, Frank C. Mason, Nelson N. Buckland, Paul R. Gantz.

ⒶBEDOON, Muskogee, Okla., James L. Powell, Potentate; N. F. Irish, Recorder; Representatives: George M. Ransom, Walter G. Gibbons, William M. Eicholtz, James L. Powell.

ⒶBEKTASH, Concord, N. H., Arthur McC. Dunstan, Potentate; Harry M. Cheney, Recorder; Representatives: Arthur McC. Dunstan, Halbert N. Bond, Ira L. Evans, James B. Ingham.

ⒶBEN ALI, Sacramento, Cal., J. F. Pullen, Potentate; William Bowden, Recorder; Representatives: F. F. Atkinson, Fontaine Johnson, J. F. Pullen, A. W. Gluckman.

ⒶBEN HUR, Austin, Texas, Morris Burns, Potentate; Joe H. Muenster, Recorder; Representatives: A. C. Ball, Morris Burns, R. B. Tyler, Joe H. Muenster.

ⒶBENI KEDEM, Charleston, W. Va., John C. Dice, Potentate; Joseph Rufner, Recorder; Representatives: John C. Dice, Seth C. Savage, Pat M. Wilson, Gory Hogg.

ⒶBOUMI, Baltimore, Md., George M. Armor, Potentate; William P. Bigelow, Recorder; Representatives: William G. Speed (Perm.), Geo. M. Armor, Robert A. Sindall, Joseph P. Wright.

ⒶCAIRO, Rutland, Vt., Norman G. Knapp, Potentate; Edward S. Curtis, Recorder; Representatives: Norman G. Knapp, Preston D. Forbush, Richard Griffith.

ⒶCALAM, Lewiston, Idaho, J. F. Atkinson, Potentate; Thomas B. Parker, Recorder; Representatives: W. E. Gragg, William Voellmeck, F. W. Atkeson.

ⒶCRESCENT, Trenton, N. J., Earl E. Jeffries, Potentate; Linford D. Closson, Recorder; Representatives: Newton A. K. Bugbee, Frederick P. Rees, Everett J. Higbee, Harry G. Hinchman.

ⒶCYPRIUS, Albany, N. Y., Nordin J. Shambrook, Potentate; George R. Hodgkins, Recorder; Representatives: Nordin J. Shambrook, James R. Watt, Frederick A. Nicholson, Robert C. B. Chase.

ⒶDAMASCUS, Rochester, N. Y., Hobart H. Todd, Potentate; Luther H. Miller, Recorder; Representatives: Esten A. Fletcher (At Large), Hobart H. Todd, Wiley H. Wilson, William J. Parker, Edward C. Widman.

ⒶEGYPT, Tampa, Fla., William R. Rowlett, Potentate; C. M. Davis, Recorder; Representatives: Harry B. Roberts (Perm.), W. M. Rowlett, E. C. Harris, B. Marion Reed.

ⒶELF KHURAFEH, Saginaw, Mich., Henry E. Feige, Potentate; William H. McBratnie, Recorder; Representatives: Henry E. Feige, Chas. T. Gilbert, Edwin C. Forrest, Fred S. Flick.

ⒶEL HASA, Ashland, Ky., George Parker-Ginn, Potentate; S. I. Yon, Recorder; Representatives: J. Tom Field, A. N. Richardson, J. W. Alexander, George P. Ginn.

ⒶEL JEBEL, Denver, Colo., George D. Begole, Potentate; Schuyler C. Peck, Recorder; Representatives: A. B. McGuffey (Ad Vitam), James C. Burger (Ad Vitam), Robert A. Kincaid (Perm.), George D. Begole, J. J. Jacobs, Edwin H. Park.

ⒶEL KAHIR, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, James E. Blake, Potentate; T. Will Runkle, Recorder; Representatives: James E. Blake, Edward N. Helm, Rudolph E. Schroeder, M. M. Thompson.

ⒶEL KALAH, Salt Lake City, Utah, James S. Hibbert, Potentate; Joseph M. Marriott, Recorder; Representatives: Fred C. Schramm (Perm.), Christian H. Fischer, Milton E. Lipman, James S. Hibbert.

ⒶEL KARUBAH, Shreveport, La., C. A. McClelland, Potentate; J. H. Rowland, Recorder; Representatives: James H. Rowland, Clarence A. McClelland, Harry S. Weston, Lee E. Thomas.

ⒶEL KATIF, Spokane, Wash., C. Clare Cater, Potentate; Jackson A. Phillips, Recorder; Representatives: C. Clare Cater, James McCluskey, C. Bert Clausin, Edward W. Robertson.

ⒶEL KORAH, Boise, Idaho, N. Eugene Brasie, Potentate; Thomas W. Simmers, Recorder; Representatives: Albert A. Jessup (Perm.), N. Eugene Brasie, W. L. Bear, Fred M. Moss.

ⒶEL MAIDA, El Paso, Texas, Scott C. White, Potentate; Harry W. Connolly, Recorder; Representatives: John M. Wyatt (Perm.), Charles H. Leavell, James A. Borders, Scott C. White.

ⒶEL MINA, Galveston, Texas, Eli H. Thornton, Potentate; Clinton M. Wolston, Recorder; Representatives: Joe Seinsheimer (Emeritus), E. H. Thornton, P. B. Doyt, W. H. Calvert, Munger T. Ball.

ⒶEL RIAD, Sioux Falls, S. D., George R. Lanning, Potentate; Edgar S. Knowles, Recorder; Representatives: Charles D. Symms (Hon.), George R. Lanning, Louis Jacobs, Arthur B. Fairbank, Geo. W. Talbott.

ⒶEL ZAGAL, Fargo, N. D., John J. Nierling, Potentate; William T. Johnston, Recorder; Representatives: Alfred G. Arvold, John J. Nierling, Howard B. Tilden, Oscar Hallenberg.

ⒶEL ZARIBAH, Phoenix, Ariz., Clifford T. Carpenter, Potentate; William Wallace, Recorder; Representatives: John J. Sweeney (Hon.), Shirley Christy, Vic Hanny, Clifford T. Carpenter, James R. Malott.

ⒶGIZEH, Victoria, B. C., David D. Munro, Potentate; Edward E. Leason, Recorder; Representatives: David D. Munro, Charles A. Welsh, Thomas W. C. Hawkins.

ⒶHADI, Evansville, Ind., Clarence H. Blemker, Potentate; Arthur W. Mann, Recorder; Representatives: William H. Hassel, Clarence H. Blemker, Robert W. Chambers, Delbert V. Blackburn.

ⒶHAMASA, Meridian, Miss., Lamar Robinson, Potentate; L. M. Cooper, Recorder; Representatives: Lamar Robinson, E. S. Taylor, E. J. Gallagher, Allan McCants.

ⒶHEJAZ, Greenville, S. C., John M. Holmes, Potentate; George T. Bryan, Recorder; Representatives: John M. Holmes, M. L. Smith, Kenneth Baker, Geo. T. Bryan.

ⒶHELLA, Dallas, Tex., J. Tom Owens, Potentate; Asher Mintz, Recorder; Representatives: Mike H. Thomas (Perm.), Sam P. Cochran (Perm.), C. W. Hobson (Hon.), J. Tom Owens, C. W. Davis.

ⒶHILLAH, Ashland, Ore., Philip K. Hammond, Potentate; William H. Day, Recorder; Representatives: Philip K. Hammond, Sam H. Baker, C. E. Cates.

ⒶINDIA, Oklahoma City, Okla., Claude M. March, Potentate; Leslie H. Swan, Recorder; Representatives: George W. Clark (Hon.), Claude M. March, James I. Phelps, Charles V. Gowing, Gus A. Paul.

ⒶJEBEL, Denver, Colo., George D. Begole, Potentate; Schuyler C. Peck, Recorder; Representatives: A. B. McGuffey (Ad Vitam), James C. Burger (Ad Vitam), Robert A. Kincaid (Perm.), George D. Begole, J. J. Jacobs, Edwin H. Park.

ⒶKAHIR, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, James E. Blake, Potentate; T. Will Runkle, Recorder; Representatives: James E. Blake, Edward N. Helm, Rudolph E. Schroeder, M. M. Thompson.

ⒶKALAH, Salt Lake City, Utah, James S. Hibbert, Potentate; Joseph M. Marriott, Recorder; Representatives: Fred C. Schramm (Perm.), Christian H. Fischer, Milton E. Lipman, James S. Hibbert.

ⒶKARUBAH, Shreveport, La., C. A. McClelland, Potentate; J. H. Rowland, Recorder; Representatives: James H. Rowland, Clarence A. McClelland, Harry S. Weston, Lee E. Thomas.

ⒶKATIF, Spokane, Wash., C. Clare Cater, Potentate; Jackson A. Phillips, Recorder; Representatives: C. Clare Cater, James McCluskey, C. Bert Clausin, Edward W. Robertson.

ⒶKORAH, Boise, Idaho, N. Eugene Brasie, Potentate; Thomas W. Simmers, Recorder; Representatives: Albert A. Jessup (Perm.), N. Eugene Brasie, W. L. Bear, Fred M. Moss.

ⒶMAIDA, El Paso, Texas, Scott C. White, Potentate; Harry W. Connolly, Recorder; Representatives: John M. Wyatt (Perm.), Charles H. Leavell, James A. Borders, Scott C. White.

ⒶMINA, Galveston, Texas, Eli H. Thornton, Potentate; Clinton M. Wolston, Recorder; Representatives: Joe Seinsheimer (Emeritus), E. H. Thornton, P. B. Doyt, W. H. Calvert, Munger T. Ball.

ⒶRIAD, Sioux Falls, S. D., George R. Lanning, Potentate; Edgar S. Knowles, Recorder; Representatives: Charles D. Symms (Hon.), George R. Lanning, Louis Jacobs, Arthur B. Fairbank, Geo. W. Talbott.

ⒶZAGAL, Fargo, N. D., John J. Nierling, Potentate; William T. Johnston, Recorder; Representatives: Alfred G. Arvold, John J. Nierling, Howard B. Tilden, Oscar Hallenberg.

ⒶZARIBAH, Phoenix, Ariz., Clifford T. Carpenter, Potentate; William Wallace, Recorder; Representatives: John J. Sweeney (Hon.), Shirley Christy, Vic Hanny, Clifford T. Carpenter, James R. Malott.

ⒶGIZEH, Victoria, B. C., David D. Munro, Potentate; Edward E. Leason, Recorder; Representatives: David D. Munro, Charles A. Welsh, Thomas W. C. Hawkins.

ⒶHADI, Evansville, Ind., Clarence H. Blemker, Potentate; Arthur W. Mann, Recorder; Representatives: William H. Hassel, Clarence H. Blemker, Robert W. Chambers, Delbert V. Blackburn.

ⒶHAMASA, Meridian, Miss., Lamar Robinson, Potentate; L. M. Cooper, Recorder; Representatives: Lamar Robinson, E. S. Taylor, E. J. Gallagher, Allan McCants.

ⒶHEJAZ, Greenville, S. C., John M. Holmes, Potentate; George T. Bryan, Recorder; Representatives: John M. Holmes, M. L. Smith, Kenneth Baker, Geo. T. Bryan.

ⒶHELLA, Dallas, Tex., J. Tom Owens, Potentate; Asher Mintz, Recorder; Representatives: Mike H. Thomas (Perm.), Sam P. Cochran (Perm.), C. W. Hobson (Hon.), J. Tom Owens, C. W. Davis.

ⒶHILLAH, Ashland, Ore., Philip K. Hammond, Potentate; William H. Day, Recorder; Representatives: Philip K. Hammond, Sam H. Baker, C. E. Cates.

ⒶINDIA, Oklahoma City, Okla., Claude M. March, Potentate; Leslie H. Swan, Recorder; Representatives: George W. Clark (Hon.), Claude M. March, James I. Phelps, Charles V. Gowing, Gus A. Paul.

ⒶJEBEL, Denver, Colo., George D. Begole, Potentate; Schuyler C. Peck, Recorder; Representatives: A. B. McGuffey (Ad Vitam), James C. Burger (Ad Vitam), Robert A. Kincaid (Perm.), George D. Begole, J. J. Jacobs, Edwin H. Park.

ⒶKAHIR, Cedar Rapids, Iowa, James E. Blake, Potentate; T. Will Runkle, Recorder; Representatives: James E. Blake, Edward N. Helm, Rudolph E. Schroeder, M. M. Thompson.

ⒶKALAH, Salt Lake City, Utah, James S. Hibbert, Potentate; Joseph M. Marriott, Recorder; Representatives: Fred C. Schramm (Perm.), Christian H. Fischer, Milton E. Lipman, James S. Hibbert.

ⒶKARUBAH, Shreveport, La., C. A. McClelland, Potentate; J. H. Rowland, Recorder; Representatives: James H. Rowland, Clarence A. McClelland, Harry S. Weston, Lee E. Thomas.

ⒶKATIF, Spokane, Wash., C. Clare Cater, Potentate; Jackson A. Phillips, Recorder; Representatives: C. Clare Cater, James McCluskey, C. Bert Clausin, Edward W. Robertson.

APRIL, 1928

45

# "If you would do a big day's work

## ...get a good night's sleep"...

says

## Clarence M. Dunbar

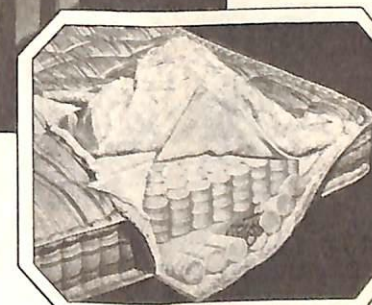


MR. CLARENCE M. DUNBAR

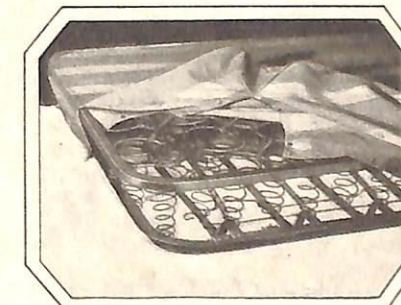
High in the civic affairs of Providence, R. I., Mr. Dunbar is also a leading manufacturer, an enthusiastic yachtsman and country club member. "Active days are built on sound sleep," he says.



Note the comfortable "looks" of the Beautyrest Mattress and Ace Spring. This restfulness isn't the result of accident—it's been painstakingly developed by the largest makers of beds, springs, mattresses in the world. Women will be interested in the tailored good looks of the Beautyrest—its non-crushable edges and the fact that beds make up to look better over it and the Ace Spring, adding immeasurably to the appearance of a room.



Simmons Beautyrest—A center of close packed, springy wire coils. Hundreds of them. Over this the thick, soft mattress layers. What could give more buoyancy!



The Simmons Ace Spring—An extra number of resilient spiral springs. The equivalent of a box-spring, yet lighter. Less in cost.

# SIMMONS

## Beds ~ Springs ~ Mattresses { BUILT FOR SLEEP }

[Continued on page 60]





## WITHIN THE SHRINE



### IMPERIAL POTENTATE'S PILGRIMAGE

THE Imperial Potentate reached Cincinnati, the home of Syrian Temple, at 10 A. M. Feb. 13th. He was met by Potentate C. H. Meeds and the Captain of Syrian's Patrol, and escorted to the Cincinnati Club, where he was joined by W. S. Sugden, Past Potentate of Osiris Temple and by Verner U. Young, Potentate of Orak Temple.

In the afternoon the Potentate of Syrian Temple, who is Commissioner of Parks of Cincinnati, conducted the party over the park systems, and the Imperial Potentate placed a wreath on the grave of Past Imperial Potentate Melish.

Dinner was served at the Cincinnati Club. In addition to those already mentioned the diners included the present divan and all past potentates of Syrian Temple.

Later in the new Masonic Temple, a reception was accorded the Imperial Potentate, who made an address and played his cornet and was presented with a beautiful Rookwood vase.

The party left Cincinnati at 10 P. M., escorted by the Potentate of Orak Temple, for Hammond, Indiana, arriving early the next morning.

There the Imperial Potentate was met by his daughter, Miss Margaret Dunbar; Dr. H. E. Sharrer, Senior Past Potentate of Orak Temple; Roy See, Chief Rabban, and several other members of Orak divan.

Breakfast was served to the party at the Northern States Life Insurance Building, attended by the divan and all past potentates of Orak Temple. The room was arranged to represent a Rhode Island Red chicken farm. Twenty-four Rhode Island Red hens gave reality to the scene. On the table was a large red Fez which, when lifted, disclosed a big Rhode Island Red rooster. In a bound book all the guests wrote a limerick for the Imperial Potentate. An informal meeting of the Temple was held at noon and a luncheon was served to the Nobility after which the Imperial Potentate addressed them, and received a gliding davenport.

Dinner was served in Gary, Indiana, and was attended by members of the divan and past potentates of Orak, and by Past Imperial Potentate Lou B. Winsor, Imperial Chief Rabban Leo V. Youngworth, Dr. Oscar M. Lanstrum of the Hospital Board, and Past Potentate Hoffman of Saladin Temple.

After dinner the party motored to Blue Island and there boarded the train for Peoria, traveling in the business car of J. E. Gorman, President of the Rock Island Railroad. Upon arrival at Peoria on the morning of the 16th the Imperial party was met by Walter G. Causey, Potentate, and all the uniformed bodies of Mohammed Temple and escorted to the Pere Marquette Hotel. An account of the visit at Peoria is contained in the Shrine Directors' Association article.

The Imperial Potentate left Peoria the afternoon of February 18, following adjournment of the Directors' Association. He and his entourage were assigned a car by the Chicago and Alton Railroad, in charge of Noble E. H. Yarke. In the party were Miss M. Dunbar, daughter of the Imperial Potentate; George H. Fox, the new Potentate of Moolah Temple, St. Louis; George Olendorf, Past Potentate of Abou Ben Adhem, Springfield, Mo.; Fred W. DeLaney, Recorder of Mahi, Miami; Dr. O. W. Burdats and Walter S. Sugden, Past Potentates of Osiris, Wheeling, W. Va.

### COMING EVENTS

April 2nd—Almas, Washington, Imperial Potentate's visit.

April 10th—Moslah, Ceremonial at Fort Worth, Texas.

April 13th—Abu-Bekr, Sioux City, entertainment.

April 19th—Hejaz, Greenville, S. C., Spring Ceremonial.

April 20th—Abu-Bekr, Sioux City, Ia., Ceremonial.

April 20th—Ainad, East St. Louis, Ill., Ceremonial.

April 21st—El Mina, Beaumont, Texas, Spring Ceremonial.

April 24th—Maskat, Wichita Falls, Texas, Ceremonial.

May 1st, 2nd and 3rd—Miami, Fla., fifty-fourth annual session of the Imperial Council.

May 15th—(tentative) Sahara, Pine Bluff, Ark., dedication of Temple and Ceremonial.

May 17th—Wahabi, Jackson, Miss., Ceremonial.

May 21st—Al Kader, Portland, Ore., Ceremonial.

May 24th—Sudan, Ceremonial at Raleigh, N. C.

May 29th—Acca., Richmond, Southside Ceremonial, Farmville, Va.

June 8th—El Zagal, Fargo, No. Dak., Ceremonial.

June 9th—Nile, Seattle, Wash., Ceremonial.

July 10th—Ismailia, Buffalo, European cruise.

August 14th—Nile, Seattle, pilgrimage to Alaska.

They were greeted in Springfield, Ill., by the Band and Patrol of Ansar Temple. Members of the reception committee were Potentate Wylie, Chief Rabban E. F. Irwin, Past Potentates R. J. Shand and Harry C. Page, all of Ansar.

The home of Abraham Lincoln was visited and then the tomb, where the Imperial Potentate placed a wreath in the name of 600,000 Shriners.

After dinner in the St. Nichols Hotel, the evening session was held in the Knights of Columbus hall. Colonel Shand introduced Nobles Dunbar, Olendorf, DeLaney, Burdats and Sugden. A mahogany electric clock was given to Potentate Dunbar. The double quartette of Ansar under Al Guest sang several selections and Noble Blight of Los Angeles showed the hospital film "An Equal Chance."

The next day the party reached St. Louis, where there was no official visitation. They were met at the station by Past Potentates George Matthews, William Walsingham and Noble Charles Kron. They saw the Lindbergh trophies at the Missouri Historical Society and in the afternoon visited the Shriners Hospital.

The Imperial Potentate was escorted from St. Louis to Springfield, Mo., on February 20th by Potentate William J. Craig and Past Potentate George F. Olendorf, of Abou Ben Adhem Temple, the latter being chairman of the committee on dispensations and charters. Members of the party included Miss Margaret Dunbar, Noble George H. Fox, Mrs. Fox and Walter S. Sugden.

They arrived at 7 A. M. and were greeted by the following reception committee: Wm. J. Craig, Potentate; Harry D. Silsby, Jr., Chief Rabban; A. E. Reynolds, Ass't Rabban; W. B. Elkins, High Priest; W. W. Shackelford, Oriental Guide; B. F. McDonald, Capt. of the Guard; L. H. Gibson, Past Potentate; Geo. F. Olendorf, Past Potentate.

They were taken by motor to George Olendorf's summer home on Lake Taneycomo,

out in the Ozark Mountains 60 miles from Springfield, where a delicious chicken dinner was served. Luncheon was followed by a bridge party for the ladies and Miss Dunbar was presented with a beautiful leather handbag.

Dinner was served at 6:30 in the Kentwood Arms Hotel for the Nobility and their wives. The following were called upon to speak: George H. Fox, Potentate of Moolah Temple, H. F. Rambo, Potentate of Akdar Temple, Chas. H. Bacher, Past Potentate of Moila Temple, the Imperial Potentate and Noble Sugden. After dinner they went to the Mosque and witnessed a drill put on by the Springfield High School Girls Drum Corps followed by a drill by the Arab Patrol. Imperial Potentate Dunbar played a cornet solo and was presented with an oriental rug by Noble Perry Allen. This was followed by a dance.

The next day the Imperial party went to Tulsa, Okla., escorted by Potentate H. F. Rambo, Recorder Charles F. Robertson, Past Potentate Samuel R. Dye and Past Potentate Harry Hudson, all Representatives of Akdar Temple to the Imperial Council. Mrs. Fox and Miss Dunbar went along.

In Tulsa they were cordially received by Past Potentate Wertzburger, Past Potentate Marion B. Flesher, Chief Rabban James T. Forster, Assistant Rabban A. D. Kneale and Noble Benjamin Mossman. The party was taken to the presidential suite at Hotel Mayo. Luncheon was served for the guests, the Divan and the Past Potentates at noon. In the afternoon the refinery of Mid-Continent Petroleum Co. was inspected. Luncheon at the Country Club, for the ladies was followed by bridge.

After dinner the party visited the Shrine Mosque where Akdar Temple Band played and Chanters rendered selections. The Imperial Potentate made an interesting talk and played the cornet. He was presented by Potentate Rambo with a Navajo rug.

The picture "King of Kings" was shown, followed by a dance.

Speakers at dinner included the Imperial Potentate, Senator James A. Reed, Potentate James L. Powell of Bedouin Temple, Past Potentate George M. Ransom, Past Potentate Jacob L. Haner, Past Potentate Russell Bebout and Noble Sugden.

At bridge Miss Margaret Dunbar was presented with a perfume set and atomizer and Mrs. Fox received a bottle of exquisite perfume.

### AKDAR, TULSA, OKLA.

On February 12th Akdar began a series of concerts by its Band and Chanters in Tulsa, free to the general public, as a signal contribution to the civic life of the city.

There are seventy-six musicians in the Band and thirty-one Chanters, both groups including some of the best talent in Tulsa and northern Oklahoma. Tony Smith and O. H. Smith are director and secretary respectively of the Band; Harry Irving Clarkson and Harold Frost of the Chanters.

In addition the usual winter social program has been arranged by the Nobility of the Oil Capital.

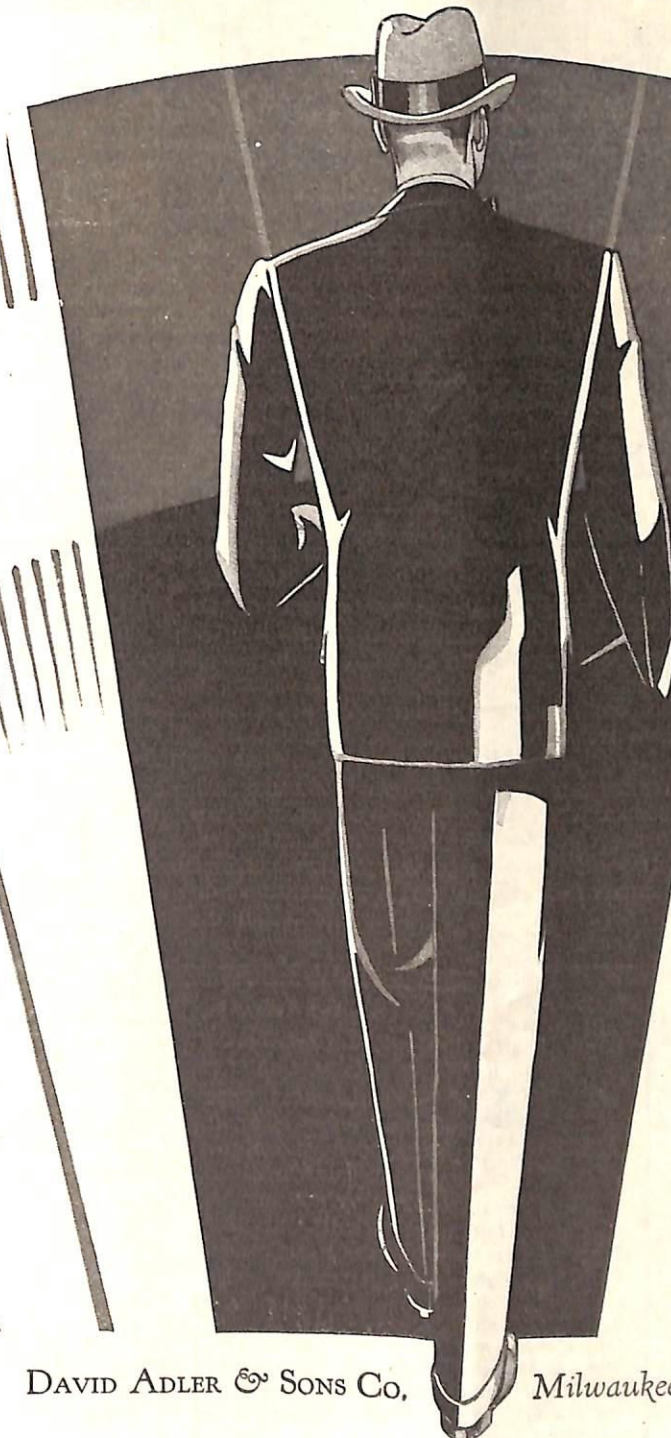
### CAL BEDOO, BILLINGS, MONT.

Al Bedoo Temple has adopted the plan of holding the annual potentate's ball in the home city of the head of the organization. So the first of that nature to be held outside of Billings was staged recently at Miles City in honor of A. J. Rowland.

It proved to be one of the chief events of the winter social season in this historic [Shrine News Continued on page 50]

## NEW BRILLIANCE IN STYLE FOR SPRING

Style shows pronounced tendencies this season. You see it in these Adler Collegians. Vivid, flashing colors on rich backgrounds—Arab Grays and Sand-dune Tans. Distinctive weaves in bold or restrained patterns. And the new Wedgeback models, broad at the shoulders, snug at the hips—in addition to smart box-coat effects. See these style achievements at your Adler Collegian dealer's.



DAVID ADLER & SONS CO.

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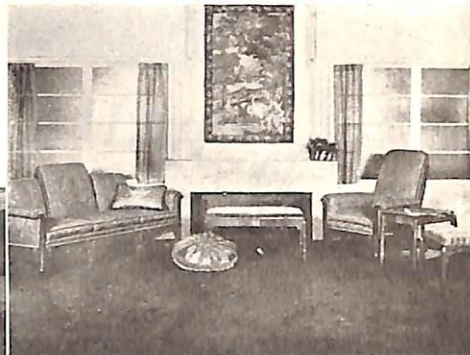




(Above) Bedrooms express intimate personality, the colorful bedspread often giving the keynote of restful charm.

## SHRINE SERVICE

Conducted by  
Mrs. Christine Frederick



(Above) Modernistic furnishing as developed by American designers satisfy by their simple honest lines and dignified usefulness.

(Left) Richness, color and warmth are given by the floor covering—the keynote of the room.

## Planning Your Spring Redecorating

The living room expresses informality and intimate family life, and particularly stresses comfort, convenience and a feeling of hominess. The ideal arrangement includes a large couch or divan, at least two easy chairs and several reading or small tables

### Let SHRINE SERVICE Help You

—In Your Household Problems—  
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—In Your Shopping

Mrs. Christine Frederick, domestic science expert, has placed her famous Experiment Station at the disposal of Shrine readers for testing household devices and food products. She has monthly articles of Special Cookery Technique, Recipe Contests, etc., and can aid you in your household problems. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

Miss Anne C. Granbeck, who conducts our Travel Bureau, invites you to write her for any information you may wish about Travel. She will do your Travel shopping (as well as select appropriate gifts for your friends who will travel), make reservations for rail and steamship tickets, hotel rooms, theater or lecture seats. Write, enclosing stamped, addressed envelope, Travel Bureau, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York.

Hundreds have received aid from our Service Departments. We want to help you, too.

FURNISHING the home is much like designing a dress—the first principle of good taste in both is suitability to the personality of the wearer. We may all rejoice today that in room-furnishings as well as in clothes-furnishings, we have left behind the over ornamentation, the gim-cracks and grill-work so characteristic of the Victorian era. Rooms and their belongings have become vastly more convenient and more livable. Many a house may have furniture "true to its period," or present a setting as beautiful as a movie backdrop—but unless there are comfortable chairs in it, no man would like to call it home.

The keynote of good taste is simplicity. That room is most tasteful which is not elaborate in anything, neither in furniture nor in fittings. Further, it should be furnished suitably to its purpose, whatever the particular family may think that purpose to be. It should always avoid the "department store" type of furnishings, satisfactory on a display floor, but much too standardized to live happily with. It should be discreet in the use of "period" furniture except in a "period" room, or preferably in an entire "period" house—nothing is worse than a Spanish hallway next the Jacobean dining-room of a Dutch Colonial house boasting an English half-timbered garage! Suites are never so satisfactory nor flexible as simpler and less formal pieces. The colors and entire decorative treatment should take the utmost advantage of light, air and space to increase the feeling of the room's serenity, spaciousness and charm.

These few general rules may be applied to any room: Light walls and woodwork (white, and tones of cream, ivory, tan, yellow, etc.) make all space appear larger; conversely, dark walls or trim increase the feeling of smallness and dinginess. Surfaces or draperies treated with vertical effect, lengthwise, increase the sense of height; those treated with a horizontal effect, crosswise, increase the sense of width (particularly true of window and drapery arrangements). Figures and pattern are suitable only on large spaces or they will dwarf and kill whatever they are used against. Thus, if the walls be plain in tone, the drapes and matching tapestries may be figured; but if the walls carry a pattern, then the drapes, pillows, etc., must be developed in a single or plain tone.

Briefly, what can we say are the chief characteristics of each room in the house? The hall should be so treated as to give an impression of welcome and hospitality, together with dignity. Its needs are few—a table of the console type, a chair or bench, a mirror—these may be all. No floor covering, or only such as can be often and easily cleaned. The coat-closet or chest has long replaced the unsightly "rack" and overflowing umbrella stand. The more cheer and light in it the better, even if this must be simulated by gay paper and artificial lighting.

with their accompanying grouped chairs and separate lamps. That is, the best plan "breaks up the room" into separate but self-contained units so that several persons may be comfortable and busy without being forced to join a general group. Nothing is more trying than the arrangement which forces all persons to face each other and share the light of a central chandelier! These grouped furnishings should be located near the window, before the fire, near a bookcase, writing desk or the piano—wherever an occupation or a definite need presents itself.

In the smaller home it is now popular to replace the large and separate dining-room either with a small cheery breakfast-room, or a form of dining alcove in the living-room. Sensible plan when we consider that any dining-room is used barely three hours every day! In any case, the eating space should be treated to obtain sunshine, charm, color with the least possible furniture necessary to serve meals conveniently. Few pieces, but those of the right and interesting kind, is good advice which may be realized in peasant pieces, in a refectory table, in cottage furniture and accompanying primitive and colorful hangings and china. Green, blue, black-and-white with red or yellow plans have been utilized with delightful results.

Every man should insist on his "rights" by having a room devoted to his special use by whatever name—study, den or library—it may be called. Here masculine desire for comfort, solidity and absence of frills, should be gratified to the utmost. The writer recalls the opinion of a famous English Lord with whom she at one time was associated on a lecture trip, who, when asked to state his definition of "a comfortable room" replied emphatically, "it's a room where a man isn't afraid to lie down with his boots on the pillows." This ideal of probably all he-men including the boys of the household can be met in chairs, desk, table of plain simple construction with sober furnishings of great wearability.

The bedroom gives the most chance for intimate individuality. Here may be placed the photographs and personal possessions which are always undignified in the main rooms of the house. In present bedrooms there is a reaction against "sets" for we are fortunately expressing our personal and less mechanical tastes. Avoid the monotony of a hotel bedroom, no matter how comfortable! Plenty of window and air space, a sufficient wall space for the location of the beds without draught, closets instead of spacetaking bulky separate pieces, mirrors divorced from their dressers, convenient and

[Continued on page 51]

## Office heat... chilly street... sore throat!

From over-heated offices into chilly streets... out in the cold waiting for transportation... into germ laden cars crowded with coughers... is it any wonder thousands are laid up with colds or sore throats—or worse?

Don't be one of them. After exposure of this kind, gargle with Listerine when you get home.

Better yet, use it systematically night and morning during nasty weather. It may be the means of sparing you a long, painful and costly siege of illness. Many a cold weather complaint has been checked by Listerine before it had a chance to become serious.

Being antiseptic, it immediately attacks the countless disease-producing germs that

lodge in mouth, nose and throat.

Again, we counsel you for your own protection to use this safe antiseptic twice a day, at least, during inclement weather. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

## Gargle when you get home



In the THROAT  
and nose more  
than  
50 diseases

have their beginning or development. Some of mild character, yield to an antiseptic. Others, more serious, do not. At the first sign of an irritated throat, gargle frequently with Listerine, and if no improvement is shown, consult a physician.

Watch your  
throat!

ITS NAME ALONE.  
The name Listerine  
Tooth Paste is a guarantee that it is the best  
paste that scientific  
knowledge could achieve.  
Large tube—25c

# LISTERINE

-the safe antiseptic





## WITHIN THE SHRINE



### SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 46]

old town. The attendance was exceptionally large and the decorations unusual. Visitors from all parts of the jurisdiction attended and all were unanimous in reporting a splendid evening's entertainment.

#### CALEE, SAVANNAH, GA.

One of the most prosperous years in the history of Alea Temple was reported at the recent annual meeting. John W. Blount, general passenger agent of the Central of Georgia system of railways, who served as Potentate in 1927, was unanimously re-elected, together with his entire divan.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of the marriage of the Potentate was recently celebrated, and at a dinner dance given in honor of the Divan, Patrol and Chanters by Alea Temple Band, the Potentate and Mrs. Blount were presented with a set of silver goblets as a token of esteem.

The ceremonial session on March 19th was attended by the Imperial Potentate.

A large delegation from Alea Temple will attend the Imperial Council session at Miami in May, including the Band, Patrol and Chanters, a trip to Cuba being included in the itinerary.

#### CAL KADER, PORTLAND, ORE.

Arab Patrol of Al Kader held the annual banquet and business meeting at the Benson Hotel, January 28th. This meeting was also the occasion for the celebration of the Patrol's twentieth birthday. Noble J. G. Mack and Noble D. G. Tomasini, founders of the Patrol, were honor guests. Captain Wm. Davis presided. These Nobles told many interesting stories of the early life of Al Kader Patrol.

Al Kader Chanters held their annual formal dance in the new Masonic Temple Building, Shrine Ball Room, on February 18th.

#### CALZAFAR, SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

When Noble John T. Lomax journeyed from San Benito to San Antonio to be installed as Potentate of Alzafar he was escorted by a considerable retinue that included the four "Mopac Melody Makers." This quartette is composed of engineers employed by the Missouri Pacific Railroad, with whom Potentate Lomax is connected as treasurer of one of its branch lines. The "Mopacs" made a great hit.

#### CAL KORAN, CLEVELAND, OHIO

One of the most popular events on the entertainment program of Al Koran Shrine is the series of boxing bouts every year. They are under the direction of Noble C. C. Hollister and are so popular that the Masonic auditorium is always filled to capacity and standing room. C. Sam Dreyer, chairman of the entertainment committee for this year, is planning a number of very unusual features, one of which will be a special show to be held from April 21st to 26th.

Past Potentate Guy W. Galbraith, commander in chief of the Temple working bodies, is organizing Al Koran's Legion of Honor, composed entirely of ex-service men. The first appearance of this new unit will be at the next Ceremonial and it is expected to be one of the real leading organizations in Al Koran Temple. Ansel Beckwith, formerly of Damascus Temple, is Adjutant.

Nobles of this temple visited Syria Temple in Pittsburgh in force to celebrate their Ceremonial on Feb. 22nd.

The special caravan consisted of Albert H. Fiebach, Potentate; George L. Williams, Chief Rabban; Charles F. Siegrist, Assistant

Rabban; Russell Keigh, High Priest and Prophet; N. S. Harris, Recorder; Past Potentates, Guy W. Galbraith, Robert A. Bishop, J. Barker Smith and Frank H. Miner; Dr. E. R. Edson, chairman, sunshine committee; C. Sam Dreyer, chairman, entertainment committee; Walter Logan, musical director; Fred A. Dixon, band director; Walter Easton, captain of patrol; Charles H. Hill, chorus director; C. C. Hollister, William Downie, Walter Steinbrenner, and other Nobles of Al Koran.

#### CARABIA, HOUSTON, TEXAS

Among the outstanding recent events in Arabia Temple was a concert broadcast from KPRC, over the Magnolene chain in Texas, complimentary to the Shriners of the entire State. The Arabia Temple orchestra and mixed quartette, as well as its Singing Potentate, Noble W. L. Childs, were featured on the program, which was well received. Recorder Kepple was the announcer.

At a recent meeting of the Temple, attended by nearly 500 members, favorable action was taken on a proposition to purchase for \$240,000 a three-story building in the downtown section of the city for use of the temple. A block of ground previously purchased for a temple site will be held until that future time when an elaborate mosque will be built.

The Arabia Patrol put on a gridiron dinner in connection with its annual meeting at the Warwick Hotel that made more than one officer of the Temple squirm in his seat until he was convinced that what seemed to be a real broadcast of the events of the evening was only a frameup.

Following the election of new officers in Arabia Temple an inaugural ball was given at the city auditorium attended by more than three thousand members and their families. It proved one of the distinctive social events of the season.

On Washington's birthday Arabia Temple held its annual charity ball. Approximately \$15,000 was raised to continue the Temple's activity in the interest of crippled children.

Arabia Temple has plans well under way for the trip to Miami for the Imperial Council session. A special train has been engaged for the trip and on it the uniformed bodies will escort Imperial Deputy Potentate Frank C. Jones.

#### BENI-KEDEM, CHARLESTON, W. VA.

Beni-Kedem's Patrol took a rest after a strenuous year of drilling practice and participation in the three ceremonials of last year and the Imperial Council meeting in Atlantic City. Soon after the New Year the routine was resumed and drill is held regularly every Thursday evening. A specialty of this outfit is its silent drill, which by its excellence pleases the Nobility mightily. The captain is Noble H. L. Min-



President and Secretary, of the Porto Rico Shrine Club, San Juan. Bert E. Stevenson and H. L. Talbot

sker, with D. H. Gates as president. Other officers are: Fred N. Moore, vice-president; Fritz M. Ulsamer, secretary-treasurer; E. A. Fruth, first lieutenant; R. E. Whitteker, second lieutenant; E. L. Ballard, property man. There are thirty-two enrolled members and eleven substitutes.

The Patrol works hand in hand with the splendid band of sixty-eight pieces, of which A. R. Comrey is president and George H. Crumb is director. R. F. Jacquet is vice-president and Jesse A. Gates is secretary-treasurer. Noble Robert Williamson, Jr., chairman of the publicity and publication committee, has suggested in "Sons of the Desert" that an honor roll be set up for "those who have served and worked so faithfully for ten years or more on the patrol or band."

The "Sons of the Desert" is published bi-monthly by the Temple and ably edited by Noble Williamson. It is the kind of fraternal organ that members read "from cover to cover." Nobles in distant states often write in to express their appreciation. One says: "I think the 'Sons of the Desert' is a fine thing as it keeps us Nobles who live so far away in touch with dear old Beni-Kedem."

There is quite a movement among the members for a new Temple building. The strength is nearly 6,000 and the advocates of the plan consider the time propitious for getting some money together and laying the cornerstone this year. "The inspiration which hatched Shrinedom to a star," says Noble A. L. Comrey, "a beautifully brilliant star, which permits us to share in its radiance and glory, will continue to shine on undimmed through the years if we will build our Home as a Shrine for it."

Beni-Kedem is also considering a hospital project and Nobles C. F. Armitage, H. M. Anderson and John C. Dice will report on the proposal to take over a children's hospital in Huntington, W. Va., now being maintained by public subscriptions. The trustees have offered to turn over the institution and its assets of \$26,000 on a five-year lease. It is estimated that the annual upkeep would be \$50,000. The Huntington Community Chest has pledged \$10,000 a year and if the State Legislature appropriates an equal amount, as anticipated, Beni-Kedem would have to raise only \$30,000 a year for the good cause. There is no Shrine hospital in West Virginia.

Assistant Secretary Alfred Francis has reported to the membership that the Beni-Kedem Benefit Association has paid out \$537,424 for 157 death benefits in five years and seven months, plus more than \$500,000 paid to widows and orphans. In 1927 there were thirty-six deaths, the cost per member for the year being \$39.60. A reserve fund of \$72,000 is invested in government bonds. Membership in the Association is limited to Beni-Kedem members. The initiation fee is \$5 and thereafter \$1.10 for each death. In order to keep down administration expenses \$11.00 for ten assessments are collected in advance. When a Noble dimits or otherwise loses his status he is automatically out of the Association and his beneficiaries have no benefit therein.

#### BOUMI, BALTIMORE

Boumi has chartered the steamship Fairfax, the largest and best in the fleet of the Merchants & Miners Transportation Co., to make the pilgrimage to Miami in May.

All the officers and the uniform units, as well as relatives, will live comfortably aboard the vessel throughout the sojourn in Miami.

The Fairfax will sail from Baltimore on

[Shrine News Continued on page 52]

### PLANNING YOUR SPRING REDECORATING

[Continued from page 48]

practical lighting, are some of the points which make for sanitary restful sleeping rooms.

Rugs and floor coverings give the keynote of the room. No matter what the style or architecture of the room, one may today have a floor covering to harmonize and be in key with the decorative treatment. Richness, color, warmth, beauty are given in the floor covering which also "ties" the room together and establishes the frame or background for furniture and furnishings.

Curtains are necessary only for privacy; in the suburban house they should be limited to side drapes only, leaving the inner or "glass curtains" to the city window which must be protected from inquiring passers-by. Much of the charm of the curtain and its balanced hanging depends on using the right rod or support, and having that in itself an artistic detail. As summer approaches, slip-covers on velvet and plush furniture is not only serviceable, but extremely decorative, especially when developed in glazed chintz, cretonne, etc.

Modernistic furniture, originated by artistic groups in France, is gaining in popularity here because it so well expresses our present desire for what is sturdy in form, simple in line, and above all, practical. The proportions and simplicity of all these modern pieces delight the eye, and are so comfortable, so honest, and above all so colorful, that it is to be hoped they will prove the nucleus of an entirely new era in our furnishings. What 1928 housewife needs to live with "reproductions" of an interior expressing the Pilgrim Mother? Or why should we attempt a Spanish patio in the cramped space of a 10 x 12 apartment? Today our living space is at a premium, we have less available domestic service than ever in home history. Why, then, should we mistakenly crowd our floor area and increase housekeeping labor by furnishings which are as out of key with modern life as the trailing skirt or the hampering costume of the crinoline?

Have you some special furnishing or decorating problem? Do you wish suggestions for doing over your present rooms, or selecting new furniture, rugs or draperies? Any question, from cellar to attic, where to buy, what to choose, will be promptly answered if you address your inquiry to:

SHRINE FURNISHING SERVICE  
THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

### JAZZLAND [Continued from page 33]

She didn't like the way his sharp eyes took her in. He opened his door and rested a well-shod foot on the running board. She was listening for that husky, high voice; bracing her nerves.

"You're off your way." He stepped down, with an impudent grin, and rested his arms in her opened window. More and more keenly those impudent eyes were measuring her. But it was the voice.

He continued—grinning as his eyes searched her face—"The best thing for you to do is to go back to Ackland Center and take the Natick road."

"Do I go through Natick?"  
"Oh, sure! Turn left there for South Natick. When you get there, go straight" (the word straight was pronounced nearly strade) "through, down the hill and over the bridge. Take the first road beyond the

[Continued on page 53]

# Performance is the Supreme Test!

MILLIONS of tire miles on Silvertowns have proved these facts regarding Goodrich construction:

First, the hinge-center tread eliminates uneven, wasteful tread wear.

Second, the rubber-ized cords of maximum strength and equal stretch reduce fabric

breaks and bruises to a minimum.

Third, the Goodrich Water Cure results in a uniform toughening of the rubber, which has set new mileage standards.

Goodrich dealers, everywhere, are ready to equip you with Silvertowns. Make performance the supreme test!

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY Established 1870 Akron, Ohio  
Pacific-Goodrich Rubber Company, Los Angeles, California  
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Kitchener, Ont.

# Goodrich Silvertowns

"BEST IN THE LONG RUN"



Listen in every Wednesday night, Goodrich Radio Hour 9:30 P. M. Eastern Standard Time, over WEA and the Red Network.



## WITHIN THE SHRINE

### SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 50]

the morning of April 27th. The Boumi delegation will be so large that all can not go by water. For them Pullman cars will be especially chartered on the railroad.

#### DAMASCUS, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Damascus bal masque on February 9th was called "the biggest affair of the kind held between New York and Chicago." It was under the chairmanship of Noble Esten A. Fletcher, who won warm plaudits for his splendid work. The affair was staged in the State armory, with an attendance of thousands, including galleries packed with spectators.

Damascus Temple Band and 25 youthful De Molays gave a concert from 8 to 9 P. M. and when the grand march started there were 10,000 people in the big drill hall. Needless to say, Shrine's green, yellow and red dominated the decorative scheme, despite the riot of color provided by the costumes of the dancers. The Damascus Patrol, Legion of Honor, and Chanters joined the bands in the procession.

#### EL KATIF, SPOKANE, WASH.

Last year El Katif made the experiment of giving an entertainment jointly with the Spokane Lodge of Elks. This so intrigued both bodies and the general public that it was hailed as the forerunner of similar exploits every year. Accordingly, committees have been appointed to pull off the next show on March 28th, in the Masonic Temple auditorium. Announcement to this effect has been made by Noble James McCluskey, together with Nave Lein, who represents the B.P.O.E.

Jay Kalez will write the playlet and only Shriners and Elks will be in the cast. The concert portions of the program will be presented by the combined Shrine and Elks Bands. The committee in charge for the Elks includes Cliff MacDonald, W. A. Davis, Art Shea, Jay Kalez, Charles Sheely and Jake Hill. Representing the Shrine are Dr. T. L. Burger, R. E. Perry, Herb Bailey, Dr. Rex Jeffords, W. J. Hallway and Harry Wiedeman.

#### EGYPT, TAMPA, FLA.

Egypt recently put a class of novices through their paces. They made the rough trip cheerfully, faithfully observing all instructions. But after successfully "crossing the hot sands" the new Nobles found another duty awaiting them—that of participating in the Shrine parade on Shriners day of the South Florida Fair.

This they also negotiated in an acceptable manner, thus winning the boon of turning from labor to refreshment.

#### HELLA, DALLAS, TEXAS

J. Tow Owens, prominent Dallas lumberman, is Hella's new Potentate. Among his appointments was the naming of an advisory board, headed by Noble Sam P. Cochran, Sovereign Grand Inspector General of the Southern Jurisdiction of the Scottish Rite for the State of Texas.

Its personnel is made up of prominent Past Potentates of Hella Temple, several of whom have moved from Dallas.

The committees appointed by the new Potentate are not to be mere figure heads. Already the bodies have begun functioning. Enthusiastic meetings of the entertainment committee, the reception body and that in charge of ushers and parades already have been held.

The entertainment committee, headed by Past Potentate John L. DeGrazier, has been divided into subcommittees, each with a special duty to perform. Entertainment features will be furnished for each stated monthly meeting, as well as for special occasions, such as the Imperial visit, semi-annual ceremonial sessions, and monthly affairs de luxe.

Hella will send a strong representation to the Miami Imperial session May 1-4, traveling aboard a special train which will leave Dallas April 27th, and return home on May 7th. The Hella Patrol, the drum and bugle corps and the famous Hella quartette will be among the uniformed bodies. Captain Weldon L. Moore will head the patrol, Captain Joe Ray, the drum and bugle corps and Walter Emerson the quartette, members of which will act as color bearers. William R. Ellis is major in command of all the uniformed bodies, Fred McJunkin, six feet two, will be drum major.

#### ISLAM, SAN FRANCISCO

Winter sports are a big factor in the pleasures of Islam Nobles and their families, competing with the usual program of dinners, dances, concerts and vaudeville entertainments. They always have an annual outing on the snowy hills of the Sierras, and this year they went to Tahoe Tavern, making up a party of 100 excursionists. They chartered a special train on the Southern Pacific.

They indulged in ice skating, skiing, dog sled races, tobogganing and a tug-of-war in a snow drift. Potentate Phil Erbes was in command, with Mrs. Erbes as director of entertainment. At Tahoe they found a large bevy of Mills College girls, which certainly did not mar the party for the Nobles, as the fair students joined the fun making.

#### ISMAILIA, BUFFALO, N. Y.

Fully 1500 Nobles and their ladies attended the grand ball in honor of the new Illustrious Potentate, Judge George H. Rowe. It was a social event of distinction. Harp and violin duets were musical attractions.

Ismailia's Follies were staged this year in the auditorium of the Buffalo Consistory on March 12th, 13th, 14th and 15th. "Bigger and better than ever" was the motto of the Nobles in charge.

#### JERUSALEM, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Jerusalem's Shrine Band broadcast over WSMB from 8:30 to 10:30 on the night of February 29th, in response to a popular demand. This concert has become a monthly attraction in New Orleans, and in many other

places, judging from the complimentary letters received by Noble McAfee, the director. Hereafter the dates of this concert program will be announced as far in advance as possible in THE SHRINE MAGAZINE.

On February 6th Jerusalem was host to the Grand Lodge officers of Louisiana, an annual affair. The Masonic leaders of the State were present at the banquet of 500 covers.

The annual carnival ball, with 1500 revelers, was held on February 10th, in keeping with the traditional New Orleans festive spirit.

The Imperial Potentate paid the Nobility an official visit on March 3rd, for which local preparations had been made well in advance by Potentate Ernest E. Sykes, Rabban Fred Perkins, Recorder Frank J. Herman and others in the Divan. Everything went off smoothly. The attendance was very large and the distinguished visitor's address was enthusiastically received.

#### KAABA, DAVENPORT, IOWA

On Jan. 26th Kaaba Temple held one of the most successful dinner dances in the history of the Temple. The affair was at the Outing Club and it was entirely filled to capacity. The soft glow from many candle lights, mingled with hundreds of spring flowers and the Shrine colors displayed profusely made a typical Shrine atmosphere. These dinner dances will be held monthly hereafter.

Kaaba Nobles are preparing for the biggest event in their history, the 50th anniversary, to be held this fall. The program will be published later. Kaaba was the first Temple west of Cincinnati to be granted a charter, ranking as number eleven.

Art Peirce, the new Recorder, will make several trips through the territory before the big event, and the result should be several hundred novices crossing the "hot sands" on the Golden Jubilee of Kaaba.

#### KAREM, WACO, TEXAS

Karem was well represented at the Shrine Directors' Association meeting in Peoria by Nobles Lee Dewey, Fred L. Booth and Claud Doyle. Upon their return to Waco they reported that the meeting was a big success.

The Karem offering was the billboard stunt, especially designed by these three Nobles and notable in that it doesn't require any electricity. The billboard stunt "went over big" and the Karem Nobles believe it would have taken the first prize if the Association continued to give prizes for best stunts.

At the Mobile meeting they introduced the Dancing Girl Stunt and received first prize. Noble Dewey and his staff have announced that they will have several new and attractive stunts in the initiation in Karem Temple on April 20.

On March 8 the Karem Band and Patrol entertained in the new City Hall of Mexia, Texas, the proceeds going for charity.

The Mexia Shrine Club is one of the most active in the South and during 1927 they spent approximately \$1,000 to help the underprivileged children and poor families in and around Mexia. The plan is to do still more during 1928 and at a meeting held in January the Mexia Shrine Club decided to hold semi-monthly luncheon meetings for the purpose of keeping the Nobility in touch with local affairs and keeping up interest for the benefit of local Shriners.

They expect to attend the Karem cornerstone laying ceremonial on April 20 and

[Shrine News Continued on page 54]

### JAZZLAND [Continued from page 51]

bridge, and keep right. That'll take you through the woods, three or four miles, into Medfield. Turn right" (he said ride) "there, cross the tracks, and you're on the Walpole road."

A car pulled up behind them, and a door opened quickly. He turned and scowled. He was tugging at something in the side pocket of his coat. And swearing. A voice—Wilbraham's—cried, "Drop that!" A throbbing roar, somewhere behind, suggested motorcycles. There was an explosion, right beside her, and the acrid smell of powder. Her nerves, tense up to now, went suddenly limp. She covered her eyes.

Wilbraham appeared at her elbow. "How are you now, Miss Bagot?" he asked quietly. She stared at him. His clothing was rumpled, his hair mussed. He was dusting off his cap on his sleeve. She saw blood on the sleeve, and a hole. "Oh!" she cried. "He shot you!"

Wilbraham said again, "It doesn't amount to anything. I'm going to drive you in. As far as the town hall. Perhaps you'll be able to go on alone from there."

She became aware now of a crowd about them. Many cars had stopped. The highway was blocked. Passively she moved over and let him in behind the wheel.

"I want to congratulate you, Miss Bagot," he said, as the car threaded rapidly through the traffic. "You've done a beautiful job. Beautiful. We'll have this whole gang rounded up within another hour or so. But how did you ever find this man?"

"He was telephoning at the station. I was in another booth, and heard his voice." She stopped short. Her brain was clearing, nervously, quickly. A plan was shaping. She told him nothing more.

The police station and jail were in an ell at the rear of the Town Hall. Wilbraham drove in before the square old brick structure at the corner of the green. Stella's gaze strayed to the high front steps of the building. And there she saw Martha and Kitty Pew. They were sitting on the store rail. Waiting for something.

"Do go right along," said Stella. "I'm perfectly able to take care of myself. But you must see a doctor. Your arm is bleeding."

"Oh, yes," Wilbraham said. "I'll have it seen to."

The clock in the Unitarian steeple struck seven, slowly. Except for this gentle sound and for the tireless traffic the quiet of a Sabbath evening had settled on the village. Wilbraham left her and walked rapidly around the building. Stella sat a moment longer in the car. Those two girls hadn't seen her yet. It was rather an odd place for them to be.

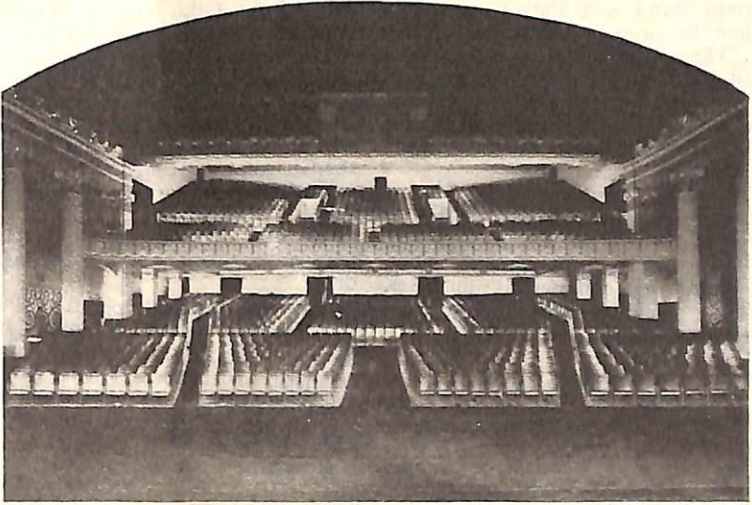
She walked up the steps. Now the girls saw her. Kitty got quickly to her feet. Then, more deliberately, Martha. They looked at each other, confusedly. Martha said—"We want to see that man."

Kitty hadn't spoken, but now she went down the steps and walked around the building. Martha hurried after. So Stella followed. A word from Wilbraham was enough. They were escorted into the police station. The man sat huddled uncomfortably in a chair, nursing an egg-size bump on his forehead. The two girls stood before him. Kitty turned to Martha and nodded excitedly. Wilbraham spoke in a low voice to the local chief, and two policemen lugged the man out. Wilbraham stood a moment, thinking. Then, courteously, he asked the three young women to step across the hall with him to a dingy sort of waiting room.

He closed the door. "I'm going to ask you,"—he addressed the two girls—"to tell me anything you may have to say. But tell nobody else."

[Continued on page 55]

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## WITHIN THE SHRINE



### SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 52]

hope to have a larger attendance than any other city in Central Texas. The president of the Mexia Shrine Club is E. N. Wilson and Sam B. Werner is secretary.

The contract for this building was let in January.

The M. W. Grand Lodge of Texas will officiate at this celebration and Karem plans to make this the most interesting ceremonial and program since its charter was granted in 1919.

The Karem Band and Patrol are working overtime to prepare their part of the program. The cornerstone laying celebration will be the first order of business, followed by a street parade, then the Ceremonial, a banquet, an entertainment and dance. All will be staged at the Cotton Palace Coliseum.

The new Shrine Temple will be the result of several years of careful study. It will be used exclusively as a Club building, with the exception of the ground floor, which will be for commercial purposes. The building when completed and furnished, including the ground, will have a valuation of approximately \$350,000.

The most interesting feature about it is that the Karem Temple membership will not be assessed for any portion of the cost of this magnificent Temple. It will all be paid for out of the savings of the Temple and from revenue from the Temple and savings out of dues and fees.

### LULU, PHILADELPHIA

The fourteenth anniversary dinner and dance of the LuLu Temple Mounted Guard was held in the ball room of the Benjamin Franklin Hotel on January 27th. Putting it mildly, it was a gala affair. Above the speaker's table a huge electric sign in shrine colors was placed. This, with the floral decorations, made a very pretty picture.

Most of the active members of the Guard were present, as well as the Divan of LuLu Temple with the exception of Potentate William J. Highfield. The members of the Divan were the guests of the evening.

Dr. E. M. Bartlett, ex-captain of the Guard, was toastmaster and he was as much at home in this station as he is in the saddle. The speakers of the evening were Noble Walter F. Fancourt, Jr., Chief Rabban; Noble William W. McKim, Assistant Rabban; William Heim, High Priest and Prophet; President George F. Young; Dr. William M. Kennedy, Chairman of the Entertainment Committee; and Captain Charles L. Buehler, the new captain of the Mounted Guard. Each one had a message and brought it across with a punch.

Before the dinner and through the courses there were vocal selections by Dr. J. Marvin Hanna and his quartette, also special entertainers. These selections, together with the novelties, were all very much appreciated and filled in well with the rest of the program.

Souvenirs and prizes, as has been the custom, were much in evidence. Dr. Bartlett was the recipient of a handsome banjo clock in recognition of his services as captain for many years.

These Nobles were on the entertainment committee: Dr. William M. Kennedy, chairman, Dr. William H. Ivens, L. Brooke Anderson, Jos. H. A. Decatur, James Warnock, Joseph J. Matz, and William J. Hutton. They worked hard and their efforts bore fruit.

LuLu Mounted Guard was organized on April 14th, 1914 by Past Imperial Potentate W. Freeland Kendrick. It was at that time the first Mounted Guard in Shrinedom.

It was started with forty-seven charter members; seventeen of the original members

are on the roll now. Present membership is eighty-seven. Fifty-four of these are supplied and equipped with five complete uniforms of different styles.

The Guard also owns fifty saddles, bridles, housings, etc., which equipment was financed by the Guard without any aid from the Temple. Recently this equipment, valued in excess of \$10,000 was given to LuLu Temple.

Noble W. Freeland Kendrick was also the first president and through his entire term was active in the Guard. In those days the Potentate of LuLu Temple was also President of the LuLu Temple Mounted Guard. This was later changed and since that time Noble George F. Young has been president. Noble James Robinson was the first captain. Noble Louis G. Groh came next, then Noble Edward M. Bartlett, who only recently gave way to Noble Charles L. Buehler, Captain of the Guard at this time.

The Guard has appeared at numerous Imperial Council Sessions and other Shrine functions; also at horse shows, where at least once a year it takes part in an exhibition drill.

As to the coming Imperial Council Session at Miami, the Guard is looking forward to it with a great deal of pleasure, having had arrangements under way since last fall.

The Guard drills during the fall and winter twice a month. Many of the members own their own horses.

Among the membership are four Potentates: W. Freeland Kendrick, Past Imperial Potentate, Ex-Mayor of Philadelphia; Charles S. Bair, Past Potentate; Albert H. Ladner, Jr., Past Potentate; William J. Highfield, Illustrious Potentate.

### MOROCCO, JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

The Temple held a Ceremonial in Marianna on March 28th which was unique because there were real live wild animals in the work of the Second Section. The affair was staged in the tent of the Haag circus, owned by Noble Harry Haag, who trained a wild animal patrol especially for the occasion.

The customary parade, barbecue and dance, under the auspices of the Satsuma Shrine Club, A. Korst, director, completed the day's program.

### MOUNT SINAI, MONTPELIER, VT.

Diligent search by the Nobility of Mount Sinai for the Temple property lost in the disastrous flood of last November has been without avail. Noble Orville N. Kew, First Ceremonial Master, reports that only one trunk was found, containing patrol flags. It was dug out of the debris on State street near the Rialto bridge. Otherwise, all the Temple paraphernalia was lost, including patrol uniforms and officers' robes.

At the point where the trunk was found some of the wreckage had been carried six miles.

The loss to this staunch little city of 8,000 persons was \$3,200,000. But there must be a lot of Shrine spirit throughout the community, judging by this statement of D. B. E. Kent, sent to The Shrine Magazine by Noble Kew:

"It was a bad Saturday, that November 5th and we were shut off from all the world. Were the streets of Montpelier filled with wailing men and women bemoaning their fate? They were not. Montpelier people were not constructed that way. The sun was not two hours high in the heavens before all our folks were digging out."

In all the town only two stores carried flood insurance, and the per capita loss if a flood should hit New York City in the same degree would be about two billion four hundred million dollars.

### OASIS, CHARLOTTE, N. C.

The uniformed bodies of Oasis Temple recently gave Potentate R. E. Simpson a motor car. Noble Simpson lives in Cincinnati. The ceremony took place at the home of Noble Lee A. Folger, Chief Rabban, in Charlotte.

A special ceremonial of Oasis Temple was ordered by Potentate Simpson after Imperial Potentate Clarence M. Dunbar announced March 21st as the date for his official visit to this temple. The Potentate announced the ceremonial, business meeting and a ball as the principal events on the one-day program of the occasion, one to which much interest on the part of the Nobility was attracted.

Potentate Simpson has inaugurated a movement intended to bring the members widely scattered throughout the jurisdiction of Oasis Temple into closer fellowship, with a consequent anticipated great increase in interest in the affairs of the Mystic Shrine. This movement, which has won the full commendation of many leaders among the nobility, includes the appointment of one noble in each town as a member of a special reception committee. This committee functions where and when the Nobles are gathered for a ceremonial, as well as during the interims.

### PYRAMID, BRIDGEPORT, CONN.

Pyramid held its annual ball at the Stratfield Hotel on February 17th, and it was a marked success in every way. There was a concert by the Temple Band, and a buffet supper was served.

Pyramid's uniformed units and Nobility will go to the Imperial Council convention in Miami on a special train. They will have a club car, two compartment cars, diner, five sleepers and an observation car.

The trip will be featured by side tours, as the Nobility will leave Bridgeport on April 28th. The next day they will be the guests of Omar in Charleston, S. C., leaving after four hours for Miami. Their reservations are in the Cortez Hotel, in the center of convention activities and only two blocks from Biscayne Bay.

Leaving Miami on the morning of May 4th the party will visit Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain, arriving home the evening of May 6th.

### SALAAM, NEWARK, N. J.

A special sea cruise to Miami and to Havana and Nassau after the Imperial Council session is planned by Salaam, leaving New York on April 27th and returning the morning of May 10th. The liner selected is the Presidente Wilson, a great vessel of 22,500 tons, balanced by a special system which virtually eliminates vibration. There is no better vessel on all the seven seas.

All meals will be served in the first class dining saloons. The pilgrimage committee in charge announces that the entire ship, chartered especially and exclusively for the Shrine, will be operated solely on the basis of first class accommodations, "and access to all conveniences and appointments throughout the steamer will be available to everyone in the party regardless of location of stateroom."

Nobles belonging to other Temples will be taken along, and all arrangements should be made with Noble Harvey N. Petty, secretary, pilgrimage committee, Salaam Temple, 1020 Broad street, Newark, N. J. The liner can carry 900 persons but only 600 will go this time.

There will be three days afloat to Miami, an overnight run to Havana, two and one-half days in Havana, an overnight run to Nassau, skirting the Bahama Islands, more

[Shrine News Continued on page 56]

Kitty took a step forward. Her skin had gone deathly white, and her eyes flashed. "We were at Jazzland that night," she said, "with two boys. We heard the shots. I didn't know then it was—it was"—she was fighting back sobs—"my brother. We didn't know that until the next day. We were on the porch. Right after the shots three men and three girls ran out past us. Another one had a revolver in his hand..."

"Another one?" queried Wilbraham. "Yes. Not this one. He was taller. Not so dark. He had a black and white checkered cap. His ear was a funny shape."

Wilbraham opened the door and beckoned one of the state troopers. In a moment he was back. "That will be Benny Praga," he said. "We had him up only yesterday, but he offered what appeared to be a perfect alibi."

Kitty went on. "Just as they passed us this one said..."

"You mean the man you just saw?" "Yes. This one. He said—"Put up that gun, you fool!"

"That's how I recognized the voice," Martha put in, "when I heard it in that telephone booth."

"Why haven't we known this before?" asked Wilbraham.

"Well..." Kitty began to cry. "I think I can understand why," said Stella gently, and put a kindly arm about her.

But Kitty moved off a step; fought back the tears. "Because I couldn't bear to have my brother know I'd done such a thing. I guess I'm just a coward."

"No," said Wilbraham. "You're no coward Miss Pew. If I read you correctly, you're going through now." Kitty was nodding nervously. "You're not going to care how it looks or what people may say. You're going to take the witness stand and tell the whole world. Am I right?"

"Oh, yes!" The girl broke down. But after a moment she went on with it, determined now to get the whole story out. "Ham came to look for us. He must have seen a note from one of the boys that I'd left on my bureau. They k-killed him."

Steps sounded in the corridor. Wilbraham opened the door. A cool youth in a checkered black and white cap stood, handcuffed, between two troopers.

The girls stared. Then, as one, nodded. "Hartigan just brought him in again, Chief," said one of the troopers.

Wilbraham, quickly, before any careless remarks could be dropped, shut the door on them. "Miss Bagot," he said, "I'm going to ask you to take your sister home. And try to impress on her that she must keep pretty close for a time. Don't let her talk with strangers. I'm going to call up Mr. Pew, and ask him to come for his sister. Our road isn't clear yet, by a long shot. We've got a lot of determined men to fight. And we shall have to move very carefully."

Stella considered; then drew him to a window. The confused urge in her breast was focussing, taking on shape and direction. "If Joe Harmer could be brought to terms, it would be simpler, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes. If he could be brought to real terms. There isn't a stronger man in the county."

"I wonder... Listen! Could you, as soon as you've had your arm looked at, hold yourself within reach of the telephone here? With me..." her color was rising, "with Mr. Pew?"

"Why—yes." "It's pretty important. If I want you, I'll want you badly. Both of you. Within an hour, I think. Jump in your car and come quick!"

Then she drove Martha home.

[To be concluded]

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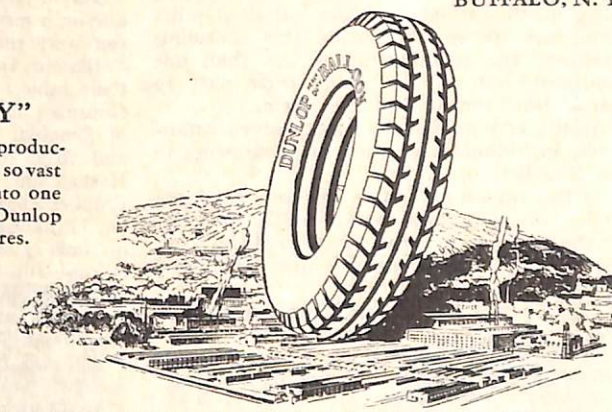
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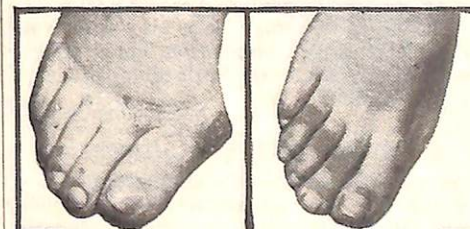
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## WITHIN THE SHRINE



### SHRINE NEWS [Continued from page 54]

than eight hours in beautiful Nassau, and then the night of May 7th and all of the 8th and 9th on the Atlantic, reaching New York at 8:00 A. M. on the 10th.

Potentate Robert A. Alberts himself is chairman of the pilgrimage committee. Other members are Recorder Petty, Joseph D. Lowden, Henry Schlittenhart, and J. Floyd Andrews, Master of Caravan.

### SAHARA, PINE BLUFF, ARK.

Sahara will dedicate its new \$350,000.00 Temple on April 26th. The membership and especially the building committee, who have been watching the erection for months, are extremely proud of the building, which has ample quarters for taking care of all the activities of the Temple, including a modern theater that will accommodate three thousand. The building is to be devoted to Shrine purposes exclusively.

Several Temples with their bands and patrols, some en route to the Imperial Council session, will be present; and with the pride the City has in such a building, the dedication will be a very elaborate affair.

Committees are working on a class of novices so that at the Ceremonial, which is to be held on the same date, there will be a class of around five hundred. The new building will no doubt result in a wonderful increase in the membership of the Temple, although each year in the past has seen a substantial increase.

### WA-WA, REGINA, CAN.

The annual ceremonial session and dance of Wa-Wa Temple were held on January 12th and 13th, and were very successful.

Wa-Wa Temple is the far-north Temple of the Shrine, in the Saskatchewan. Its jurisdiction commences at the International Boundary and extends some seven hundred miles north and about three hundred miles from east to west. Despite this enormous territory, the membership is less than one thousand, but all are doing their part to spread the "sunshine of the Shrine."

At the ceremonial were forty-seven candidates, including many men of prominence in the jurisdiction.

At the annual ball there was an attendance of over four hundred persons. The facilities for the dance were greatly improved this year, due to the opening of the new \$1,000,000 C. P. R. hotel.

The Temple has a comfortable cash balance on hand.

The members, assisted by a very capable ladies' auxiliary, with branches in the larger centers of the Province, are particularly interested in the Winnipeg mobile unit of the Shriners Hospital for Crippled Children, and during the year contributed over \$5000.

Wa-Wa Temple may be a long way from the great centers of population, but it is very close to the heart of Shrinedom in every other respect.

### ZA-GA-ZIG, DES MOINES

An unusually enjoyable entertainment was staged in the club rooms the evening of February 11th. Every Noble present was handed a "Missouri Meerschaum," plenty of smokin' and ordered to light up.

A battle royal between "naked Nubian warriors from east of the Sudan" made a great hit, and so did several three-round bouts between real maulers.

There were 1500 guests, and more "hectic hilarity" is promised at the stag smoker on April 20th, and again on May 18th.

On February 23rd there was a bridge party

under the auspices of the Ladies Hospital Auxiliary, followed the next day by the Potentate's annual ball, a most brilliant affair; in fact an outstanding event in the social season of Des Moines.

There was a bridge party on March 7th, an all-Masonic entertainment and reception on March 19th, and on March 30th the Spring ceremonial de luxe was held with great aplomb.

### ZENOBIA, TOLEDO, OHIO

The recent election of officers of the Arab Patrol resulted in the continuance as captain of Illustrious Noble John C. Newton. He ranks as one of the outstanding drill masters of the Shrine. Noble Otto Sanzenbacher was chosen junior captain and Noble Morgan Levi, secretary.

The Chanters then organized for the year. Noble Reno Freeman continues as a director, Noble Herman A. Kreuger as president; Dr. Clarence S. Ordway as secretary and treasurer, and Dr. Harold A. Long as pianist. The Chanters rehearse every Wednesday night.

Last but not least, the Drum and Bugle corps held their annual meeting. Noble Bud Pfeiffer continues as drum major and Noble Otto Hertzsch as instructor. The corps rehearses every Friday night.

And then came the potentate's ball, by many considered the most brilliant social event in Toledo during the winter season. Elaborate preparations were made by the committees in charge, and the beautiful ball room of the Commodore Perry Hotel was fantastically illuminated with the Shrine emblems.

Approximately 1,500 Nobles and their ladies attended the affair, large parties from all over northwestern Ohio coming for the event. Preceding the ball many dinner parties were given in the Travertine dining-room of the hotel. The dancing was from 9 P. M. to midnight.

Mayor William T. Jackson, Toledo's new mayor, a member of Zenobia, and Mrs. Jackson were the guests of honor of Illustrious Potentate Goosman and Mrs. Goosman at their table. The other guests of Potentate Goosman and Mrs. Goosman were the officers of Zenobia, Chief Rabbah Albert H. Miller and Mrs. Miller, Assistant Rabbah Harry Haskell and Mrs. Haskell, High Priest and Prophet Fred Fuchs and lady, Oriental Guide, Dr. Franklin B. Conkle and lady, and the out-of-town guests from Tadmor Temple of Akron—Illustrious Potentate William Booth and Mrs. Booth, Chief Rabbah Homer C. Campbell and Mrs. Campbell, Assistant Rabbah Arthur Sweeney and Mrs. Sweeney, High Priest and Prophet Fred Steffens and Mrs. Steffens, and Trustee Howard Tham and Mrs. Tham.

### DEATH OF NOBLE WARE

The Shrine Magazine announces with deep regret the death of Noble Charles H. Ware, its Fraternal News Editor, who succumbed to lobar pneumonia, after an illness of but a few days, on February 9th, at his home in Pelham, N. Y. Funeral services were held in the Church of the Redeemer on the 11th, with burial in Mount Hope Cemetery. Representatives of the Shrine Magazine and The New York Times attended. Surviving is Mrs. Ware, to whom sincere sympathy is extended.

Although Noble Ware had been with the Magazine for only three months he was a highly respected and esteemed member of the staff, and of him it has been truly said by one of his colleagues: "He was a gentleman and a scholar."

Charles Henry Totten Ware was born in Londonderry, Ireland, of English parents, on December 30th, 1870. After studying at the University of London he became a reporter and then went to the Philippines as a correspondent at the period of the Spanish-American War and reported the Philippine Insurrection. Later he was city editor of the Manila American, the pioneer American daily newspaper in the islands.

Coming to the United States in 1903, and becoming an American citizen, Noble Ware worked on newspapers in New York City, Omaha, Cincinnati, St. Paul, Aberdeen, S. D., and Waterton, S. D., and Chicago. After several years on the old New York Herald he joined the editorial staff of The New York Times in 1923, serving there until coming with The Shrine Magazine.

Noble Ware was a member of Osman Temple, St. Paul. His other Masonic bodies were Aberdeen Lodge No. 38, F. and A. M., Aberdeen Chapter No. 14, R. A. M., Damascus Commandery No. 10, K. T. of Aberdeen.

### SHRINE CLUBS

The New Smyrna Shrine Club, assisted by the local Chamber of Commerce, intends to show real New Smyrna hospitality to the thousands of Shriners who will visit Florida for the Imperial Council. The two bodies will arrange programs of entertainment that will show the visitors the city and surrounding territory unique to New Smyrna.

It has thirteen points of real historical interest. One is an old fort reminiscent of Spanish rule. There is no other "mystery fort" in the United States, and this old one, now in ruins, was built at least as early as 1500, it is thought.

Turtle Mound, the only one of its size still in existence on the East Coast, is within a stone's throw of New Smyrna, a mound constructed entirely of oyster shells which for thousands of years the aborigine inhabitants piled up until it grew into a miniature mountain.

The Old Mission, another point of interest to historians, is but one mile west of New Smyrna and is both interesting for its age, and also for its real architectural beauty, the old stone arches being most artistic and beautiful.

The old Turnbull canal, dug in the sixteenth century, still idles picturesquely through the outskirts of the city, a quaint picture of ancient beauty.

The old inlet which Ponce De Leon must have passed through in his search for the Fountain of Youth, the old lighthouse, the tallest on the East Coast, and many other interesting historical spots are in and near New Smyrna.

The Community Club house will be turned over to the Shriners for a week before the convention opens in Miami and for a whole week afterward.

Two excellent beaches are within a five minutes' trip of the heart of the City, and a splendid golf course is but two miles north. Transportation to these places will be furnished.

There are adequate hotel facilities. The fishing is great and boating is a joy, in the ocean and the Indian River.

All visiting Nobles are urged to be watching for New Smyrna welcome signs which will be prominent at all entrances to the City. The gates will be wide open. Cordial welcomes await all visitors, especially all Shriners and their families.

### WHAT THE HOSPITALS ARE DOING [Continued from page 40]

Stephen L. St. Jean and John A. Schake.

A Noble calls attention to the fact that Miss Melville recently took a little patient from the Twin City hospital and escorted her to her home in Jordan, Montana. On the journey from Billings to St. Paul she took two new patients. He adds:

"This is an interesting commentary on just what a big proposition this hospital work is when you realize the condition of two going in for every one going out is repeated in every section of the United States where a Shrine hospital is located."

The will of the late Noble William Warnock of Abu Bekr, in Sioux City, Iowa, leaves \$20,000 for the Shriners Hospitals. Of this amount \$1,200 already has been transferred to the Board of Trustees and has been added to the endowment fund.

Mr. William Wesley Burgiss, donor of the \$350,000 Shrine Hospital for Crippled Children in Greenville, S. C., at a recent ceremony was awarded the silver loving cup given annually by the Greenville News "to the person who has performed the greatest individual service in the community in the year."

The Carolina Theater was crowded for the event with hundreds of persons standing, and the formal presentation was made by Colonel Alvin H. Dean, Mayor of Greenville. The mayor revealed the fact that Mr. Burgiss in his youth took a vow to contribute liberally to religion, charity and education if he should ever become so fortunate in the possession of this world's goods to do so.

"He has made good that promise to his God," added Colonel Dean, "in his monument standing there, just at the foot of Paris mountain, a monument of brick and stone where ailing little bodies are salvaged for society and given a new strength of limb and hope of heart."

"Mr. Burgiss, I congratulate you upon this signal honor so richly deserved. What a rich reward it is for gallant service gallantly performed."

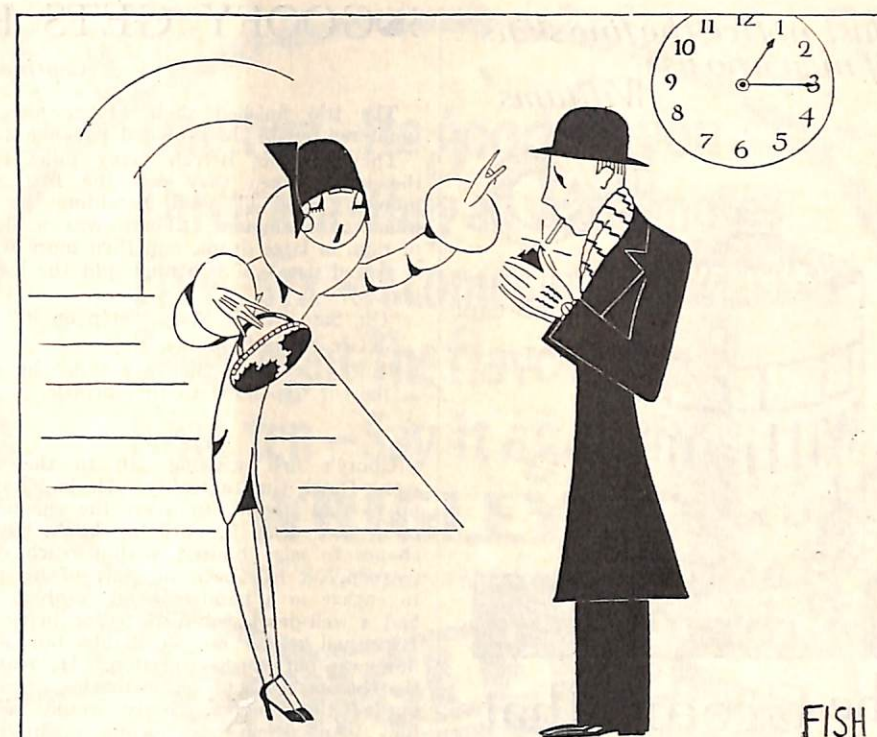
This department has received a report to the effect that the showing of the film "An Equal Chance" in Houston, Texas, on Feb. 10th, was enthusiastically received. The lecture was delivered as usual by Noble Reynold E. Blight of Los Angeles.

There was an attendance of more than 5,000 and the Houston Post-Dispatch said that the entire entertainment, including work of the El Mina Shrine patrol, "presented a stage show rivaling the programs of local theaters in variety and snap."

Despite the impediment of braces, crutches and the like, the little girls in the Springfield, Mass., hospital have just completed a handsome crib quilt, after 75 hours of labor, for the contest conducted by the Springfield Union. It is applied with the characters in the Peter Rabbit Book.

This work was done by the Shrine Hospital Achievement Club, organized three years ago, under the direction of Miss Ruth Miller, assisted by Mrs. G. R. Surprise, Miss Ethel Russell and Miss Mary Robertson. At other times the children have made bean bags, stuffed toys, towels, sewing bags, coat bouquets, pin cushions and quilted pillows.

On Feb. 16th Ernie Andrews' El Patio Troubadours, of the Clinton Hotel in Springfield, went to the hospital and gave the patients a splendid concert lasting nearly two hours. Vaudeville acts followed and then a Valentine party, with refreshments.



FISH

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## GOOFY GETS HIS FIGHT

[Continued from page 29]

The trio finished their ginger ale and sauntered out to the crowded parking space.

They had not driven many miles from the beach when they felt the first premonitory gusts of wind, heralding the imminence of thunder. There was a flurry of rain, in large drops, and then more wind. A jagged streak of lightning split the lowering sky.

"Oh, Sam," cried Mary, "step on it."

McGee stepped on it.

"Lucky we left when we did," he said as the car responded to the throttle.

Goofy's first stinging jab to the nose woke Dutch Gus to reality. He had hoped, up to that instant, to avert the encounter, or at least delay it, until he should have a chance to edge himself within reach of a weapon. It had been no part of his plan to engage in a hand-to-hand combat. He had a well-developed distaste for being hit. His usual refuge lay in flight; but flight now was out of the question. He realized that before he could get so much as one leg out of the window, Goofy would be on him. An attempt to escape might even enrage the madman, might prompt him to shed his boxing gloves and resort to a more terrible form of attack. Gus was not intellectual, but reason told him that the safest course was to humor his assailant, to fight him with his fists, trusting to luck to pull him through. So he squared away and, sweating copiously, waited for Goofy to resume the onslaught.

He did not have to wait long. The madman came in, feinted with his right and got home two more jabs, as Gus covered up. A thin trickle of something warm oozed on to Gus's lip. It tasted salty. He licked his lip and gritted his teeth. If this sort of thing went on, he would be cut to ribbons. He put his head down and went for Goofy, swinging with both hands. The madman straightened him up with an uppercut and landed a bruising right on his ribs. The room was not dark, but the light was very dim. The electric flash was pointed away from the two men. Only its reflected rays enabled them to see. It was next to impossible for Gus, whose eye was not trained, to follow the swift movements of Goofy's gloves. He stopped two more jabs with his nose. They seemed to come from nowhere.

FRIGHTENED and angry, he rushed at his opponent, putting all his strength into a frantic effort to drive the other off his feet. But this was merely playing into Goofy's hands. The latter met the rush and turned Gus back with a tattoo to the face and body. Gus was already breathing hard. He was a strongly built man. But a year of prison food and lack of exercise had pulled him down. Goofy, on the other hand, was right on his toes and, despite the extreme heat, was not yet moist.

For some minutes the men sparred, Dutch Gus nervously, his opponent coolly. Goofy was playing a waiting game, seemingly satisfied to let the other do the leading. That was the way he had always fought, in the old days, starting easily, making his antagonist miss, tantalizing him with crisp, painful jabs, wearing him down; then, when he was ready, himself taking the offensive. Dutch Gus knew his style, remembered seeing him in the ring years before. And eager though he was to put a quick end to this encounter, he held in check his wild impulse to tear in blindly. He resolved to meet guile with guile. Perhaps, by clever maneuvering, he could work his position

around so that he could make a swift dive through the open window and get away.

But the burglar's logic was his undoing. Goofy O'Connell's big fight had come and he wanted action. If his man was not going to carry the fight to him, then he would carry it to his man. As Gus continued to hold back, Goofy closed in and began to lead. Beginning with stiff jabs, he opened up a slashing attack which drew Gus into the affray in spite of himself. Stung by the madman's punches, he fought back desperately.

For perhaps four minutes they stood toe to toe, hammering at each other. Then a particularly vicious right smashed against Gus's ribs and made him break ground. It sounded like a pistol shot when it landed and felt as though a dagger had been plunged into his flesh. Doubled up and with both hands over his face, he ducked away in a desperate effort to get out of range. He was out of breath and terribly tired. But there was no respite. Goofy caught him in full retreat and rained punches on him. Gus bent lower to escape them but Goofy, with a well-timed uppercut, lifted him off his feet and sent him sprawling to the floor.

HALF dazed, the burglar lay there, propped on one elbow, panting, while the madman backed away a few feet, watching him intently, waiting for him to get up. His nose was bleeding and numb and every breath brought a wracking pain over his heart. He moved his hand, to ease his position, and sudden joy seized him. His fingers had come in contact with a metal object. It was the can-opener. He grasped it. Then, like the crafty animal he was, he shut his eyes and feigned unconsciousness.

A curious expression of disappointment came into the face of the watchful Goofy. It was plain that he had been enjoying the long awaited contest and found it difficult to realize that it was over. With a puzzled look, he approached the prostrate Gus, poked him with his toe and bent down to examine him more closely. This was the moment the burglar had hoped for. Sitting up with a jerk, he swung the heavy steel tool and brought it crashing on the madman's skull. Without a sound, Goofy dropped, knocked out completely.

Dutch Gus lay back for a few seconds, gasping for breath, yet dreading to breathe because of the stinging fire in his side. The air was thick and stifling. Utterly exhausted, bleeding freely from his battered nose, he fought the desire to relax and simply lie there until morning. He knew he must get out and, summoning the remnants of his strength, he rolled up his tools in his coat and crawled on his hands and knees to the window. He made slow progress. Every movement meant agony. Groaning and gasping he finally reached his goal. Drops of blood and sweat marked his trail from the safe, where Goofy lay, to the window. Swaying and dizzy, he worked himself to his feet and, by an effort of will, half climbed, half tumbled over the sill and into the open. The effort cost him dearly. He tried to walk, but the pain of his broken ribs, and of his nose, combined with the mugginess of the atmosphere and total exhaustion, were too much for him. He staggered for a few steps, spun around and fell in a dead faint.

The thunderstorm, in that freakish way of summer storms, did not break over the arena. Instead, it veered and passed out to sea. But Sam McGee, with the road

## GOOFY GETS HIS FIGHT

[Continued from page 58]

fairly clear in front of him, held his speed all the way to the clubhouse.

"You don't have to get out, Sam," said Mary. "I can get him, all right. Wait for me here in the car, with Joe."

The two men sat smoking while the girl unlocked the clubhouse door, switched on the vestibule light and went inside. The next instant, however, they were startled by a scream. They jumped from the car and were half up the steps when Mary, her face like chalk, appeared in the doorway calling: "Sam, Joe, quick!"

By the time they reached the office, she was on her knees, with Terry's head in her lap.

"There's been a fight," she said. "He's been knocked out, poor darling. Get some cold water, Sam."

"Gee-rusalem," panted Joe Dumphy. "I'll say there's been a fight. Look-at here, there's blood all over. Terry cut much?"

McGee came in with a bucket of water, a basin and a sponge.

"Let's see," he said. Deftly he bathed Terry's head and examined his wound. "He's taken a pretty bad crack, but it don't seem to have bled very much. There's a fierce lump though."

He felt Terry's pulse and listened to his heart.

"I'd like to catch the dirty swine who did this," he said.

"I'll bet he ain't far off," stated Dumphy, turning again to the trail on the floor. He went to the window and looked out.

"Hey, Sam," he shouted. "Help me get through here. He's out there now, flat on his back!"

HASTILY putting the water where Mary could reach it, McGee ran to the window. He bundled Joe out and followed himself. Together they surveyed the battered features of Dutch Gus.

"Holy Moses," exclaimed Dumphy, admiringly, "Goofy certainly gave that baby a shellackin'. What'll we do with him?"

"You sit on him," said McGee, "while I call a cop. Have to get an ambulance for Terry, I guess."

He was climbing back into the office to telephone, when Mary beckoned to him, excitedly.

"He's coming to," she whispered.

Sam McGee went to her and leaned over to look at Terry. As he did so, the prostrate man's eyelids fluttered and his lips moved. Very faintly he spoke.

Mary, murmuring soothing words, as to a child who had been hurt, bent over to listen. Suddenly Terry's eyes opened. He looked steadily at the face of the girl bending over him.

"Mary—" he said, slowly, "Mary—I—guess I—got knocked out—my head—"

She sat there a moment in silent amazement. Then for the first time in three years, she broke down.

"Sam," she choked, between sobs, "Sam, he knows me. Terry knows me . . ."

McGee turned away and gulped very hard. He walked to the window.

"Hey, Joe," he called to the wondering Dumphy. "Give that guy a chance to breathe and hide his kit. I'm going to call a doctor for him instead of a cop."

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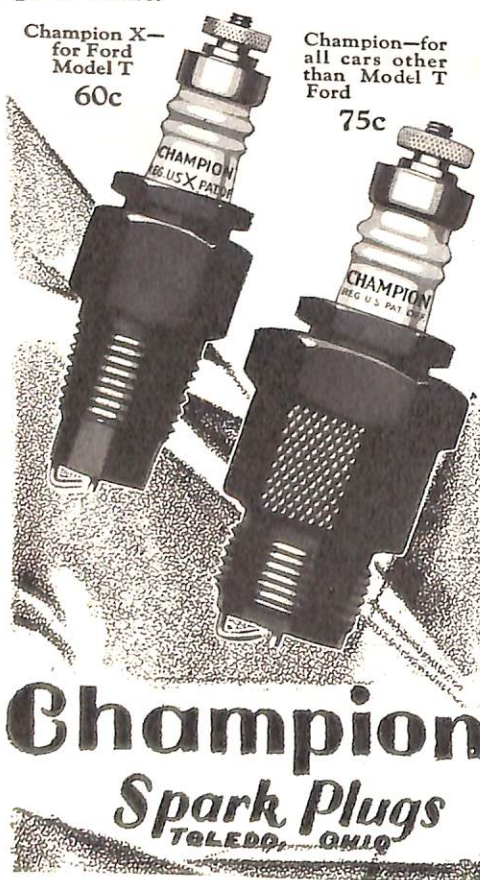
[Continued on page 63]

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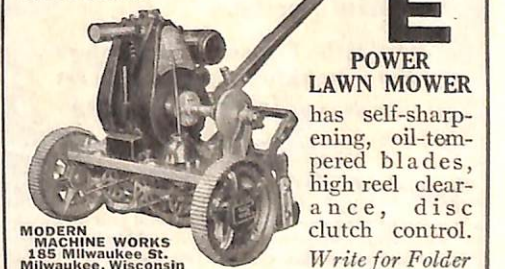


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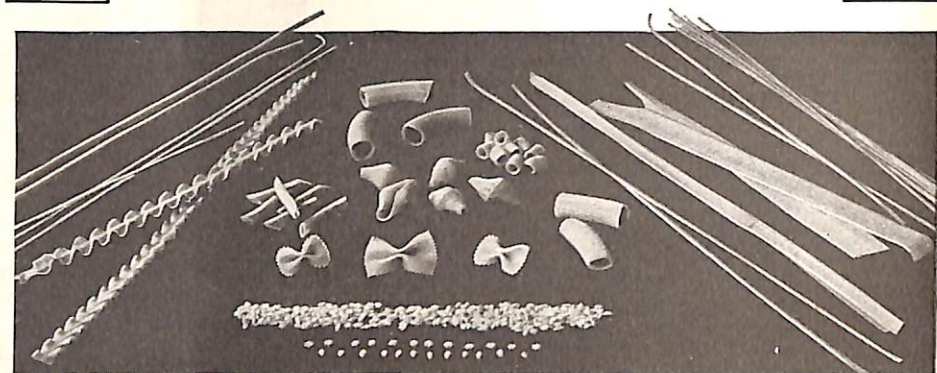
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## The Just-So of Macaroni & Food Pastes

MACARONI, spaghetti, and noodles, of whatever length or shape, are known to the housewife as "food pastes." They are all made from wheat of a special quality called Durham or "semolina" which has unusually high food value. It is sometimes the common impression that these foods are all starch; on the contrary, they are meat-equivalents because of this large amount of gluten (protein) that the Durham wheat contains; and noodle pastes, in addition are made with eggs. Macaroni has a protein value of 13%, which is the same as beef chuck rating at 13%, while usual white bread has only 8% protein.

During the Lenten season and as warmer weather approaches, these pastes can be utilized frequently as the main dish of the meal or as chief ingredients in every type of dish from soup to soufflé. Those who use only one or two varieties may be surprised to learn that there are over 100 shapes, sizes and thicknesses of these wholesome products. Tubes of different diameters, ribbons of different lengths, the quaint forms of a "bow-tie" or a seashell, the alphabet, the "elbow"—these are only a few of the varieties available. Odd shapes make a special appeal to children who should be served these pastes often as they are not only growth-increasing, but easily digested and of bland flavor.

The important point is to cook them right! The one most common mistake is to overcook them so that they lose shape and become mushy. While the time varies slightly owing to the dryness of the wheat, the usual cooking time should not exceed 15 minutes, and may well take only 10 minutes from the moment the pastes are dropped into bubbling boiling water. Allow a quantity of salted water to come to a boil in a wide deep saucepot. Drop or slide the pastes into the water, and continue to cook rapidly, uncovered, for this short period. If the long 22-inch tubes are used, hold the entire bundle in the hand, gently slip the lower ends first into the boiling water to soften, then allow the balance to slide in, thus avoiding breakage.

Some authorities advise draining the cooked tubes and holding under the cold faucet to harden. But this wastes valuable nutriment. Just allow a pot of cooked pastes to lie in its own cooking water, and observe the gelatinous mass—which might have been wasted down the sink. If the tubes are not cooked too long, they will not need hardening by cold water. Lift

up out of the cooking water, and save the latter as a stock for nourishing vegetable soup.

Because they are white, bland and neutral in taste, all pastes require strong contrasts in color and flavor. Tomato, cheese, and sauces made with minced beef, liver, etc., are ideal when the paste is the main dish; green and crisp vegetables, or fruits like prunes, raisins, apples, make pleasant contrasts in texture and taste for salads and desserts. Mushrooms and the smoky flavor of bacon and ham are equally pleasing; the Chinese who originated noodles and all pastes, have found that either chicken or pork are excellent accompaniments. Indeed as one restaurateur remarked: "For the spaghetti, the macaroni, it is cooked all the same, there is only the sauce, and six different ones of those, the chicken-liver sauce, the tomato, the beef, the mushroom, the red pepper and herb sauce."

The "elbow" size is particularly convenient to eat and mixes well with small pieces of meat, diced vegetables, etc., in dishes of the casserole or stew type. Smaller salads, the bowknots and seashells are interesting in substantial salads where the pink of canned salmon, and the green of peas, string beans, etc., also give contrasts in color and texture. The pastes also combine surprisingly well with oysters and other shell-fishes. More housewives should make noodle puddings with apples, prunes, fresh berries, after the manner of a fruit "betty," for they are even more delicious than bread puddings and require far less time and preparation effort.

Indeed, one of the chief recommendations of all pastes in addition to high food value at very low price is the fact that they require no cleaning or paring, having no waste and are instantly available at any moment. Several boxes of spaghetti or macaroni always on hand assure a quick serving of the emergency meal. For both health and economy's sake, the housewife should plan often to have a "food paste day" in the household.

**Macaroni Salad:** 1 package elbow macaroni, boiled until tender but not broken; 1 head lettuce, 1 grated onion, ½ cup diced celery, ½ sliced pimento, ½ cup shredded cabbage, 1 teaspoon minced parsley, 1 teaspoon sugar and 1 cup mayonnaise. Chill macaroni; mix other ingredients, let stand one hour; add macaroni, serve on lettuce leaves.

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## AROUND THE CARAVAN CAMPFIRE [Continued from page 35]

injurious in the other bodies of masonry. I stopped tying the hand of the barometer when I grew older. I stopped worrying over the various branches of Masonry for the same reason. The Scottish Rite can not make philosophers, Commanderies can not make a military organization, the Shrine does not make jokers nor does the Mother Lodge make men of high moral character. Men of highest type of citizenship make the Blue Lodge, men of knightly temperament make the Templars, philosophical men make the Scottish Rite, and fat, happy, pleasure loving and charitably inclined Masons make the Shrine.

Each is in his place and each a Mason. Each is helping the other, not hindering. Each body is made of Masons who are appealed to by it. They make their particular branch of Masonry what it is.

The Rite with its million dollar college fund, the Templars with their revolving educational fund, the Shrine with its hospitals for crippled children, each at his own particular work is happy in it.

Yes, Nobles, men make organizations, organizations do not make men. Each one of them is right because Masonry is right. Each of them is a help to the others. Each Mason does his Masonic work in his own way.

Out of a dusty pigeon hole of memory come a few lines of verse, the author unknown:

"At the Muezzins' call for prayer  
The kneeling faithful thronged the square.  
And from Pushkarra's lofty height  
A dark priest chanted Brahma's might.  
Amid a monastery's weeds  
An old Franciscan told his beads,  
While to the Synagogue there came  
A Jew to praise Jehovah's name.  
The One Great God looked down and smiled  
And counted each his loving child,  
For Turk and Brahman, monk and Jew  
Had reached Him through the God they knew."

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## A NEW ERA FOR WOMEN

[Continued from page 17]

into a furniture shop, run errands, prepare glue, do the equivalents of what boys used to do under the apprentice system. For boys as well as girls this thorough training in one thing from childhood is gone; the apprentice system is gone; and artistically it is a loss that is not to be compensated for."

I wished to talk about the relation of love to art, which some think important. Miss Beaux does not; that is to say, as far as the satisfactions of love are concerned. "Every experience, of course," she said, "that is worthy of the name, deepens the channel."

Wishing to save all I could for marriage I spoke of my wife, her professional work before marriage, and the probability of her taking it up again when her children are older. "That is scholarship," Miss Beaux said. "It is purely intellectual. If one could paint at the end of a busy day from the depths of an armchair, by a shaded lamp!"

The Editor of the SHRINE MAGAZINE believed so many things are grouped together under the term art, that it would be wiser, in getting an impression of woman's outlook in this field, instead of stopping with one person, to take two, in markedly different lines.

A contrast to the austere work of the painter would lie in the drama, which uses the actual human being as its material.

Having selected this art as one standpoint, the decision on Mrs. Fiske was inevitable. Nobody since the death of Edwin Booth has conquered a higher position on the American stage. She now tends to comedy, because she lives much of the day in the mood of the character she is playing, and she seeks to avoid depression. She tends also to revivals, the last few years, and has been in Shakespeare this season, in Ibsen the season before, and just back of that in Sheridan.

Mrs. Fiske's undoubted position at the head of the American stage of her time has been based on her acting ability, her selection of plays, her ability as a stage manager and even as a playwright. She came of a theatrical family, went on the stage as a very small child, and has lived on it always except for four years after she married Mr. Fiske. In spite of her success as Minnie Maddern she had an idea she ought to retire.

Indeed, as I told her about this article, and asked her to say something about the effect of work on a woman's life, she was still sceptical about the combination of professional work and success in marriage.

"After all," she said, "what a woman cares about, nearly always, is personal happiness. I doubt if the stage makes for that, with a married woman. If she is on the stage she really cannot put into the home life what that life calls for."

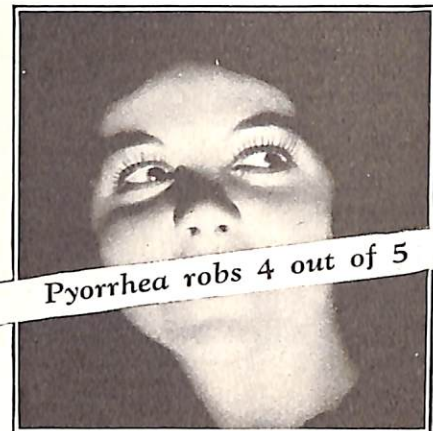
We talked about the claims on a modern woman's attention. In her lifetime and mine there had come into use the telephone, the automobile, the moving picture, the radio, and a thousand habits that use up time and energy. Do we develop an immunity to these things, or do they actually lessen the vitality we can put into the finer kinds of work, and into our affections?

The feeling about things that must be given up is always with Mrs. Fiske. Not long ago she adopted a child, and she wishes she had children of her own.

By way of compensation I spoke of what a good profession acting is from the standpoint of the intellectual life. "Oh, I don't know," she laughed, "a large part of the time there is very little going on in our

[Continued on page 65]

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**Frank C. Clark, Times Bldg., N. Y.**

minds." At some protest from me, she swung around, to be fair. "Of course, when we are expressing a great writer it is different. Ibsen has meant an enormous amount in my thought."

"And Becky, and Hannele, and Tess," I suggested.

She admitted these characters of Thackeray, Hauptmann, and Hardy, but without much enthusiasm. This view, however, was merely the poise and perspective of an unusually intelligent mind. Did not Plato keep art out of his ideal Republic altogether, because it got between people and reality?

Mrs. Fiske loves thought, she loves the drama, but the very searchingness of her insight into character and life prevents her from being too serious about the mimic world, or perhaps about any world. She does not dogmatize much. She sees deeply and feels strongly, and as a rule lets it go at that.

I could not ask her if there is any prejudice against women as actors; it would have been too ridiculous, as the trouble is just the other way. We like the female charm so much nowadays that we often substitute it for characterization and variety and technical proficiency. But I did ask her if there was any obstacle in the way of women as managers and stage managers, and she answered very positively, "not a bit." The cordiality with which Eva LeGallienne's managerial venture in repertory has been received backs up Mrs. Fiske's opinion. It also shows the amount of work a woman can do, for Miss LeGallienne plays the leading rôles and carries all the details of artistic management and business management.

Mrs. Fiske's success has been partly what the Lord gave her, and partly hard work, continued until she knows how to do the myriad of things that are to be done. As she once put it herself: "The eternal and immeasurable accident of the theater which you call genius, that is a matter of the soul. But with every genius that I have seen—Duse, Irving, Terry—there was always the last word in technical proficiency."

Feminism has won much ground. We find women established so that they can do their work in the arts without serious prejudice. We find thousands of them working with reasonable success in the domestic and decorative arts, and many standing out with distinction in fiction and on the stage, while a few bright lights shine alongside the men in painting and sculpture. The question of how much actual greatness they will furnish in the fields headed by Beethoven, Shakespeare, Phideas, Velasquez, will have to be left to time to answer. Will these highest flights be taken ever again even by men in a civilization so full of distraction as our modern existence?

## HOW DO YOU DO!

[Continued from page 14]

done. Daddy couldn't suffer for that. The Morning Telephone was after Jim, as hard as they could go. A pack of lies. But those letters weren't lies. They were a disgrace. And if they published them—

"But they haven't." Another stab in the dark.

"They can't." A sort of high defiance. "They brought Jim home sick that day—Thursday morning. I'd given up my plans, and they told me Jim wanted to see me alone. He put the nurse out, everybody. His hand was so hot and he looked so queer when he told me about those letters. 'Howard's hired Andy Green to steal them,' he said. 'They're to a woman, Gwen. The Telephone'll have them in the morning un-

[Continued on page 66]



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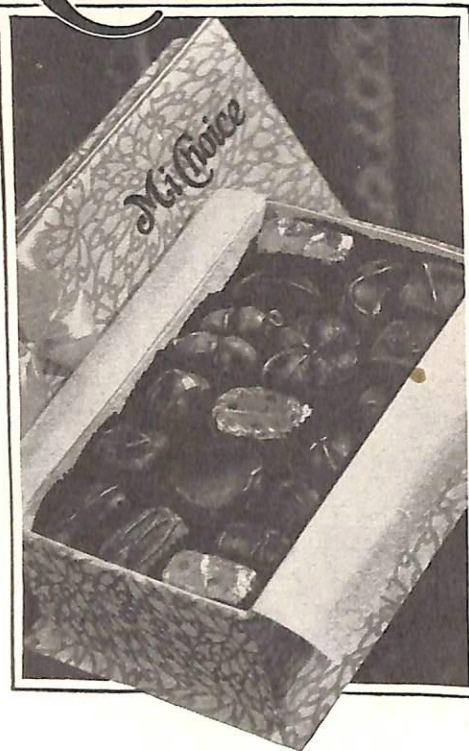
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## HOW DO YOU DO!

[Continued from page 65]

less you get them from Andy now. Now! Maybe you know how I felt."

Jack aroused himself to find that he had laid his hand over hers and that she hadn't resisted.

"I took his army pistol out of a drawer and went right over to see Green."

"Weren't you afraid?" Coming to herself she had withdrawn her hand rather harshly.

"Of Green? I went right into his office. It was the noon hour—I told you that. I can't forget how awful his great swollen waistcoat looked when he turned around and looked straight at my gun. I was afraid I was going to faint, but I simply told him to give me those letters. There were five of them, Jim told me. I counted them over and was dropping them in my bag when Andy sprang at me—it was funny a fat man will spring so fast—sprang at me—"

"And you fired," prompted Jack.

"That was the terrifying thing about it. The roar of that gun when it went off in my hand. It seemed to shake my heart. I could have died when I saw him fall out of the front door. But that was all. The street was so quiet, you know. I went out of the back way, up an alley, and when I got home I burned all those nasty things in the fireplace, where Jim could see."

"Does Jim know how you got them?"

"How could he?" She gazed wide-eyed, this beautiful murderess. "He was too sick to be told. I wondered what to do with myself, and it seemed the best thing to come to New York on the afternoon train and go right on with the party."

Now this confession, poured like unexpected and unwelcome diamonds in his lap, brought to Jack Slattery one annoying sense of responsibility. During his limited, if vigorous experience as an assistant prosecuting attorney he had more than once expressed himself on the subject of juries who will hang an ugly man and spare a pretty woman. What's sauce for the gander, said he, is sauce for the goose. And here sat Gwendolyn Stires—Gwen—her pretty, helpless hands figuratively stained with the blood of one Andy Green, realtor. Her eyes, so young and maidenly, had aimed the lethal weapon; sweet eyes, haunted and melancholy. Immediately Jack Slattery became a lawyer for the defense.

"There's one thing I wonder," he said gently. "How did you come to tell me this story?"

"I had to tell somebody, didn't I?" It was simple, like the question of a child. Then she frowned with a sort of fury and ground out through her clenched teeth, "You don't know what it is. The sound of that gun. The racket—She put her hands to her ears, as if to stop the sound."

"Miss Stires." This was embarrassing, but he said it manfully. "You needn't have told me. I've nothing to do with the case. Nothing at all. Last night on the bus I was clumsy. I didn't want to annoy you. Really, I took you for someone else."

She looked at him intently for a while; her lips had become unbelieving and a little hard.

"I don't know what you're trying to get out of me now," she said.

"I hate to think you don't trust me, Miss Stires. But I can see how it is. The way we met—that silly little accident. You were nervous—"

"Nervous? Ho!" With a wild sarcasm.

"I just want you to believe one thing. If I go away from here and let you alone, won't you believe in me then? Don't you know you've told me enough to cause your arrest, right here and now, if I were on your trail, as you think I am?"

"Why did you follow me to that party and watch me all the time?"

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"I was invited, and I had to go. I didn't want to go, but I was asked. And if I watched you it was because—"

"Because why?"

"I naturally couldn't keep my eyes off you, I guess."

"Oh."

"If you want to know who I am," he insisted, "ask Mrs. Jelicoe. She'll say I'm just a hick lawyer from a hick town. That'll be the truth. And I merely want this favor. I want to help you. I've got business in Rochicuse tomorrow afternoon. I'm going by the night train. Will you let me snoop around for you and find out what's going on?"

She said nothing, but nodded her head, proud as a little queen.

"And do you still believe that I'm a paid sleuth on your trail?"

She raised her dark eyes in that slow way she had, searching him, studying him.

"No," she said finally. Then, as if that had some bearing on the subject, "And I don't even know your name."

Jack Slattery's interview with Jeremiah Fielding was more than satisfactory. The raw-boned old fellow with the clumsy hands and horseshoe mustache smiled knowingly over Charlemagne Jelicoe's negligence. They sat in the lobby of the Howard Palace Hotel, going over papers in the case which Fielding approved, apparently, for he declared it all a matter of a long distance conversation with New York. The telephone did the rest in five minutes. That much for the two or three weeks of useless motions, waiting the good time of a busy attorney and an absent-minded associate.

The young lawyer, thinking rather well of himself and his sudden success, enjoyed luncheon with the older gentlemen at the Pen and Ink Club. Mr. Fielding, busy in court for two hours, was a little late, and Jack, loitering in the reading room, had just sufficient time to go over the week's files of the Morning Telephone, and to increase his mystification. The murder, according to Gwen's account, occurred on Thursday. No mention of it in Friday morning's edition. There were two attacks on James G. Stires, somewhat qualified by accounts of his illness. Papers following, day by day, were equally blank of the Andy Green tragedy.

Then Mr. Fielding came in, apologetic for his tardiness. They lunched pleasantly in a bay window, overlooking the river. Desultory talk of the local courts and Rochicuse politics. It was an easy matter to lead up to Jim Stires.

"Well," explained the old lawyer, "Judge Stires has always been a man of the highest ideals. In our generation, I think, there was more respect for lawyers, maybe because there was more respect for the law."

"And you mean his son—"

"Jim? Oh, he's all right. Perfectly fearless prosecutor, far as that goes. The Stires have always been good lawyers, and they take a pride in their profession. The Morning Telephone, with all its ingenuity, couldn't get a thing on Jim—not as a lawyer. They didn't have anything to attack on that score. But it was the other thing."

"You mean some woman mess?"

"Something like that. I don't believe there was anything in it, really. There was some gossip about The Telephone's going to publish some rotten letters Jim had written to somebody. Well, why didn't they? They'd have done it fast enough, if they'd had them. No, it's a slander on Jim's character."

"After that," said Jack, "Jim Stires ought to have a walk-over at the polls."

"It's queer," Mr. Fielding, just now condemning gossip, leaned over, his eyes twinkling. "Jim ought to have a walk-over. But do you know he's withdrawn? You

[Continued on page 68]

## DEMAND



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**HOW DO YOU DO!**

[Continued from page 67]

didn't see yesterday's Evening News? There's a bitter attack on him for betraying his party. But Jim's down with the flu, and I think, between you and me, that he's washed his hands of the whole rotten campaign. The Stires, you know, have a certain standard."

"I guess so." Jack Slattery sat chewing his cigar.

"I've got to talk with a man named Green here," he ventured at last.

"Oh, Andy." Mr. Fielding gave a queer, tolerant smile. "Great character, Green. He's funny as a crutch and crooked as a stick."

"Somebody told me—I don't remember who—that he was ill or dead or something."

"Andy? I think the wish must have been the father of the thought." Mr. Fielding laughed. "If he's dead, it's a four-hundred-pound ghost I saw this morning."

It was a little after two when Jack came upon the sign Andrew H. Green, Realtor. Not a bad scene for a murder, he thought, for the untidy little building was set in a row of low office-fronts, mostly unoccupied, their windows pasted with Mr. Green's To Let signs. The office itself, when he entered, seemed quite deserted.

Suddenly a small back door flew open with a violence which was like a physical shock and the fattest man outside a circus squeezed his blubbery self into the room. "Are you Mr. Green?" asked Jack smilingly.

"Don't make me laugh." The face creased, deepened to an American beauty shade and showed little bright slits, the eyes of a very young puppy. "I guess everybody round here knows me without an introduction. Yessir. Can't miss me, I tell all the boys. And now how 'bout that car, brother?"

"I didn't exactly come to see a car, Mr. Green," confessed the caller.

"No?" Andy almost showed his eyes again as he rubbed two purplish pig's trotters together and asked, "Well, what can I do for you this morning, brother?"

"Just this." Frontal attacks were potent against Mr. Green, Jack realized. "Do you know a Miss Gwendolyn Stires?"

"Well, yes." The mask of blubber was drawn close again. "I was wondering, Mr. Green," Jack Slattery leaned negligently against the bleached oak rail that separated them. "Just how can a young lady shoot a man in such a way that it doesn't hurt?"

"My Gawd!" Andy Green turned with a nervous haste remarkable in so vast a body. He opened his roll-top desk and brought out a dangerous looking blue revolver.

"Just take a lookit what she dropped," he invited. "Don't be scared. It won't bite ya."

On Tuesday afternoon at four o'clock Jack Slattery, very nicely sponged and pressed for a fashionable call, presented himself at the Finnstrom house in East Seventy-ninth street. In a tall gilt mirror, during the instant when the butler was taking his hat, he smiled at himself with a young complacency. New York had gone after his self-respect and failed to shatter it. He could return to Vestibula with a report which would mean money in his pocket and an advancement in his firm. Miss Gwendolyn Stires had asked him to tea with her alone. Gwen. Before the hour was up he was resolved to call her that. Gee, it was great. Skipping up the stairs in the wake of a stalking butler he was saying to himself something foolish about a lion and a mouse. I come in like a mouse, I go out like a lion.



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But it was again a little overpowering when he entered a tall, pink drawing-room and saw Gwen sitting by the tea table. When she came to him and held out her hand he was sorry for her little face, so drawn and tired. Why hadn't he told her the whole thing when he telephoned? It was a mean revenge, keeping her in suspense like this.

"Gwen," he began. He hadn't meant to call her that, but he had a feeling that she hadn't heard. "It's all right. You don't need to worry any more."

"Worry? What do you mean?" She stood perfectly still, a prisoner gazing up at an all-powerful judge.

"I've just come back from Rochicuse and I've had a nice long talk with Andy Green."

"You mean he's a—alive?"

"He looked that way to me."

"Oh." She closed her eyes and began to sway so that he must give her the delightful first aid to the fainting. He half carried her over to a padded chair; a maid entered with cakes and sandwiches.

"Bring some water," he commanded.

But Gwen had already revived. She opened her eyes and to Jack's pleasant amazement clutched out at both his hands. Tears were beginning to well up as she whispered, "You did it for me."

"You did it for yourself, my dear," he told her, his head whirling with excitement. She was clinging to him. Even when the maid came in with a glass of water she still clung.

"I made such a mess of it. It's almost driven me crazy. The sound of that gun in my ears! How can I ever thank you enough? What can I do—"

"You might call me Jack."

"Jack. But it can't be possible."

"Gwen, listen to me." The maid was gone. In his confusion he found that he had knelt beside her chair in the classic attitude of lovers. "Gwen. Look at this. Have you ever seen it before?"

HE TOOK the dangerous blue pistol out of his pocket and held it in his hand. Had it been a live fer de lance, about to strike, she might have cringed less violently.

"When Andy Green handed me that gun," said Jack in a calm, level tone, "he said, 'Don't be afraid of it. It won't bite you.' And that was the truth. Gwen, when you shot your man, do you know why it didn't kill him?"

"No."

"Because the darn thing wasn't loaded."

"Loaded?" she asked. "If you'd heard the noise it made when I shot—"

"Maybe there was a noise," agreed Jack thoughtfully. "But it couldn't come from an empty pistol."

"You mean—" she leaned forward now and studied him earnestly, "you mean the noise was in my head?"

"People think queer things when they're excited," he said. "You'd keyed your nerves up, afraid of the noise that gun would make when you pulled the trigger. You didn't really know what happened."

"Not loaded." She sat rigid.

"Gwen." Jack's heart pounded dangerously with the rash words he was inclined to speak. "You—you mustn't take it that way. You aren't sorry, dear, that you didn't commit a murder. See how it's come out. No living person knows about it except you and me and Andy. None of us will ever tell. And see what you've escaped."

"Yes—I—I know." She was beginning to blubber. "But what a fool you must think me—going out like that—to shoot a man—and forgetting to load the gun."

"You're no fool, Gwen. Stop crying. Darling. You're no fool—you're just adorable, that's all."

[Continued on page 75]

The  
**CROSSETT Shoe**  
MAKES LIFE'S WALK EASY  
TRADE MARK REG.

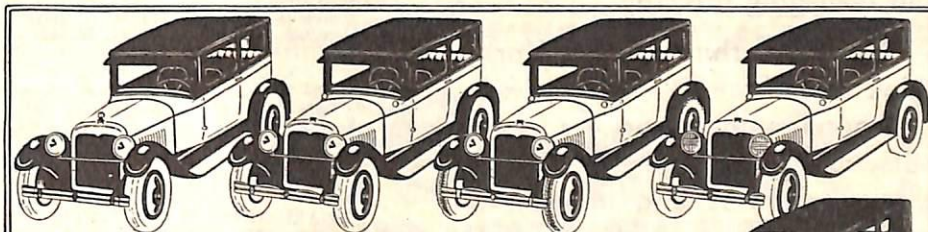
**CROSSETT Supple Tread Shoes!**  
That name explains why they will increase your after-noon vitality . . . 50% some men say. They'll fit you and keep you fit. Conservative man-fashion patterns in black or tan imported calf and in black or brown Kidskin. Crossett shoes are priced at

**\$8 to \$10**

THE LEWIS A. CROSSETT Co.  
North Abington, Mass.



No. 3090—A Crossett Supple Tread Shoe of Imported Black Calf



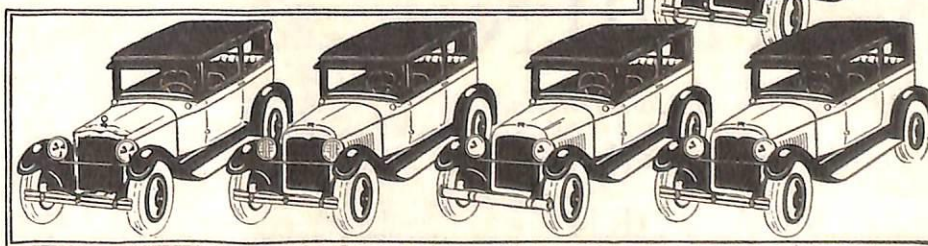
**Win \$1,000.00**

**Find the Twin Autos** To start off my big advertising campaign, I'm offering a thousand dollar first prize. To hurry it along I will give away a Buick Sedan for promptness. First prize winner, by being quick, gets BOTH prizes—a \$2,200 reward! And that's just the beginning. There are NINETEEN OTHER PRIZES and DUPLICATE prizes in case of ties.

If you can solve this puzzle, you'll not be far from first prize. Here are eleven autos. They all look alike, but really only TWO are EXACTLY alike. Can you find them? Look carefully for the tires, the lamps, the bumpers, the radiator or motormeter may be different. To find the twins may take a little time, but with \$2,200.00 to win, it's worth it. When you're through, put an "X" over the twins and mail your answer to me at once. Remember—the first prize winner, by being on time, gets a

**Buick Sedan FREE!**

P. C. Chase, Adv. Mgr., 420 Popular Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa





COMING TO  
NEW YORK?

## New York vs Jonesville— The McAlpin vs The 400

WHEREVER "Jonesville" may be—there is but ONE hotel. You MUST stop there.

There is but ONE New York but it now contains more than 400 hotels.

For the Hotel McAlpin to maintain its leadership, to gain in prestige and popularity every year is not an easy task. Hotel competition is keen.

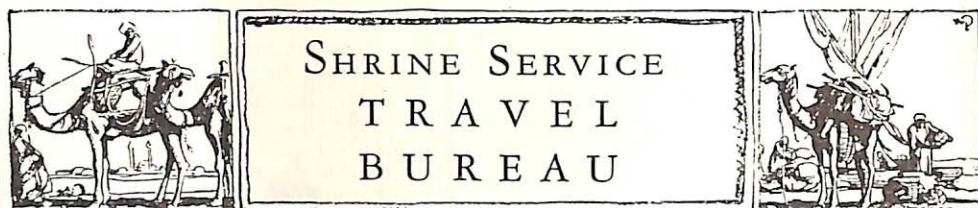
But keener than competition is the keen service of the competent McAlpin Staff—from bell-boy and chamber maid to restaurant chefs and managing director.

When you think of New York, think first of the McAlpin, a leading hotel among the leaders—outstanding in popularity, first in service, comfort and location—and economical enough to appeal to every purse.

*Arthur S. Lee*  
Managing Director

1700 ROOMS  
\$3.00 to \$12.00 per day  
LUXURIOUS SUITES  
\$10.00 to \$30.00 per day

**HOTEL  
McALPIN**  
"The Centre of Convenience"  
Broadway at 34th Street  
NEW YORK



### SHRINE SERVICE TRAVEL BUREAU

#### Eastward Ho!

Those who look forward to a voyage to Europe during the summer will find below a list of the June and July sailings from western ports to all ports abroad. The minimum rate is given for the sailings for each type of steamship accommodation.

AMERICAN MERCHANT LINES New York to London			
Minimum Rate:	American Farmer	Banker	
\$100.00	Shipper	Merchant	
	Trader		

Sailings:	June 7-14-21-28
	July 5-12-19-26

*CANADIAN PACIFIC Montreal and Quebec to Belfast, Glasgow, Liverpool, Hamburg.			
Minimum Rates:	1st Cabin	Tourist 3d	
Empress of Scotland	\$212.50	\$107.50	\$87.50
Empress of Australia	"	"	"
Empress of France	"	"	"
Duchess of Athol	\$150.00	"	"
Duchess of Bedford	"	"	"
Montclair, Montclair	\$145.00	\$102.50	\$85.00
Montrose	"	"	"
Minnedosa	\$145.00	\$102.50	\$85.00
Metagama	"	"	"
Marloch	\$95.00	\$85.00	"
Marburn	\$92.50	\$82.50	"
Montreal	"	"	"

Sailings:	June 15-July 13
	July 27
Empress of Australia	June 13-July 4-25
Empress of France	June 20-July 11
Empress of Scotland	June 6-27-July 18
Metagama	June 20-July 18
Minnedosa	June 14-July 12
Montclair	June 8-July 6
Montclair	June 22-July 20
Montclair	June 5-July 4
Montclair	June 1-June 28
Montclair	June 23-July 20

COSULICH LINE New York and Boston to Azores, Lisbon, Marseilles, Palermo, Naples, Messina, Patras, Spalato, Trieste, Presidente Wilson.			
Minimum Rates:	1st Cabin	Tourist 3d	
Saturnia	\$253.00	\$126.50	\$87.50
Sailings:	June 26		
	June 9-July 14		

*CUNARD AND ANCHOR LINES New York, Boston, Montreal, Quebec, Portland, Halifax to Southampton, Cherbourg, Havre, Liverpool, Cobh (Queenstown), Plymouth, London, Glasgow, Londonderry, Belfast.			
Minimum Rates:	1st Cabin	Tourist 3d	
Aquitania	\$295.00	\$152.50	\$92.50
Berengaria	\$290.00	\$152.50	\$90.00
Carmania	\$206.00 (Rd. Trip)	\$160.00 (Rd. Trip)	
Tuscanian	\$201.50 (Rd. Trip)	\$155.00 (Rd. Trip)	
Lancasteria	\$197.00	"	"
Andania	"	"	"
Antonia	"	"	"
California	"	"	"
Montclair, Quebec, Portland, Halifax	\$197.00 (Rd. Trip)	\$155.00 (Rd. Trip)	
Sailings:	June 2-16-30	July 14-28	
	June 1-8-15-22	July 6-13-20	
	June 6-20-27	July 9-16	
	June 9-23-30	July 18-28	
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Send for circular  
describing  
Islam Temple's  
Round-the  
Pacific  
Ceremonial Pilgrimage



A South Sea Island Belle

**Ho, FOR FAR SHORES!** Shriners and your friends, come with us next August and visit—

Japan! China! the Philippines! Australia! South Sea Islands! and Hawaii!

Side trips and shore excursions galore! At every point, Shriners of the Far East are making extensive sightseeing and entertainment plans in your behalf.

Ceremonials will be held in Yokohama, Peking, Shanghai, Hongkong, Manila, Sydney, Melbourne and possibly Auckland.

This great Shrine party will start from San Francisco on August 3rd, 1928, returning to San Francisco at the end of several eventful weeks—the gayest you ever had. All Shriners and their friends are invited. We have the palatial Dollar Steamship "President Taft", American ship of the most modern type. Fare for the trip, \$1292.40, exclusive of expenses ashore.

Applications being filled in order received. Fill out this coupon at once and mail it for further information to:

GUY L. GOIN,

Chairman, care Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Ry. Co., 114 Sansome St., San Francisco, California.

My Name.....

My Address.....

My Temple is.....



Ask  
Mrs.  
FREDERICK!

(Does your House Ignore Progress?)



**H**AS the development of the home kept pace with progress in this, our wonderful world of today? This is an age of increasingly magnificent machinery. Look at the new model motors which skim the roads, or the latest airplanes which skim the sky. But if we turn from these improved marvels or the equally splendid equipment of office or factory and gaze at the home—how does the place we live in compare in real efficiency?

A thought-provoking book has just been written in which the author declares that "a home is a machine for living in." He claims that the men who spend their days in perfectly equipped offices can feel only depression when they return and find their homes all cluttered up with so many useless articles. He says that "a bedroom is a machine for sleeping in," a dining-room is a machine for "eating in," and that insofar as the bedroom is laden with dust collectors and ornaments and frills, or the dining-room overflowing with teatray and china and things which are seldom used—that to that degree is the room a poor and not an efficient machine. What do my readers think? Is it true that many of our homes are "overflowing" and that it requires too much time to clean and dust and keep them in order? A housekeeper of mine once remarked to me: "Well, this house is all right, but it has too many books and far too much china." And I fear that my house has too much of many things!

Simplify, simplify! Thanks to the good work of the interior decorators (using "decorating" in its finest sense) we all know much more about good taste in home furnishing. Thanks even more to the groups of manufacturers who have realized these canons of taste in curtains and china, in ranges and rugs. Today there is scarcely an excuse for any of us to have homes that contain, as someone said, "the horrid hideous furniture of yesterday." Perhaps it is a good point to remember that decoration, as such, is the essential desire of the peasant and the uncultured, while line, proportion, harmony, is the essential desire of the cultivated man or woman.

Enter your home some day as if you were a total stranger. Ask everything in your home if it has any real business there. If not, then clear it out altogether.

Since we have just ended the Lenten season, I am sure that many readers have been featuring meatless dishes. What is your favorite fish recipe? Fish is such a delicious wholesome food that we should use it more often on our tables. As main dish, as salad, as chowder, or in a more sophisticated fish mousse—which way does your family like it best? This is the subject of this month's prize recipe contest. You are all familiar with the usual contest rules.

What is your favorite FISH RECIPE?

Address Fish Recipe Contest Editor, c/o Shrine Service, THE SHRINE MAGAZINE, 1440 Broadway, New York City. Contributions must be received by May 15th.

Never was a contest more popular than the recent one on PRIZE PUDDINGS. We had actually bags and bags of letters! Again it was most difficult to select, but here are the prize-winners:

FIRST PRIZE \$10.00

MRS. H. R. CALLAWAY,  
516 Jefferson avenue,  
Huntington, W. Va.

Gingerbread Pudding

1 pint milk, 1/4 cup sugar, 2 egg yolks, 1 cup stale gingerbread. Scald milk; beat yolks with sugar. Add milk gradually to egg mixture. Break stale gingerbread into buttered baking dish, and pour custard over this. Place in pan of hot water and bake in 350° F. oven until set. Cover with meringue made from two egg whites and six tablespoons granulated sugar, 1/4 teaspoon vanilla. Brown in 300° F. oven.

SECOND PRIZE \$5.00

MRS. PHILIP W. STORM,  
3057 El Cajon Blvd.,  
San Diego, Calif.

Grape Nuts Pudding

1 cup grape nuts, 2 scant cups hot water, 3/4 cup sugar, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/2 cup walnut meats, 1 egg, 1/2 tsp. each nutmeg, cinnamon, allspice. Soak grape nuts in hot water 2 minutes. Add sugar, spices, egg yolk (beaten), nuts and raisins. Last, add white of egg beaten until stiff. Pour into slightly buttered baking dish and bake 1/2 hour in moderate oven. Serve with hard sauce.

WINNER

MRS. C. A. MAHAN,  
135 Waller avenue,  
Lexington, Kentucky

Southern Pudding

2 eggs, 1 cup bread crumbs, 1/2 pound brown sugar, 1 lb. chopped suet, 2 lemons (juice), using grated rind of 1 lemon. Melt the suet and work in the bread crumbs. Add sugar, lemon juice and rind; moisten with unbeaten egg. Steam 1 hour in well buttered mold. Serve with Caramel Sauce.

Caramel Sauce: 2 egg yolks, 1 lb. brown sugar, 3/4 pint water, 1/2 cup butter, 2 tsp. flour, flavor with cooking sherry (optional). Mix all ingredients (except flavoring) in sauce pan and boil five minutes, then add flavoring if desired.

WHAT IS YOUR HOUSEHOLD PROBLEM?

Is it cooking? Cleaning? Washing? Redecorating? Furnishing? The care and feeding of children? No matter what it is write to Mrs. Frederick and she will be glad to help you. Address a stamped envelope to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Shrine Service, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.



Savagely he fought the  
Sea Wolf to save her!

**MADDENED** at the sight of her frantic struggles, Weyden sprang to save her! But the Sea Wolf hurled him back crashing through the door. All appeared lost when...

Here is an extraordinary situation. A beautiful girl of gentle breeding on a rough ship at the mercy of a fiend incarnate! How could she escape? What happened to her secret lover?

To learn the answer to this and a host of equally gripping tales, send today for

THE WORLD FAMOUS  
WORKS OF JACK LONDON

At a Bargain That May Never Be Repeated

THESE are not ordinary tales, but the World's Greatest Stories of raging adventure, flaming conflict and daring romance!

Never a man lived as Jack London and as he lived he wrote! So vivid, so realistic are these absorbing pages, you feel yourself actually taking part in every situation.

4600 Gripping Pages

One moment you are a shipwrecked sailor battling two hundred man-eating blacks in the jungle. In the next you are a city weakling plunging into the jaws of hell to save the woman you love.

In breathless succession you race from one thrilling episode to another—from arctic Siberia to torrid Africa; from the South Sea Islands to England's misty shores—for these are extraordinary tales you will never tire of reading. They help you relax and increase your efficiency. No other form of entertainment offers you so much for so little money!

Priced for Quick Sale

By eliminating editorial and plate costs and manufacturing the books in the dull season, we are enabled to offer you this new uniform library edition of Jack London far below

the regular publisher's price. But act quickly; these sets are going fast!

10 Days Free Inspection

Don't send a cent. Simply mail the bargain coupon immediately and these glorious volumes will go to you, all charges prepaid. If not delighted, return in 10 days at our expense. But don't wait—this opportunity may never come your way again. Mail the coupon today!

McKinlay, Stone & Mackenzie  
Dept. 179  
114 E. 16th St.  
New York

EASTWARD HO!

[Continued from page 71]

NORWEGIAN AMERICA LINE

Brooklyn, N. Y. to Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany.  
Minimum Rates \$155.00 Cabin; \$105.50 3d; \$120.50 Tourist 3d.

Sailings: Bergensfjord June 23—July 28  
Stavangerfjord June 5—July 7

SCANDINAVIAN AMERICAN LINE

New York (Hoboken) to Bremen, Danzig, Hamburg, Libau, Memel, Pillau, Reval, Riga, Christiansand, also Copenhagen.

Minimum Rates	3d (Rd. Trip)	3d Cabin
Frederik VIII	\$175.00	\$103.50
United States		\$150.00
Hellig Olav		
Oscar II		
Frederik VIII		
United States		
Hellig Olav		

SPANISH ROYAL MAIL LINE

New York to Coruna, Gijon, Santander, Cadiz, Bilbao, Barcelona.

Minimum Rates 1st 2d 3d  
Alfonso XIII. \$180.00 \$131.00 \$85.50  
Cristobal Colon.

Sailings: Cristobal Colon June 1  
Alfonso XIII. June 23  
Manuel Armas. June 9  
Montevideo. June 20

SWEDISH AMERICAN LINE

New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Halifax to Sweden, Norway, Denmark, Finland, Germany, Latvia, Iceland, Esthonia, Russia.

Minimum Rates	1st	Cabin	2d	3d
Gripsholm	\$195.00	\$155.00	\$108.00	
Stockholm	\$155.00		105.50	
Drottningholm	155.00		105.50	
Drottningholm			June 23—July 21	
Sailings: Gripsholm			June 9—July 5	
Stockholm			June 2—30	

\*UNITED STATES LINES

New York and Boston to Queenstown, Plymouth, Cherbourg, Southampton, Bremen.

Minimum Rates	1st	2d	Cabin	Tourist 3d	3d (Rd. Trip)
Leviathan	\$300.00	\$152.50	\$196.50	\$92.50	
George Washington		\$155.00	193.50	87.50	
President Harding		\$152.50	184.50	85.00	
President Roosevelt					
America					
Republic		\$140.00	184.50	85.00	
Sailings: Leviathan			June 16—July 4		
George Washington			June 19—July 21		
President Harding			June 6—July 3		
President Roosevelt			June 13—July 11		
America			June 2—June 30		
Republic			June 8—July 7		

A United States Revenue Stamp tax of \$5.00 is added to each ticket costing \$60.00 and over.

\*To English rates add \$5.00 for French ports and \$10.00 for German ports.

†English ports \$5.00 less.

FOREIGN DEBARKATION TAXES

	First Class	Cabin or	Tourist 3d	3rd
(DeLuxe) (Not DeLuxe)	Second			
France	\$10.00	\$7.00	\$4.00	\$1.00
Spain	10.50	7.50	4.50	2.25
Genoa, Italy	3.00	2.00		1.50

Those who wish further information about the above sailings, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to Miss Anne C. Granbeck of The Travel Bureau, The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, New York City.

AN ENTERTAINMENT BOOKLET  
FOR THE HOSTESS

Smart Menus for your Bridge Party, Unusual Recipes for Summer Refreshments, Color Plans for a Rosebud Luncheon—everything to help you entertain in this complete help to hospitality

"PARTIES ALL THE YEAR  
ROUND."

YOUR copy is ready and will be mailed to you on receipt of 25c sent to Shrine Service,

THE SHRINE MAGAZINE,  
1440 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

To Meet This  
Ridiculous  
Practice

of waiting till you are well-established and earning more before you buy full protection for your wife and babies, we have made the Buffalo Life Policy. The time your wife and children need fullest protection is while those children are young. As you grow older and better able to buy protection by the old method they are also growing older and more able to look out for themselves should anything happen to you.

A Buffalo Life Insurance Policy allows you full protection now at rates you are able to pay. Low rates while your earning power is not mature, higher rates as you are able to pay them. But all the time full protection. The best policy for anybody, but particularly for a young man.

Buy Buffalo Life, and if you are interested in increasing your income by part or full time work sell Buffalo Life. Sold at cost to a select class of risks only. Write for particulars.

BUFFALO LIFE  
ASSOCIATION

Established 1872

Formerly the MASONIC LIFE ASS'N

NELSON O. TIFFANY  
President and Gen'l Mgr.

452 Delaware Ave., Room 4  
BUFFALO, N. Y.



## PREPARE FOR AN ART CAREER

—thru the only art school operated as a department of a large art organization, who have actually produced over a quarter million drawings for leading advertisers. Where else can you get so wide an experience? Home study instruction. Write for illustrated book telling of our successful students.

**MEYER BOTH COMPANY**  
Michigan Ave. at 20th St. Dept. 115, Chicago, Ill.



1 Trouble starts in weakened muscles. Tiny bones of forward arch are displaced. Pain follows.

2 A super-elastic band assists and strengthens weakened muscles, replaces bones. Pain stops instantly.

3 You walk, stand and dance with ease. Wear stylish shoes with comfort. Soon feet are permanently well.



## FOOT PAINS ENDED IN 10 MINUTES — or costs you nothing

SCIENCE says 94% of all foot pains result from weakened muscles. Now a way is discovered to assist and strengthen these muscles. Results are almost immediate. That burning, aching, tired feeling in the feet and legs—cramps in toes, foot calluses, pains in the toes, instep, ball or heel—dull ache in the ankle, calf or knee—shooting pains from back of toes, spreading of the feet, or that broken-down feeling—all can now be quickly ended. Pain stops in 10 minutes when an amazing band is used, called the Jung Arch Brace. It is highly elastic and amazingly light and thin, yet strong and durable. You slip it on, that is all.

Pain stops like magic. Stand, run or dance with delight—wear stylish shoes comfortably. The secret is in the tension and stretch of the band. Nothing stiff to further weaken and cause discomfort. Nothing to mis-shape shoe. Results are permanent. Soon band may be discarded. Feet are well to stay. Nearly 2,000,000 now in use. Specialists, amazed at results, urge it widely.

Test it 10 days, if not amazed and delighted your money returned. Go to druggist, shoe store or chiroprapist. If they can't supply you use coupon below and pay postman. Write for free book on foot troubles.

**JUNG'S**  
The Original  
ARCH BRACES

FREE if it fails—

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(Mrs. Frederick will be glad to tell you about her experiences with any of the devices on this page)



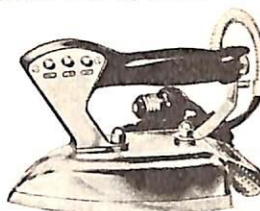
(Above) A mothproof cedar wardrobe which attaches to bed, slides on roller bearings off floor and out of sight.



(Above) An electric beater that stirs five times faster than by hand.



(Above) Carbonated beverages will fizz even after they are opened if this cork is inserted in bottle and a slight pressure put on plunger.



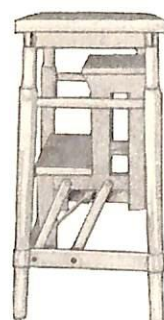
(Above) An electric iron with heat control. A pressure of the button provides low, medium or high heat. Less effort and a 30% saving on electric bill.



(Above) This novel meshed knitted bag keeps a supply of lettuce moist, yet permits cold refrigerator air to circulate freely. More convenient than towels or paper and keeps lettuce fresh longer.



(Left and Below) Spring is the season to install more efficient and less unsightly garbage disposal. This underground receptacle and its inner can of rust-proof steel provides a sanitary, animal-proof, outdoor container.



(Space-saving and convenience are gained by this attractively enameled 2-in-1 stepstool. Closed (at left) it is a high stool for service at sink or table; opened (above left) a set of safe, sturdy steps for ready reaching.



(Manufacturers, desiring to have their products or appliances tested for the benefit of SHRINE readers, can send their consignments to Mrs. Christine Frederick, Greenlawn, Long Island. Electrical appliances must be outfitted with 32-volt motors. This address is for manufacturers only. Readers wishing to communicate with Mrs. Frederick will please address her at The Shrine Magazine, 1440 Broadway, N. Y. C.



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## HOW DO YOU DO!

[Continued from page 69]

"Yes. Haven't I proved it," she said. "The first time I saw you I said you were adorable."

"Really?" She stopped crying and arched her brows.

"If you hadn't been I'd have sworn at you, the way you treated me."

"And do you know what I thought of you?" Her eyes had grown so tender and the moments were so short.

"Tell me, I don't care now."

"I wanted you on my side."

"When did you begin wanting me on your side?" came his fond cross-examination.

"When—when I first saw you on the bus."

"Gwen. Don't kid me. I'm so awfully in love, I'm—"

"I'm not kidding you. Really I'm not."

She drew away and looked at him through the dusk which was gathering in the room.

"You didn't show it," he objected.

"Girls don't show things."

"No. But you should have given me a hint. Why, Gwen—did you want me on your side?"

"Because you looked to me like a man who doesn't give up, once he's started."

"I don't." After that there was a long silence, but not an idle one.

It was nearing dark and the long windows cast no more than grey reflections across the rug when Jack Slattery awoke from dreams to a sense of duty.

"Look here, Gwen," he spoke up masterfully, "when we're married we've got to make one bargain."

"Only one?" Her face was but a white patch, yet he knew she was smiling.

"This one first of all. Hereafter, if there's any shooting to be done in the family I'm going to do it."

## SAND DOLLARS

[Continued from page 21]

an arm down-shore. "I'm the permanent drawing number on the dance floor from eight to eleven. Got to dance with anything that spells trade from seven to seventy and keep smiling. Dad's orders! This morning I started to kill myself." She looked at him with the grim unsmiling shocklessness of nineteen.

"Do you know what stopped me?" she said. "I happened to think of you and this old wreck all at once—and then somehow I couldn't."

Johnny's big hands moved tensely. He hulked beside her, cheerfully nervous and inarticulate, his lower lip curled down. No show about this. He felt rather than saw she was in deadly earnest, yet it was all foreign to him; her eyes glassed over instead of rent with the anguished softness of a gentle stricken animal, as his kind might have expected. Dilemma drew them close.

Johnny slipped an arm diffidently around her, her head came over against him and she seemed to purr. Soft wonder brooded over them as the sun began to dip.

"Let's go out now," she said, throwing away a cigarette, after Johnny had listened to all the doings at the Windemere. "And I'm going to stay and eat with you. They can come for me if they want me."

About seven o'clock as they finished supper together, there was a sound like artillery from a motor cut-out as a low-slung roadster driven by two young men came to a skidding stop like a broncho in front of The Wreck. Briss Farrel was at the wheel—it was like one of Farrel's stunts taking a chance along beach sand with the tide already coming in. Beside him sat a tall individual who at a glance seemed overwhelmingly flashy in attire.

[Continued on page 76]



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Feels Like Chamois

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## SAND DOLLARS

[Continued from page 75]

He glimpsed Hattie in the doorway above and climbed from the car with a feverish sort of levity, shoulders high. "Brought to basket at last," he drawled.

"That's Dad's highest paying guest," Hattie whispered. "I'm in for it now."

Draping himself over the railing below the stranger smiled up at her with sly blandishment.

"What did you want, Mr. Gholson?" Hattie looked down at him with arch understanding of his motives.

"What did I want? Sweet Sister!" He gave a gasping falsetto laugh, and grimaced, exaggerated gestures that were a mere excuse for the subtle shaft of his magnetism. "What I want is to bask a few minutes in the icy sunshine of your presence. 'Tis near curfew call; your pater craves your presence and sent us forth in the trusty oil-burner."

Hattie was changed, all in an instant; a wall about her now—that glittering barrier of wan, chill sprightliness that always filled Johnny Coe with panic—because it didn't let him in past the gleam of her eyes. He wanted to fling himself headlong against it, but saw it was idiotic. She was leaving now, functioning adroitly in a coy but weary allurements, ancient as Egypt. The roadster got under way, coughing and splashing as Farrel kept pace with her mount along the strand. Johnny was left with an ache of loneliness at his throat, swelling it up with vague longing.

The summer marched slowly on. The heat of August gave way to the crisp pristine days of early fall, and Johnny took a week off to harvest and sell his bean crop. These were the days he liked best, when the summer people were leaving and sea and shore resumed their accustomed peace. He had not seen Hattie Flint more than half a dozen times during the summer months, brief distracting meetings that left him dismayed and sad—Hattie cruelly be-dazzled with rouge and lip-stick, remote as some shimmering star in the filaments of that other world in which she seemed to have been drowned. Now with the coming of fall, they were kept apart for other reasons, though Johnny did not know it.

With the pomp and show of the summer season no longer imperative, Flint had discharged the expensive help he had maintained, and recruited the services of his wife and daughter to keep up the work of the hotel. Secretly he had not done well, as Johnny had suspected, having recognized the earmarks of the wild-catter. The family were now given a hint of the true state of affairs, and for Hattie the days became terrible. They had thought the venture was paying well; instead, Flint had barely kept afloat. Her days were turned now into a monotonous routine of work, endlessly repeated—rising early, helping secretly in the kitchen over lunch and dinner, dusting, sewing and washing dishes—then wrathfully to bed. That had become the bitter schedule of her days, but under it she was thriving in a new way, unknown to herself. Slowly she was learning the rudiments of restraint and self-discipline; she forgot her cigarettes, and the petty exactions of her former life fell away one by one.

For economic reasons, the Flints had decided to spend the winter on the shore. There came a night in late October when the family was awakened before dawn by a high wind that swept in from seaward, pushing like a great beast against the walls of the hotel. A heavy surf was sweeping up the beach almost to the line of driven piles that formed the water break.

"We're in for it," Flint said under his breath, and his face looked gray at break-fast.

Pacific coastal storms are never sudden,

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swift onslaughts accompanied by the crash of thunder, but long endurance combines of wind and water. At midforenoon a rain began, and the three petulant elderly ladies, the last of Flint's fall guests, ordered a closed car and left for the city.

Flint watched that afternoon as the pounding surf beat and leveled the beach and began swishing up over the top of the piles, licking in long tongues across the tennis court, clear up to the building's foundations. The improbable was coming to pass. As the early darkness settled down Flint came indoors and began a surreptitious salvaging among his valuables. At supper time he announced in a still, terrible voice: "We're getting out of here tonight."

Hattie and her mother turned blank faces toward him.

"This place is going to sink before morning. The right wing's begun to sag already. The water's clear over the sea-break."

About eight o'clock that night Johnny Coe and his mother were surprised at supper by a prolonged rapping at the rear door, so blent with the tide of wind rushing through the eucalyptus outside as to be scarcely distinguishable. Johnny opened, and stood back bewildered at sight of Flint with his wife and daughter on the dripping threshold.

"This your place, Coe?" Flint said. "We saw your lights from the road and came across. Can you take us in till the storm's over?"

"Come in! Come in!" broke in Johnny's mother, coming forward.

Johnny knew on the instant all that happened as well as if he had been there to see it, and that made it harder still. Flint would doubtless be harboring frozen dynamite in his system. His tongue seemed gummed with mud, until Mrs. Coe took the women to an inner room. Flint remained hunched over the kitchen range like a draggled fowl come in from the storm. He eased the situation quickly, as Johnny set about making coffee and lunch.

"This darned storm has done for us, Coe," he croaked. "We're three derelicts now—without house or home. Yes, by God—everything going—the hotel will never last the night out... I couldn't stay there and watch it, so out we came, and headed for the first light along the road."

"It's a miserable shame, but it's all a part of the gamble, I suppose," Johnny exploded banally. "I was afraid of it all along, you remember. If there's anything we can do, you've only to call on us—"

Hattie had stepped in unnoticed from the other room a moment before, wearing a pair of Mrs. Coe's carpet slippers. She overheard the last sentence and suddenly pushed past her father into the center of the room, her eyes ablaze.

"You were afraid of it all along?" Her voice was almost a scream. "You said it and you knew it!"

Johnny turned to her as if stunned. "I did what I could," he said. "I knew this coast and he didn't."

She almost sprang at him, her fists beating against his broad breast, tears running down her cheeks. He saw she had been brittle with hysteria.

"You double-crosser!" she cried. "You knew it all along, and you say so, but you couldn't do anything! You let him go into it. Oh, I hate you!"

Johnny took her swiftly by the shoulders, gripping till she winced and met his eyes. "Stop it!" he commanded. Something in his voice and look struck into her. She held fascinated eyes to his face, her hands laced across her mouth. Then her blonde cropped head bowed against his shoulder and she fell to sobbing limply. Flint had stopped pacing and stood looking on in queer amaze.

[Continued on page 80]

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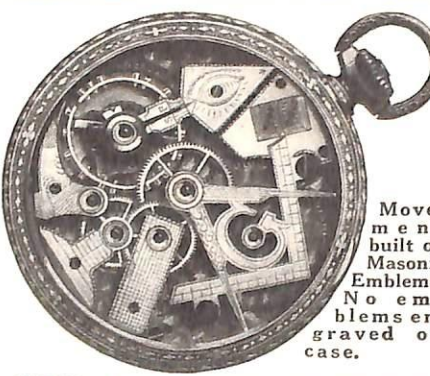
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## THE FIRST SHRINE MAGAZINE CRUISE [Continued from page 39]

Temple met in regular session to receive an official visit from the Imperial Potentate. A large number of visiting Nobles were present and drills were given by the Pacific and Atlantic Patrols. The meeting was followed by an elaborate dinner to the Imperial Potentate at the Union Club, and a reception and dance later at the Shrine Mosque.

On the second morning of the Panama visit all were entertained at France Field by the Flying Patrol's aerial circus, and by permission of Major General Charles D. Rhodes (Nile Temple, Seattle, Washington) the 14th Infantry, commanded by Colonel H. A. Allen, gave a special exhibition drill at Fort Davis.

Panama Canal Court No. 18, Royal Jesters, entertained the Imperial Potentate and visiting Jesters and their ladies at a luncheon at the Washington Hotel in Colon.

After two full days of such splendid Shrine hospitality in the Canal Zone the Megantic left for Cartagena, Columbia, the oldest city on the Spanish Main. Noble Isaac A. Manning of Abou Saad Temple met the ship as it arrived at noon and conducted the party on a sightseeing trip. Noble and Mrs. John Brodbeck of Mohammed Temple were so eager to meet the Shriners that they drove eighty miles over the Andes.

Monday morning, January 30th, found the cruise members in the quaint little town of Willemstad, on the Dutch West Indian Island of Curacao. There live five nobles, S. A. L. Maduro, S. M. L. Maduro, C. A. Jones, E. L. Penha, and F. W. P. Winkel, all of whom met the ship. A ceremonial session was held at 10:30 at the Masonic Temple under special dispensation from Abou Saad Temple and these candidates who had been previously elected were duly initiated into the Mystic Shrine: B. L. Maduro, M. Capriles, C. N. Winkel, H. D. Gomez, A. E. L. Maduro.

FOR the first time in Shrine history an Imperial Potentate presided at a ceremonial in South America. The Nobles officiated as follows: Illustrious Potentate, Clarence M. Dunbar, Imperial Potentate, Palestine Temple; Chief Rabban, Fred O. Wood, Past Potentate, Ararat Temple; Assistant Rabban, Arthur W. Milne, Past Potentate, Zem Zem Temple; High Priest and Prophet, Earl Coler, present High Priest and Prophet, Antioch Temple; Oriental Guide, Raymond E. Porter, Past Potentate, Tigris Temple; Treasurer and Director, Capt. H. G. Getchell, Past Potentate, Moila Temple; Recorder, Deane R. Lynde (The Shrine Magazine), Ararat Temple; First Ceremonial Master, Frank E. Walker, Past Potentate, Rameses Temple; Second Ceremonial Master, Joseph C. Williams (Mayor of Erie, Pa.), Zem Zem Temple; Marshal, N. H. Hege, Murat Temple; Captain of the Guard, Harry Benallack, Medinah Temple; Outer Guard, Adrian Fuller, Aladdin Temple; Orator, Major H. S. Smith, Alzafar Temple.

After lunch, shopping and sightseeing the cruise party proceeded to La Guaira, the principal port of Venezuela. The 31st was spent on a visit to Caracas, the capital. By air line the distance is six miles but by train and automobile over the northern outpost of the Andes it is twenty-four miles. Climbing above La Guaira a magnificent view of the port and city was spread out below and gradually by a winding route a height of 3,200 feet was attained—often the passengers were above the clouds. Returning to La Guaira, the party sailed at dusk.

The Megantic arrived off San Juan, Porto Rico, early on February 2nd and was met by a committee from the Porto Rico Shrine Club—Bert E. Stevenson, president; Karl E. Edholm, vice-president; H. L. Talbot.

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## Ingersoll Dollar Strop

ROBERT H. INGERSOLL, to whom the world owes the Dollar watch and the first line of low priced dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER, an ingenious invention for re-sharpening all makes of safety razor blades.

The INGERSOLL DOLLAR STROPPER is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strap at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by anyone without skill or practice. The user cannot fail to get a supersharp edge. Thousands already know the joys of better shaves through this wonderful device. Prove the Ingersoll Strop to be all we say for it. It costs no more than a few blades and by re-sharpening dull blades will save you from \$5 to \$10 a year. Send \$1.00 for complete outfit, including patent Strop (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your \$1 at once.

**WANTED**  
Ambitious men to become agents. No experience needed. Quick sales, constant repeat business, fine profits. Write today for Agents' Plan.

**ROBERT H. INGERSOLL, Inc.**  
476 Broadway, Dept. S-104, New York City  
I enclose \$1 for which send me one Ingersoll Dollar Strop complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop. It is understood that I can return the Strop in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name .....  
Address .....  
Make of Razor used .....  
[ ] If interested in agents' proposition check here.

## Button Rupture Newest Way [Without Pressure]

Science now advises discarding cruel steel springs, barbarous leg straps, and other harness that press against the rupture and thus prevent nature from healing it. A new sensible method has been perfected, called Magic Dot—entirely different from any other way. Instead of "pressing," it "seals" rupture, and allows users to run, jump, bend and cough in perfect safety.

With this 1/25th oz. device is a new kind of pad, air-porous and washable. It actually breathes air, and cannot slip off the rupture—a feature, you'll frankly admit that is lacking in your present appliance. In fact, it is so superior and different that it is praised by physicians as "an entirely new departure." Users report they have forgotten they are wearing it. But don't buy it yet.

**See It First**  
You can now have it sent to your home without obligation to wear it. Just write for full description of Magic Dot and details of this unusual "no obligation" offer. Tear out this ad and write today, for quick relief.

**NEW SCIENCE INSTITUTE**  
3847 Clay St., Steubenville, Ohio

**DEAFNESS IS MISERY**  
Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums. Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are Unseen Comforts and inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 698, 70 5th Ave., New York

## THE FIRST SHRINE MAGAZINE CRUISE [Continued from page 78]

secretary-treasurer; A. E. Copeland, B. A. Murphy, M. A. C. Clark, J. Callender, J. A. Bezouska.

The Imperial party was escorted to the Palace of La Fortaleza, the residence of the Governor, whom we met, Hon. Horace Mann Townner, a member of Za-Ga-Zig Temple. Later the cruise party drove around El Morro fortification and into the tropical interior to the Clark & Murphy fruit ranch at Bayamon, where a picnic lunch was served.

At 2:00 the travelers witnessed the Porto Rico landing of our "Lone Eagle," Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh.

February 5th brought the ship to the last foreign port to be visited, Hamilton, the metropolis of Bermuda, a British possession. Carriages took the cruise members for a drive over coral rock roads across the island to the famous Crystal caves. Luncheon at the Hamilton Hotel preceded the departure of the Megantic on its last lap, a sail of two days to New York.

In no small measure was the success of the trip due to the ship's efficient and genial commander, Captain J. Kearney, and his able staff and their assistants.

Each day on board ship included an interesting variety of deck games, contests, motion pictures, dances—to the music of the 12 piece ship's orchestra—fancy dress balls and bridge games. Captain H. G. Getchell, Past Potentate of Moila Temple, organized a patrol of twelve girls, and with uniforms from Kismet Temple, gave exhibition drills of Chocolate Soldiers. Fantastic uniforms provided by Aladdin Temple added to the masquerade fun.

Attesting to the pleasure and satisfaction derived from the first Shrine Magazine Cruise, a committee of passengers presented to Mr. Fred O. Wood, Executive Director of The Shrine Magazine, the following set of resolutions:

WHEREAS, this day concludes THE SHRINE MAGAZINE CRUISE for 1928, and

WHEREAS, the 462 Nobles, families and friends on board the "Megantic" desire to express a sense of their satisfaction and appreciation of the cruise, its management and itinerary,

NOW, THEREFORE, BE IT RESOLVED:

That we tender our sincere thanks to the officials of the Shrine Magazine for the opportunity to participate in this carefully planned and skillfully executed cruise of twenty-two delightful days, successfully carried out by the James Boring's Travel Service, Inc.

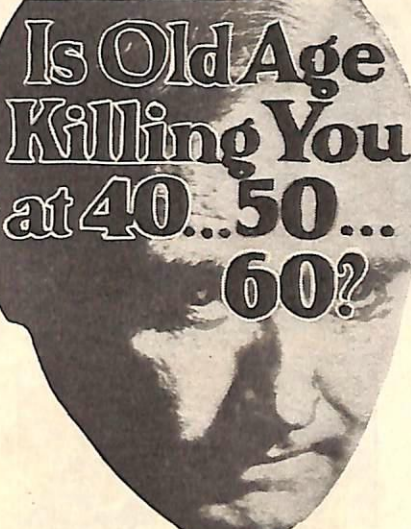
For the care taken in securing a high class passenger list, among which many new and valuable friendships have been formed.

For the liberal and generous policy which has afforded us the most favorable opportunities for enjoyment, sightseeing and recreation, on board ship and at all ports, and

For the fact that every advertised promise has not only been fulfilled but exceeded. We join in complimenting you on the complete success of the first Shrine Magazine Cruise.

(Signed)  
Herbert P. Smith, F. W. Brench,  
Norval H. Hege, Gus J. Drives,  
George I. Laird, Sam'l S. Guenard,  
Harry R. Conklin,  
Committee of Passengers.

The home port was reached on the afternoon of February 7th. The sunburned passengers debarked talking all the while of strange places, gorgeous sights, tropical splendors, smooth seas, balmy days, and new friendships. A perfect trip!



**Is Old Age Killing You at 40... 50... 60?**

Are you aging too soon—getting up 5 to 10 times at night—is vitality ebbing steadily away—are you definitely on the down grade, half-living, blue, depressed—are you subject to chronic constipation, chronic fatigue, back-ache, foot and leg pains? Then look to the vital prostate gland

## New Facts About The Prostate Gland

Do you think it is natural for a man to suffer at or beyond a certain middle age? In men past 40, do you know that these symptoms are often the direct result of prostate failure? Are you aware that these symptoms frequently warn of the most critical period of a man's life, and that prostate trouble, unchecked, usually goes from bad to worse—that it frequently leads to months and even years of fruitless treatment and even surgery—that it even threatens life itself?

### Free to Men Past 40

No man past 40 should go on blindly blaming old age for these distressing conditions. Know the true meaning of these symptoms. Send for a new, illustrated and intensely interesting booklet, "Why Many Men Are Old at 40," written by a well-known American Scientist, and see if these facts apply to you.

### Natural Method

There is little or nothing that medicine can do for the prostate gland. Massage is annoying, expensive and not always effective. Now this scientist has perfected a totally different kind of treatment that you can use in the privacy of your own home. It employs no drugs, medicine, violet rays, diets or exercises. It stimulates the vital prostate gland in a new natural way, and it is as harmless as brushing your hair. 40,000 men have used it with remarkable results.

### Swift Natural Relief

Letters pour in from every state and from many foreign countries. Now physicians and surgeons in every part of the country are using and recommending this non-medical treatment. So directly does this new safe treatment go to the prostate gland that noticeable relief often follows overnight. So remarkable are the results that you can test it under a guarantee that unless you feel 10 years younger in 6 days you pay nothing.

### Scientist's Book Free

Send now for this Scientist's free book and learn these new facts about the prostate gland and old age ailments. This book is sent without cost or obligation. Simply mail the coupon to W. J. Kirk, President, 7304 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio.

If you live West of the Rockies, mail your inquiry to  
**The Electro Thermal Co.**  
303 Van Nuys Building, Dept. 73-D  
**LOS ANGELES, CAL.**

W. J. Kirk, Pres.,  
7304 Morris Ave., Steubenville, Ohio  
Without obligation, kindly send me a free copy of "Why Many Men Are Old at 40."  
Name .....  
Address .....  
City ..... State .....





## How Four Salesmen Invested \$378 Apiece And Raked In \$29,500

It took four salesmen over a year to sift out these surprising facts! Read here how these four men—and hundreds more like them—are cleaning up the steadiest, easiest money of their lives! A 2c stamp brings you all the big money facts, also a FREE SAMPLE of amazing new invention that makes possible these profits.

THIS remarkable profit story written by four ambitious salesmen is a direct challenge to every man whose present line pays him less than \$5,000 clear cash profit every year.

### SIMPLE BUT AMAZING

These men are in a permanent business that actually grows by itself. It pays them immediate cash profits as high as \$100 and more on a single order. There is no competition. Over 20,000,000 motorists must spend money for the type of service they offer. They simply agree to save motorists from \$50.00 to \$5,000.00 of the money they are spending—and show them where thousands of others are saving that much and more.

### \$5,000 A YEAR IS EASY!

I am not exaggerating one bit when I tell you that salesmen everywhere are cleaning up fortunes with this unique invention. Think what it means that men who used to be satisfied with \$40 or \$50 a week are stepping into the \$5,000 a-year-and-up class! Or look at the four men whose records prompted me to address this message to you! On an average investment of \$3.78 in sales outfits they sold over \$29,500 worth of Coffield Tire Protectors in just twelve months.

### FREE SAMPLE—MAIL COUPON

This proposition is so unusual and the proved profit opportunities are so big that it is impossible to disclose all the sensational facts in this short message. So let me send you a FREE SAMPLE of this amazing invention that has startled the entire automobile world. Send no money. Pay no C. O. D. All you risk is a 2c stamp. Just mail the coupon today. RIGHT NOW!

### THE COFFIELD TIRE PROTECTOR CO.

804 N. E. Harshman St. Dayton, Ohio

The Coffield Tire Protector Co., 804 N. E. Harshman St., Dayton, Ohio. I want to make \$5,000 a year. Send me details of your proposition, also FREE SAMPLE of the Coffield Tire Protector.

Note: All Illinois territories are taken.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street and Number \_\_\_\_\_  
Town \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

### SAND DOLLARS

[Continued from page 77]

"You can't go accusing a friend that way," Johnny said quietly. "It's no way to carry on. Be a sport. This is all a part of the game your father was playing."

Flint stepped close. "Coe's quite right," he said. "Fact is, he warned me last winter—did what he could—but I was pig-headed."

"I've got something I'd like to talk over with you now, Mr. Flint, if you're in a mood for it," Johnny said.

Hattie stood a moment, dabbing at her eyes with an absurd knot of blue handkerchief, then moved to the door, obeying that new thing that had come into Johnny's voice along with a sudden stirring throughout his blood streams. Flint watched her till the door closed.

"What are your plans now?" Johnny asked, drawing up a chair. "Sit down."

"I don't know," Flint muttered.

"Your idea had begun to pay," Johnny said. "Your original picture was true; you had the people coming. It was only the storm that knocked you. You asked me last winter for an acre of ground and I named a price. I'm still willing to sell."

"But I'm defunct, man! We haven't more than enough to get back to Chicago."

"Why Chicago? You could salvage a lot if you stayed. Besides, I'm not particular about cash for the land. You could pay that off when you got going—or better still let me have an interest in your scheme. I believe in your idea—and I'll be needing to get into something or other this spring. My place of business will go, too, you know," he grinned.

Flint sat looking at him like a shipwrecked man who sights land looming dimly, but can't quite believe it.

"Anyway, think it over," he said after a moment. "Suppose you folks put up with us here for a week. We've plenty of room. Then we can go over the ground together and see what can be salvaged. There won't be any trouble about building funds. I can help you swing a loan—all you'd need—we're known all over this part of the country."

"I'll do that," Flint said suddenly, and thrust out a hand.

LATER when the Flints had eaten lunch in the big old-fashioned kitchen, the hot water and dish towels somehow got out of the hands of the two women into those of Hattie and Johnny, who found themselves presently in sole possession of the kitchen sink. Hattie seemed suddenly brighter yet softer, as if some refreshing dew had fallen on her, filled all at once with a catching, irresponsible merriment into which Johnny was swept.

"I'm sorry for what I said before supper," she said, as they passed the cups and plates from one to the other. "I don't hate you, Johnny, and I—I'm glad we're going to stay."

He stood exploring this, flushed and smiling, standing so close he could feel the vibrant life and warmth that still pulsed through her after the buffeting of rain and wind she had been through. "I—I listened and heard what you said to Dad, Johnny, after I went out. It was wonderful of you, and this time he's going to make it pay. I knew it even when I heard you talking."

Johnny began a sentence, but it never rose to words, for as Hattie turned, their cheeks and shoulders touched. The dish in Johnny's hand clanged to the floor, and unbroken by its fall, rolled over by the stove where it came slowly to rest pivoting like a dying top. Apparently only Pete the Airdale noticed it.

## Fat Men!

This new self-massaging belt not only makes you look thinner INSTANTLY—but quickly takes off rolls of excess fat.

DIET is weakening—drugs are dangerous—strenuous reducing exercises are liable to strain your heart. The only safe method of reducing is massage. This method sets up a vigorous circulation that seems to melt away the surplus fat. The Weil Reducing Belt, made of special reducing rubber, produces exactly the same results as a skilled masseur, only quicker and cheaper. Every move you make causes the Weil Belt to gently massage your abdomen. Results are rapid because this belt works for you every second.

### Fat Replaced by Normal Tissue

From 4 to 6 inches of flabby fat usually vanish in just a few weeks. Only solid, normal tissue remains. The Weil Reducing Belt is endorsed by physicians because it not only takes off fat, but helps correct stomach disorders, constipation, backache, shortness of breath and puts sagging internal organs back into place.

### Special 10-Day Trial Offer

Send no money. Write for detailed description and testimonials from delighted users. Write at once. Special 10-day trial offer. The Weil Co., 1204 Hill Street, New Haven, Connecticut.

The Weil Company,  
1204 Hill Street, New Haven, Conn.  
Gentlemen: Please send me complete description of the Weil Scientific Reducing Belt, and also your Special 10-Day Trial Offer.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City..... State.....



## Carefree days ahead!

### Escorted Tours

For happy, leisurely travel, there is no better way. Our small, select groups combine the carefree note of the conducted party and the dignity attendant upon limited numbers! A booklet "Your Tour to Europe" will be sent on request.

### Independent Tours

If you'd rather "go it on your own" our Independent Travel Service can spare you many miles of needless travel and much annoyance and expense. Let our experts plan just the tour you want when you want it. Our booklet "Independent Tours" will be gladly sent to you upon request.

### Franco-Belgique Tours Co., Inc.

"Europe by Motor"—American Personnel  
551-D Fifth Ave. New York

## DO YOU

WANT a new business profession of your own, with all the trade you can attend to? Then become a chiropractor. In a few weeks earn big income in service fees—not medical nor chiropody—easy terms for home training, no further capital needed, no goods to buy, no agency. Address: Stephenson Laboratory, 5 Back Bay, Boston, Mass.

# FREE TRIAL GROWS HAIR



## Amazing New Electrical Discovery!

Now at last—through the electric magic of Infra-red Rays—Science has found a startling way to grow new hair quickly.

No matter how fast your hair is falling out. No matter how much of it is gone—this is our guarantee: This amazing new electrical discovery will end your dandruff—stop falling hair—and grow thick, luxuriant new hair in 4 weeks—or you pay nothing! You risk nothing. You are the judge—your own mirror will furnish the astounding evidence.

## Famous Surgeon's Discovery

All observant men have noticed that their beard grows faster in hot weather than in cold. What causes that?

Simply this: heat rays of a certain kind that stimulate and vitalize the hair-growing tissue.

Two years ago a noted surgeon, seeking to bring back his own hair—applying all his scientific knowledge to the problem—made a remarkable discovery. It is the first time a scientific man of his standing has ever entered this field of helpfulness.

He discovered a simple way in which to use life-giving, invisible heat rays—known to all scientists—to restore health and normal conditions to the scalp tissues, and so RESTORE HAIR in all but certain rare instances. It ended his own

baldness. Today his hair is unusually thick and luxuriant.

## Called Dermo-Ray

Because of his scientific conservatism, and his standing in his profession, the discoverer of Dermo-Ray made no general announcement of his startling discovery. But, as the head of his own hospital, his own case-records—with hundreds of men and women—proved scientifically, conclusively, that this new discovery grows hair when nothing else will—grows hair, ends dandruff, in NINE OUT OF TEN CASES. Now that the amazing power of Infra-red Rays is known to the entire scientific world—and DERMO-RAY has been proved to be one of the most startling scientific discoveries of recent years—now, for the first time, has he permitted public announcement of his discovery to be made.

## Infra-red Rays Reach the Roots!

In 9 out of 10 so-called cases of baldness the hair roots are not dead. They are only dormant. But when you try to reach them with hair-tonics, oils, massages and salves, you are obviously wasting both time and money. For you treat only the surface skin—never get to the roots. Your own physician will tell you that the warm, soothing Infra-red

Ray penetrates more deeply through human tissue than any other harmless heat-ray known to science. It reaches the hair-root and electrically, almost magically revitalizes it. Hair literally "sprouts" as a result.

## Send No Money

You can use DERMO-RAY in any home with electricity. The warm, soothing, Infra-red Rays vitalize your scalp while you rest or read—a few minutes each day is all the time required.

In four weeks you will be free forever from the social and business embarrassment of baldness—or you pay nothing.

Complete facts about this astounding new scientific discovery, opinions of authorities, incontrovertible evidence, and details of special trial offer, will be sent free, if you mail the coupon below. To forever end your scalp and hair troubles, act at once. Print your name and address plainly—and mail the coupon NOW!

### FREE TRIAL OFFER

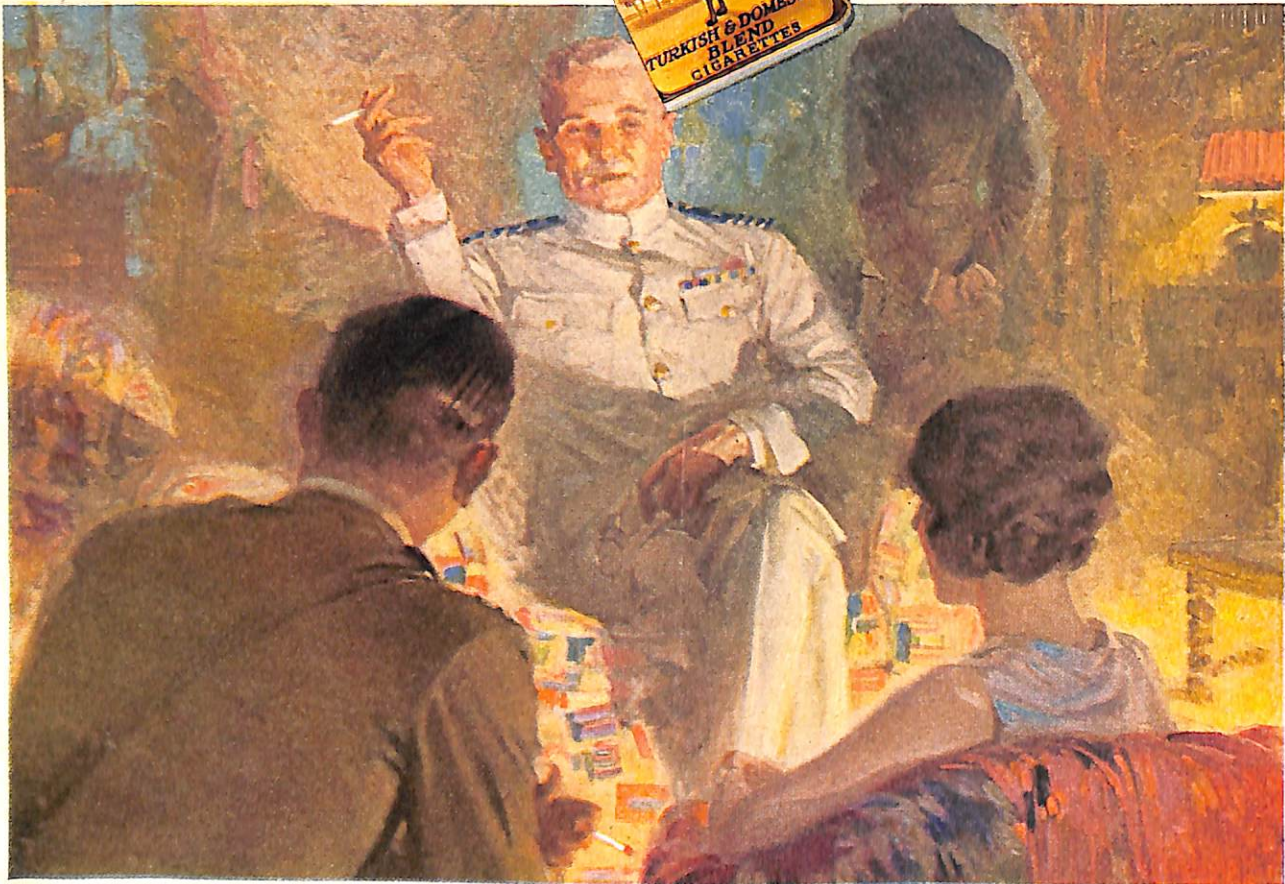
THE LARSON INSTITUTE,  
216 N. Wabash Ave., Dept. 229, Chicago, Ill.

Send me at once, without obligation, full particulars—in plain envelope—of your 30-day Free Trial of DERMO-RAY.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....  
State.....



H A V E A C A M E L



## *The cigarette that's liked for itself*

It is sheer enjoyment of smoking that has made Camel the most popular cigarette of all time. Nothing takes the place of fragrant, mellow tobaccos.